

# HOLDEN'S



# MAGAZINE



APRIL, 1849.

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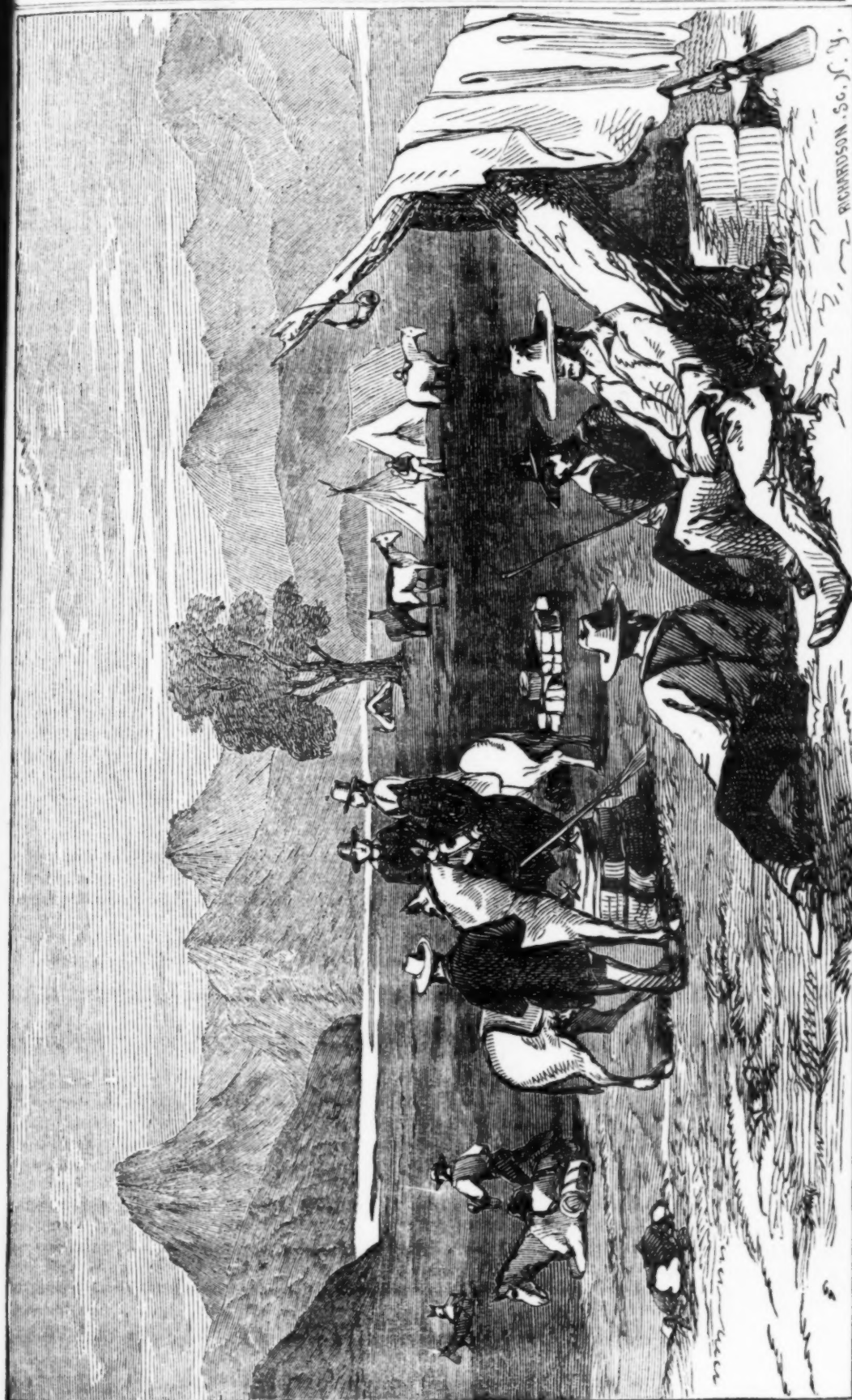


# HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

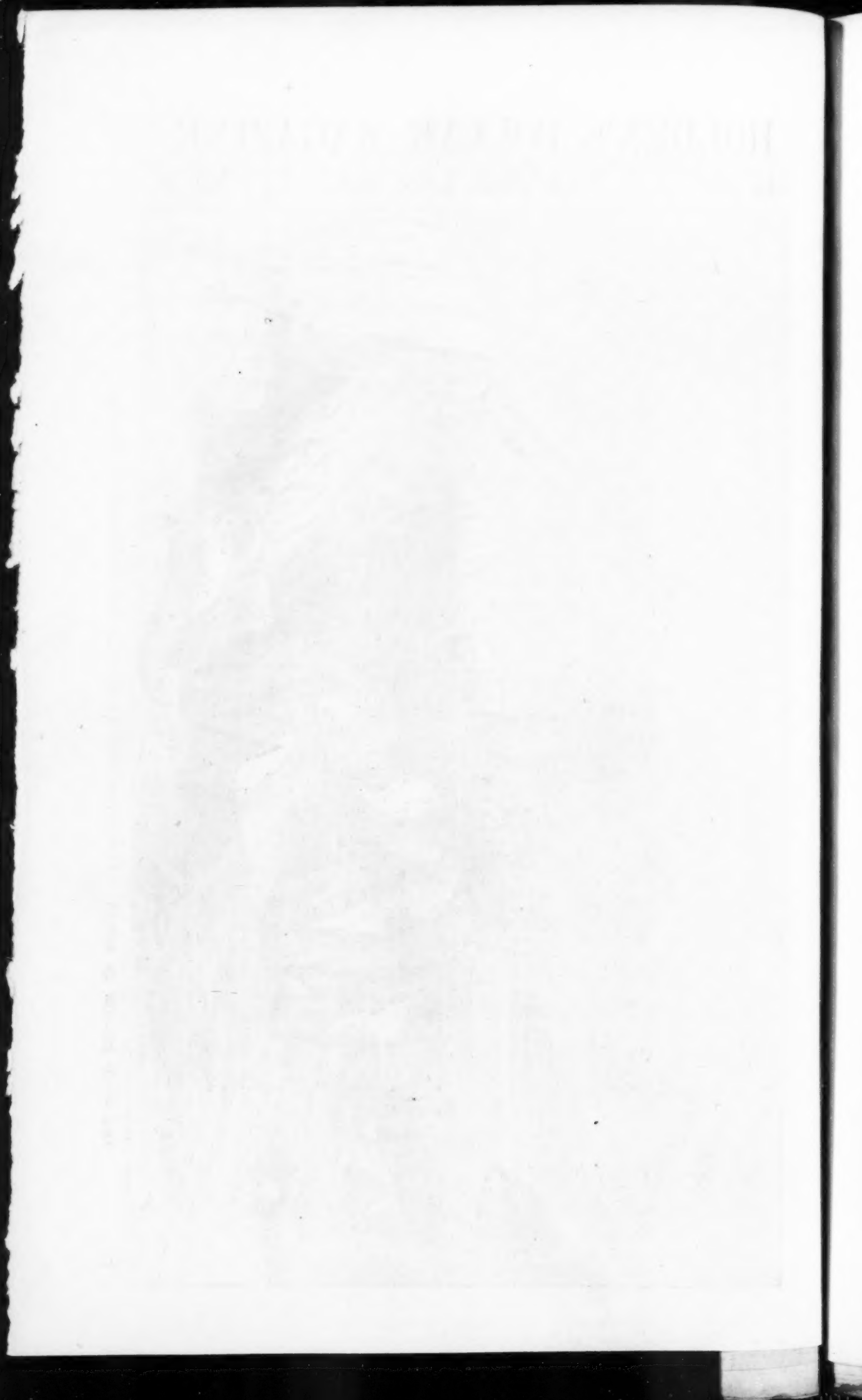
VOL. III.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1849.

NO. IV.



THE GOLD REGION IN UPPER CALIFORNIA.—ENCAMPMENT IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.



## THE VALLEY OF THE SACRAMENTO.

A few months ago this now famous valley was hardly known, even by name, to the majority of our people; but it is now as familiar, and probably better known than the Valley of the Mohawk. It is curious now that attention has been called to this wonderful region, to read the old accounts of California and its rivers which have been lying in our libraries covered up with dust and forgotten among heaps of neglected literature. The following account of the Bay of San Francisco and the Valley of the Sacramento, was written more than twenty-five years ago and published in Morrell's Voyages. It is remarkable that the navigator then prophesied a time when the Valley of the Sacramento would be made to blossom like a garden by our people, although he little dreamed of its treasures of gold and silver:

Three rivers empty their waters into this arm of St. Francisco Bay; one of which, called El Sacramento, has its rise among the Rocky Mountains near the sources of the Columbia, Colorado, Rio del Norte, Arkansas, and La Platte. Thus the water on which the Tartar now reposed was partly supplied from the mountain springs of our native country. Any thought like this, however trifling in itself, is interesting to those who are far from home. Anything that reminds one of his native land is dear to the heart of the wanderer.

The bay of St. Francisco, connected with the surrounding scenery, is the most delightful place I have ever seen on the western coast of America. It presents a broad sheet of water, of sufficient extent to float all the British navy without crowding; the circling grassy shores, indented with convenient coves, and the whole surrounded by a verdant blooming country, pleasingly diversified with cultured fields and waving forests; meadows clothed with the richest verdure in the gift of bounteous May; pastures covered with grazing herds; hill and dale, mountain and valley, noble rivers, and gurgling brooks. Man, enlightened, civilized man, alone is wanting to complete the picture, and give a soul, a divinity to the whole. Were these beautiful regions, which have been so much libelled, and are so little known, the property of the United States, our government would never permit them to remain thus neglected. The eastern and middle states would pour out their thousands of emigrants, until magnificent cities would rise on the shores of every inlet along the coast of New California, while the wilderness of the interior would be made to blossom like the rose.

The soil of the surrounding country is very rich, deep, and fertile, and much of it is thickly clothed with as fine ship-timber as grows in the United States, and generally of the same kinds. Pine, spruce, and red cedar are found in abundance, and of a size sufficient for masts of the largest ships. At some distance in the interior are extensive plains, luxuriantly covered with clover and various kinds of grasses, on which thousands of

wild cattle and horses graze unmolested. Many animals that produce fur are found on the banks of the rivers, and a great variety of fish resort to the bay in the spawning season.

During the summer season the wind generally blows, in the day time, from north-north-west to west in the bay; but never very strong. During the winter months it blows in the day time from south-west to south-south-east; but at night, within the bay, it is calm nineteen-twentieths of the year.

The town of St. Francisco stands on a table-land, elevated about three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, on a peninsula five miles in width, on the south side of the entrance to the bay, about two miles to the eastward of the outer entrance, and one-fourth of a mile from the shore. It is built in the same manner as Monterey, but much smaller, comprising only about one hundred and twenty houses and a church, with perhaps five hundred inhabitants. The fort stands on a promontory, on the south side of the entrance, and mounts ten guns, which would be sufficient to command the passage, were the works kept in any kind of order.

The inhabitants of this place are principally Mexicans and Spaniards, who are very indolent, and consequently very filthy. They cultivate barely sufficient land to support nature; consequently nothing can be obtained here by way of refreshments for ships; but at the mission of St. Clara, of which I shall speak presently, ten ships at a time may be abundantly supplied with every thing they require, at a very low price. The table-land before mentioned would produce abundantly with proper cultivation; but its surface is scarcely ever disturbed by plough or spade, and the garrison depends entirely upon the mission for all its supplies. Sufficient wheat and vegetables for the troops might easily be derived from this soil if the proper means were duly applied, as their whole military force does not exceed one hundred, including officers.

The mission of St. Clara is situated on a delightful plain, surrounded by beautiful groves of oak, and other hard wood of a durable nature, one of which is much like *lignumvitæ*. This mission, which was founded in 1777, contains about twelve hundred native Indians, and is governed in the same humane manner as that of St. Antonio, before mentioned. No person of an unprejudiced mind could witness the labors of these Catholic missionaries, and contemplate the happy results of their philanthropic exertions, without confessing that they are unwearied in well-doing. The lives of these simple-hearted, benevolent men are solely devoted to the temporal and (as they think) eternal welfare of a race of savages, apparently abandoned by Providence to the lowest state of human degradation. Surely such disinterested beings, whatever may be their errors of opinion, will meet a rich reward from Him who hath said, "Love one another."



## MADAME ROLAND.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

IN the entire history of the French Revolution, no name occurs so fascinating and so mournful as that of Madame Roland, not excepting the name of Marie Antoinette. The daughter of a plebian, she became the soul of a party which guillotined a king. Surrounded by young and wealthy suitors she rejected them all, and married a man old enough to be her father, with a bare competence. From the first she was the favorite toy of a capricious fortune which showered on her splendid mental gifts, and greediness after knowledge, fitting her to become the wife of a future minister of France, a man whose place in history is insured beyond all cavil by the relation he held to her.—Beautiful, gifted, and admired, she was *the* woman of all others in that eventful period.

The daughter of a humble artist, she had a gifted mother, which goes far to account for her splendid career. Such was her precocity that she could not recall the time when she learned to read, and before she had entered her teens her masters acknowledged her their equal.

She devoured books with great avidity, from the Bible to the Lives of Saints; from Plutarch to Rousseau, and when at the age of twenty-five she was married, probably not another lady in France had read so many books. Nor was it mere reading. Her masculine understanding grasped what she read, and her energy of character was developed by it into a fit preparation for the stirring scenes in which she was afterwards to figure.

Imagination and extreme sensibility were united with her other qualities. These combined made her, as she read, the heroine of Tasso and Telemachus, of Shakspeare and Rousseau. She threw herself into their joys and griefs so completely that she lived their lives over in her own exquisite realization. At her mother's death, she fell into convulsions, which were not checked until, on the eighth day, she was able to weep freely. It was her first affliction, and she felt it enhanced by the utter dissimilarity between herself and her remaining parent. He, a dull, dissipated, and ignorant man, had only the single tie of sympathy, she was his daughter; otherwise he was as unlike her in every mental and moral attribute, as was the ugly and deformed Vulcan unlike the beautiful Goddess, his mother.

For several years the imagination of this singular girl was entranced by the gorgeous mysteries of the Catholic religion, and she would have been shut up in a cloister as a nun instead of interesting the world as Madame Roland, had she not begun to reason on what fascinated her. Enthusiasm cannot away with a wedlock with reason, and she was saved. And yet the history of that period, as exquisitely sketched by herself, is full of interest, which amply repays the labor of a perusal.

In her marriage with Roland we have an illustration of her impatience under tyrannical restraint. Her mother was dead, and her father was bankrupt. Repeatedly she had rejected eligible offers

of marriage, because she would call no one lord who was not her superior in gifts and acquirements. At length her future husband was introduced to her, and we must confess to ignorance how one so beautiful, so accomplished, so young, and with such a genius, should have ever consented to wed one so unhandsome, so ungifted with the scantiest talents, and withal so advanced. But he was superior to any one she had met. He had seen much of the world, was a rigid philosopher, an honest and pure man. After much hesitation she permitted Roland to consult with her father and gain his consent. He wrote to him, and was insulted in return. No sooner did the daughter learn this, than she liquidated an execution against her father with some of her own money, and then fled to a convent. She there hired a small room, and in the dead of winter began a life, which, in its self-denial and economy, would have honored an anchorite.

Roland now ventured the offer of his hand with many delicate attentions, and perhaps we have the secret of the singular match. She had seen as yet no one superior to him, his generous attentions in trouble interested her, and withal her father's brutal treatment kindled her indignation. These together gave the world her name as Roland, instead of coupling her with some ardent youth, for instance, Buzot, to act the same splendid career. Had she seen more of the world, less of trouble, and had had such a father as was her mother, she might have avoided some things in life upon which all look with a sort of forgiving melancholy. She respected Roland as a good man, but soon found herself infinitely his superior in genius. She honored him as her husband and maintained her integrity as his wife intact, although she at length learned to her sorrow that her young heart had fixed its affections on a more congenial spirit. And yet the most slanderous foe has never breathed a word, so far as we have seen, which would compromise her unsullied character, except in a single instance hereafter to be mentioned.

It is needless to say that this event was a crisis in her history, and led from one step to another until, in 1791, we find her with her husband in Paris. France was convulsed and the revolution waxed stronger.

Roland and his wife had become enthusiastic republicans. Mirabeau was the Thunderer of the Assembly, at every shake of whose "boar's head" the throne tottered. She hated while she admired Maury, the splendid advocate of royalty. She gloried in every stride of revolution, and hated ever obstacle. With the instinct of a magnet from the heterogeneous multitude she selected her friends, and repelled her enemies. Once alone she grossly mistook. She defended Robespierre, encouraged his genius, saved his life, and then perished his victim.

Mirabeau was dead. The National Assembly was succeeded by the National Convention, in which were brought together a band of brilliant

men, who, from their leaders, were called Girondists. There were those splendid men Vergiaud, Gensonriz, Brozot, Guadet, Ducos, and many others scarcely less noted. These men were attracted around this woman of plebian origin. They met at her house, consulted in her presence, were guided by her wisdom, and inspired by her enthusiasm. It was a magnificent compliment to her genius that to the last she maintained her influence over that circle of great, but ill-fated men. They revered the sage, and adored the woman, and her look or single word had such potency with these men, who were then the kings of the storm they had raised, as to be a spell of death or life to the great and noble names in France, not excepting even the king on his throne. The centre of such a galaxy, she was fast approaching the culminating point of her destiny.

We must apologize for her bitterness against a woman of scarcely less splendid parts than her own, in the same way that we account for the rancor of her enemies at last against her. Had she met the queen she would have appreciated her, and pitied her hard fortune. With the rabble shouting in her ear their charges against the "Austrian woman" as the cause of their sufferings, and with the rabid declamations of the Jacobins in her memory, she gradually in her own mind endowed the beautiful and gifted Antoinette with all the attributes of moral ugliness, and learned to hate *that*. She would have acted otherwise could she have known the real queen, and especially could she have looked forward to the time when wretches would tear herself away from her own daughter to immure her in a dungeon. She would then have pitied an anxious mother, even though that mother were a hated queen. But retribution is even handed in some good degree, and the gifted woman who inspirited the unrelenting ferocity which murdered Antoinette, herself at last fell a victim to the same ferocity.

One change in Madame Roland we must mark, confessing honestly that not one thing in her history so saddens us. We have seen the sweet girl, with her face all radiant with emotions of reverence and love for God, and at one time seriously agitating the question of becoming the consecrated spouse of heaven. With such a course we have no sympathy, but allude to it, to recall the early religion she cherished. Better in our estimation to have repeated her *ave maria* and *pater noster*, in the lonely cloister of a nun, than to fling to the wind all belief in religion, and pluck with violence from her heart a belief in God. A woman's heart is said to be adapted to religious emotion, and to see such a heart, with its fine qualities, rudely bereft of its best glory, this is extremely sad. She had fallen on evil times, when philosophy plumed itself on a crusade against all religion. Madame Roland, at an early age, had fascinated men of the brightest genius, until they adored her, and in turn, she became giddy with the sweet flattery and was led to embrace their atheism from sheer gratitude. We would not apologize for such a monstrosity as a female atheist, but rather tell how it happened, and drop one tear of pity over her egregious folly. And yet there lingered in her heart an emotion—we call it

not a conviction—concerning God, which led her in the prison contemplating suicide, to exclaim, "Divinity! Supreme Being! Spirit of the Universe! great principle of all that I feel great, or good, or immortal within myself, whose existence I believe in, because I must have emanated from something superior to that by which I am surrounded—I am about to re-unite myself to thy essence!" And yet this was only a gleam of sweet sunlight shining out from the frowning thunder-clouds of atheism, which opened for a single moment. Those clouds obscured her sky to the last, and their darkness was only relieved by the sickly light of expected glory in "the ages to come."

But we are anticipating. Among others who did homage to this remarkable woman, was Danton, the strange anomaly of contradictions, the man of the mob, guiding the butcheries of the "2d of September," and yet cherishing his young wife with a love tender as ever Rousseau depicted, a man who, at one time, plunged into the maelstrom of blood as if it were his native element, and at another uttered sentiments noble enough for a Washington. This man sought to worship at Madame Roland's shrine, and had she been less of the woman, and more of the politician, she would have robed him as a high priest at her altar. She was the only person in that ill-fated party who could have chained this king of the mob and usefully employed his giant energies.—She tried to force her woman's heart to smile on him, but it revolted, and she gave up the struggle. She acted as a woman, and paid the penalty in the destruction of her party, and in her own blood. Once she had smiled on Danton and allowed him a seat at her side at her own table. The same night he was greeted with deafening acclamations at the opera. Madame Roland came in afterward, and was about entering the box in which Danton and Dumouriez were sitting side by side. As she scanned his ferocious countenance, and recalled his deeds of blood, she drew back with a cry of horror, and seated herself in another box.

The die was cast. Deliberately she chose to be a woman and repel from her as a reptile this man, rather than be a crafty politician, smothering her dislike, whilst she flattered and used the only man, who, by his tremendous executive energy, could have placed her brilliant, eloquent, but inefficient party, firmly in the high places of power. It is well known that Danton made many ineffectual attempts to unite herself with the Girondists. With the Jacobins he was not easy. Robespierre he hated, and wished to meet him as an open enemy, rather than be stabbed by him as an avowed friend. Marat he hated as a foul demon, and dreaded as a tiger greedy for blood. With the Jacobins he seemed to have a painful presentiment of his own destiny. And now would Madame Roland only exercise her potent spell over Vergiaud, Brozot, Louvet, and their associates, so that they should forget the massacres of September, and take him into their coalition, then he would compete with destiny, and perhaps reverse it! But she would not exercise that spell, and these men, urged on by some fatal blindness, insulted him with repeated exclamations of horror in public and private, until rasped beyond all en-

durance, he flung himself headlong among the Jacobins, and henceforth waged a battle of death against their antagonists. As a matter of policy, it was the worst blunder Madame Roland ever made, but as a matter of taste, we cannot sufficiently admire her stern resolution to suffer martyrdom rather than countenance for a moment a Danton.

We have already alluded to the ill-sorted marriage of this young lady with Monsieur Roland. He was a pure, high minded man, of some talent, and an author of some consideration. He had no genius, but was an admirable tool for party purposes. So far as we recollect, he never engaged but once in any transaction which he would have condemned as a high minded man, but, on the contrary, often rebuked friends and enemies for such conduct, at his own extreme peril. That exception we will specify before concluding. And yet in what contrast must he have stood with the woman he called his wife. She was young, he old as her father. She had genius of high order, he had talents barely above mediocrity. She was the soul of the party, he merely its tool. Her enthusiasm was fervant as tropical sunlight, his frigid as winter moonlight. Her love was like a stream of molten gold, his at best was only the transparent ice of honorable and respectful deference. She may have been deceived at first, and thought her respect for him to be love, but this could not have been long.

And not a little does it speak for her virtuous regard for obligations which she had assumed, that in that lax age she steadily fulfilled them to the last. Then, in high circles, the restraints of social life hung loose on most, and had she been so disposed she could have found refuge in high names for casting aside an irksome connection, and finding gratification in the strong affections which, almost unbeknown to herself, had united her to another. And yet she never wavered a moment, and she well nigh buried her love in her own grave, without disclosing it even to her most intimate friend.

In Paris she met the accomplished Buzot, and she at last became conscious of a sentiment for him, such as she had never had for any other. Her ardent affections were kindled by his, and her deference was yielded to his genius. His nature, his genius, his disinterestedness, all won her esteem. The man "possessing the morality of Socrates, and maintaining the decorum of Scipio," whilst she saw Danton embrace Murat, and Robespierre favoring on the populace, excited in her heart a profound esteem, which, if duty with her iron-heart had suffered, would have ripened into love. There is no evidence that these ardent hearts ever breathed one word, the one to the other, concerning their feelings, and it was not till the one was in a cell and the other was an exile, caused by the death of her he loved, that the world heard one word lisped which would reveal those emotions which had so long been buried in their hearts.

In her prison, inspired with the desire of rescuing her memory from reproach, she wrote her memoirs, and then, for the first and only time, breathed an intimation concerning this secret pas-

sion. And even here she writes like a somnambulist, almost without volition, and records the dream as though it were hardly her own. Buzot was an exile and she knew nothing concerning his fate. Painful anxiety wrung from her, that which no other motion had disclosed, her ardent affection for the unfortunate exile, and even for the world at large, that faint voice of love was, as it were, from the dead, since the faithful Bosc, to whom she gave her manuscript, dared not to publish them until safer days. Buzot, hunted like a wild beast, from one den to another, at last heard the fate of Madame Roland, and gave himself up to a frenzy of grief. He acted like a maniac, and would have met his fate sooner, had not his companions watched him. In his ravings he displayed the passion which had long controlled him, and when we recur to the melancholy details of their deaths, we sympathize with Lamartine when he compassionates the "sighs, gestures, and words, which allow a secret preserved through life to escape in the presence of death; but the secret thus disclosed keeps its own mystery. Posterity have the right to detect, but none to accuse this sentiment."

There was a time when hatred assailed Madame Roland's character, and coupled it with dishonor and shame, but it was only when a Marat judged the libel necessary, and hounded on his infamous pack to the more infamous work of defamation. The rabble for the time believed it, but history has gibbeted it as a *lie*, and its authors as *liars*. It proved to be only

—"The poisonous gall that drips  
On Virtue's robe from Scandal's viper lips.  
—When innocence and youth  
Her victims are, she seemed to tell the truth  
While yet she lies.

And with this woman, now fast sinking into popular odium, scandal played her hypocritical part eminently. The grossest stories were fabricated and circulated by Marat, and the victim herself was compelled from the prison window to hear the foul recitals. What a thing human nature is, when its viper heart is warmed into life by the appropriate circumstances!

It has been said, we know not with how much truth, that many of the State reports submitted to the Assembly by Roland, when he was minister, were drawn up by his wife. That some of them were, there can be no doubt, but we do not believe that most of them are her productions. There is such a difference between her flowing style and the rugged sentences of her husband, that a judge of style might discriminate between the two. Nor are we to assert that she had nothing to do with all the documents couched in his style, since we remember, with a sort of wonder, her share in that letter so rude and so unkind, which Roland wrote to poor Louis, a letter of which he kept a copy, for the express purpose of making it useful in conciliating public opinion to him, and turning it against the royal culprit. Madame Roland conceived the idea of that letter and dictated its harsh advice. Fear of the future, and the desire of power led her to the unwomanly deed.

Some party addresses, drawn up to answer party ends, were from her burning pen, and told



with tremendous effect on the public mind. Perhaps the most brilliant point of her career was when she was accused at the bar of the convention by Marat and others. She appeared at the bar herself, and repelled their slanders. The sight was so novel, a young and beautiful woman eloquently pleading her own cause, that the stormy body was hushed to silence, but when her splendid voice, singularly gifted to delight the ear, and awaken feeling in the heart, was heard, uttering graceful, energetic, and lofty words, that assembly was carried away with enthusiasm as it was wont under the apostrophes of Mirabeau. Her enemies, even Marat, were silenced and dared not move a tongue against her. The triumph was perfect, and by acclamation she was honored with the sittings of the convention.

From childhood her voice was exquisitely fitted to convey the impassioned feelings of her own soul to others, and when yet a girl, a crabbed old lady, whose manners exceedingly disgusted her, exclaimed, "What a splendid voice, so full and so rich!" This was one charm, which melted away the asperities of every jailer the Jacobins placed over her during her imprisonment. It was easy to hate the ugly fury Marat represented her in his paper, but it was not easy to hate the veritable woman herself, when once seen and heard. Her damp cells, in each of the prisons in which she was immured, was furnished with many elegant comforts, in spite of the strictest prohibitions to the contrary, and her attendants, selected because of their unrelenting disposition, would brave censure, when it might be death, to gratify the desires of their prisoner. To such an extent is this true, that we sometimes think Robespierre would have missed his victim, if she could only have had access to the ear of those who kept the prison gates. Her words, and herself in person, might have turned back bolts, which were stubborn even against the witchery of gold.

We were speaking of her authorship. Her principal work, by which she is known, was written by stealth in prison. She had composed a work, the fate of which was to be burned. It was her Historical Memoirs, in which she detailed the interior life of politics as she had seen it, thus placing us behind the curtain with the giant actors of that imposing drama. That manuscript she committed to her friend, Champagneux. But the bloodhound was on his track also, and to be taken with such a deposite on him, would be a sure passport to the scaffold. In extreme agitation he thrust the precious leaves into the fire, and we acknowledge candidly, if he saved his life by the means, it was at a very dear price. Was there not some friendly nook or corner, or hold in the earth, where he could have cast them, in hopes of a day, not distant, when their possession would not only not be treason, but a fortune to himself and a treasure for posterity?

Madame Roland was greatly distressed at the fate of a work over which she had shed the inspiration of her own sad heart, as she traced the past, from plebianism up to virtual royalty, and thence down to a felon's dungeon. But she never gave up to despondency. She now, with incredible rapidity, wrote a memoir of herself and com-

mitted the leaves to Bosc, the keeper of the garden of plants, who was faithful, and at length gave them to the world. It was in that work she said, "I shall exhibit my virtues and my faults with equal freedom. He who dares not speak well of himself is almost always a coward, who knows and dreads the evil that may be spoken of him; and he who hesitates to confess his faults, has neither spirit to vindicate, nor virtue to repair them."

But we must now hasten to the sad conclusion of this eventful life. Danton was the avowed friend of Robespierre, and these demagogues had so inflamed the popular mind against the Girondists, that twenty-two of them were in prison certain victims for the scaffold, and others were flying for life. The mob demanded Roland, but his wife secured his escape, and boldly went to prison. She made arrangements without flinching, and bade her daughter farewell forever. In the Abbaye she compelled her keepers to grant her every indulgence they dared. She had surrounded herself with books and flowers. She had already sent her historic memoirs out on their ill-fated mission. A month elapsed, when she experienced one of those exquisite tortures, which the sudden lighting of hope and its sudden extinguishment alone can produce. She was to be sent to another prison. On a certain morning she was assured by officers that she was now free. Frenzied with the sudden rapture, she hastened to embrace her daughter. She almost feels the warm beating of her filial heart, when, horrid and incredible apparition, two officers seize her, and drag her away to a prison devoted to prostitutes and other infamous persons. It was only an ingenious torture with which the wretches had been amusing themselves!

And then what a place for a virtuous mother and wife. Separated by a thin wall, on the one side was a female *pimp*, whose crime was the wholesale of innocence for a price; while above her was a female counterfeiter, and such a desperado as to have assisted in tearing to pieces, limb by limb, a woman on the highway. Yet even here, Madame Roland softened to pity her keepers, who made her as comfortable as they dared. In this den of pollution she was immured five months.

She was then removed to another prison, whence she was to go to the scaffold. That splendid galaxy, of which Vergiaud was the highest, had already perished twenty-two men. They had taken the sword and had perished with the sword. It was here Madame Roland meditated suicide. She procured laudanum and wrote a pathetic letter to her husband and daughter, but finally desisted. Her heroism inflamed the prisoners, who regarded her with reverence almost amounting to idolatry. The heroes just executed elicited her eloquence, the wrongs of her country her indignation, and the coming vengeance on tyrants her joy. Ancient and modern classics were tasked for stinging comparisons with which to heap contempt on her enemies. Prisoners were here auditors and she had enough, for the doleful place was crowded. Her declamations and heroic bearing nerved her fellows for their approaching sufferings, and

when driven back to their cells, they united in prolonged shouts of "Live the Republic." And yet she was a wife, and her heart was wrung over the probable sufferings of her refugee husband.—She was a mother, and sometimes grief, passionate as her nature was capable of, would distract her. And if we may credit her faint intimations, she shed some bitter tears over the fate of Buzot and his companions. And we blame her not, for infinitely pitiable is the case of a wife and mother and friend, unsupported by the consoling hopes of Christianity as she approaches death. Soon they would all be swallowed up in a remorseless annihilation, and why not then allow the poor, uncomfited one the luxury of passion in grief, of frenzy in hatred, and exquisite tenderness in love?

The mockery of a trial was finished and now she hastened to the scaffold, as on some errand of joy. "I give you thanks," said she, with terrible severity to her judges, "that, in your estimation, I am worthy to share the fate of the great and virtuous whom you have already murdered!" She bowed to them and tripped along lightly to the prisoners' cart. Her farewell to her fellows was simply an expressive drawing of her hand across her beautiful throat. As she passed along the rabble insulted her with obscene epithets. She braced her own courage by comforting an old man in the same cart, and succeeded even in exciting smiles on his face. The woman, who had indignantly repelled the insinuations of her heartless judges, now calmly bore up under the grosser calumnies of the heartless mob. The slanderous fabrications of Marat, that day were proved false in part, since the people saw her to be, not a "toothless old hag," but an elegant woman, whose cheerful fortitude had forestalled disease and care, and presented her, there and then, smiling as if to entertain friends with her eloquent tongue, instead of enemies by her cruel execution.

We have often attempted to place Madame Roland before the eye as she appeared that day. Her majestic figure looked queenly, as she felt herself to be acting a part which should draw the eyes of the world on her. Besides she would be an imitator of ancient heroism, and prove herself superior to the fear even of death. She was yet beautiful, for she was not forty, and on that day, pride, glory, modesty, and indignation, sent the glow of young health again over her cheek, and

kindled her blue eye into unusual brilliancy. She was attired in simple white, and her black hair hung in gorgeous ringlets down to her waist.—Thought flashed through her mind with lightning swiftness, for she was soon to think no more, so she professed to believe, for she died as an atheist, not as a Christian. The victim was probably the choicest one in France, not even excepting the splendid Marie Antoinette, and the execution of this magnificent plebeian excited as much and as lasting interest as that of a "daughter of the Cæsars." Splendid woman, and yet so pitiable, she went nobly to the scaffold, supported by some of the most sordid considerations, what might she not have done, had faith disclosed immortality to her, and hope lent her wings for an upward flight to heaven?

At the scaffold she gaily left the cart and was about to ascend first, when, with a sort of shuddering benevolence, she bethought herself of her trembling companion. "Stay," said she to the executioner, "I have but one favor to ask, and that not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then she beckoned to the old man, and said: "Precede me to the scaffold. To see my blood flow would be making you suffer death twice. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my execution." Her singular thoughtfulness was regarded. The old man suffered first and then she laid her head upon the block. It was nobly done, and if not the act of a Christian, it was worthy of any one, be his name what it may.

Her hair had been shorn off, and not without one pang. She then calmly approached the block, but hard by was a statue of Liberty, and with indignant eloquence her last words became a magnificent apostrophe. She bowed to the statue, and exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Another moment and the most brilliant woman of her age was no more. The guillotine had done its duty remorselessly, as though some ordinary neck were beneath it, and not the queenliest in France.

Poor Roland, skulking like a thief from one refuge to another, heard of his wife's tragic death, and ended his own miserable existence by falling against his own poinard, declaring in a line left behind, that "after his wife's death, he would not remain another day on the earth so stained with crimes!"

## THE SWEDENBORGIAN.

## AN ENGLISH TALE FOR THE TIMES.

"WELL, then, sir," said Mrs. de Courcy, "the entirely ignorant can only be approached by a miracle. It was but yesterday morning — Now, Georgina, my dear! Dear love, pray listen to me. Such vanities at such a time!"

"Dear mamma, I was only — Mr. St. John was only so very kind as to offer to *chaperone* me to the concert this evening; and — and — You know, mamma," she added, wickedly, "they sing a great deal in the spirit-world."

It was a very sweet voice this of dear Georgina; it made me look at her, which I had not done before; and I saw, as well as the bonnet would let me, a very pretty face indeed: but Mrs. de Courcy summoned off my attention again in an instant.

"Intolerable!" she muttered. "Well, it was but yesterday morning I found my housemaid, who could hardly spell, in the heart of the *Memorable Relations*. She had seen it open on the table. The broom dropped against the wall, the duster on the floor; and there was she inhaling the spirit of Swedenborg out of those wonderful words. 'Do you understand what you are reading?' I asked. 'Understand!' she answered; 'oh, yes! this is all clear—all light.' 'But you can hardly read,' I said, 'and this is no spelling-book.' 'I do not know how it is,' she answered, 'but I do understand.' And she did, for she gave me an account of what she had found, as clear as I could have given myself. That is a miracle, sir."

"There is no lack of miracles," replied I; "the book itself is a miracle, if a miracle is a thing one can't account for. But, indeed, I hope your housemaid didn't open at the page at which I opened."

"And pray why not, sir? and what page?"

"Why," I said, "it is one which gives me a most distressing notion of the breeding of the creatures into whose society we all going. Swedenborg says he was in a room where two ghosts were discoursing on irresistible grace. The logic didn't prosper, and at last (it was one way of throwing a light upon the subject) one of them snatched up the candlestick and flung it at the other's head. I forget what impression was produced by it. It must have been the ghost of a candlestick, or it wouldn't have made any. But really it is very bad manners to fling about even ghosts of candlesticks."

"All colors are alike to the blind," replied Mrs. de Courcy, very angrily. "The New Church is yonder—you may see it rising there by the railroad; the wings, these two, of the genius of this modern age. Come, there, if you will, and learn. Come, or forbear to come; but if you come, you will hear words there which angels leave their stars to listen to."

I was relieved from my embarrassment by a move of the young lady to the piano. I was surprised, as it was only a morning call, and I was not prepared for the excuse of excellence in the daughter of such a mother; but there was suffi-

cient reason. However she came by it, remarkable natural power had been more remarkably cultivated. She sang one or two French songs, which Madame Dorus Gras had made familiar to me; and while the intensely difficult execution was almost as good, her own peculiar genius gave a new charm to them. The mother, with all her abhorrence of vanities, listened critically, as if she quite understood and valued Georgina's talent. They perplexed me, both of them; and when, at the end of a few minutes, the singer started from the piano, and, with a "Well, between mamma and me, you have had enough of us, I fancy," carried off mamma in a most abrupt retreat, a whole crowd of feelings came rushing out in the curiosity with which I asked Mrs. St. John whether it was from the new planet that so strange a pair had fallen.

St. John had followed the ladies down stairs, and we heard him slam his study-door with a tone of exhausted deliverance, which promised us a *tete-a-tete* of at least half an hour before he would recover from his sofa.

"This is not a question they are likely to ask about you," she answered. "How *could* you be so stupid! But you are past lecturing. Mrs. de Courcy was a fashionable beauty. She married early, was left an early widow, with an immense fortune, and dear Georgina for an only child. I am summing up fast, to save questions. She was splendidly dissipated for a few years, and then partly she forsook dissipation, partly it forsook her. But she wanted stimulants, and her talents required uncommon ones. She fell, two years ago, under the influence of a singular person, a Mr. Fenton, and became inoculated with what seems to answer. At present she is an apostle of Swedenborg among the milliners of Cheltenham, who accept her doctrines at the price of her patronage; and she bores poor Frederick with books and tracts, which she insists on his reading, and weekly homilies, and examinations in them."

"But the daughter; how came she by that brilliant music?"

"Oh, she has been perfectly educated. Mrs. de Courcy is only a half visionary; her stuff about vanities was only because she was speaking herself, and wished to be attended to. You saw how splendidly she was dressed. She is herself very highly cultivated. Georgina has had the best masters; and her mother has, perhaps, done more for her than they. And yet it almost makes me sick to think of it; with all their gifts, and their brilliance, and their talents, a lunatic asylum is the only place fit for either of them."

"To preach to the spirits there. For madame, perhaps: but the young lady didn't seem to be infected."

"Oh, it is not that!" Mrs. St. John answered. "Money and beauty have always right enough to be eccentric, even at the expense of other people. I could forgive them the misery they are to Fred-



erick; but it is a far more serious affair, and Georgina—ah—I have no patience with her!”

I thought I could have a great deal.

“Every one, I suppose, has a serious side,” Mrs. St. John continued; “that is, behind all the talk, and show, and acting of life. Even the most foolish people have a sort of knowledge that, after all, this is not real life; and they have either a vague notion of another, or else of something in this world of more genuine importance; some way of satisfying themselves about themselves, either by under practice or future hopes. Most of us keep this side in better order than the other, and think and feel much better than we act; but there are some unlucky people that, if there be any where a single grain of absurdity or disease in their characters, insist on its rooting and growing exactly in this one corner, and, in the protection of secrecy, let it shoot into the most extravagant forms. All the outside talk and chatter is nonsense. But this unlucky Mr. Fenton has so possessed Mrs. de Courcy, that she is determined her daughter shall marry him; and Georgina herself, though she allows she does not love him—rather, perhaps, dislikes him—has got a notion, from which nothing can shake her, that it is her duty, which she accepts without reluctance. Oh, I have talked and talked to her! but what can one say? There is nothing too mad for people when twisted religion has got hold upon them. Notions taken up without reason, there is no reasoning with; and one is but diving at random in the ocean of fancies to look for an antidote to a caprice.”

I was more touched at the marrying business than I liked to own. I always felt, as I suppose most unmarried men feel, a sort of annoyance when any young lady of my acquaintance was about to pass into the state from which only ugly death could free her. It is a possibility destroyed. One would have them wait till one's self has chosen, and one likes to moralize on the melancholy risk they are running with another. But I felt more than this here, which I was glad to explain to myself from the unhappy nature of the connection which the lady seemed to be forming.

“Well,” said I, “then shall you and I take up the cards and try if we can beat this Mr. Fenton?” She laughed.

“What, you mean you are to make love to Georgina, and I am to help you? I think you may safely try, after the impression you made to-day.”

“I did not say so; but if Mr. Fenton is really objectionable, humanity would —”

“Humanity! you may come to the party with me this evening, and you will meet them both. I did not tell you Mr. Fenton was objectionable. I don't know him personally. I only know that he is a preacher, and that Mr. St. John dislikes him in consequence: but eccentricity makes a very little talent remarkable. Mr. Fenton, in this strange line of his, is very popular, and is to be met whenever you like to meet him.”

“It is as well to see one's enemy,” said I. “If there is any chance of beating him, or any credit to be got in doing it, I think I will try.”

By this time St. John had rejoined us. After dispersing the undigested remains of his spleen in

a few humorous complainings, he took his hat and made me go out with him for a walk. In the course of it he gave me a few details of what he knew of Mr. Fenton, which came—after stripping off the coloring which was laid on by his general horror of what was *outré*—to no more than this—that it was rumored he had led a wild life when young; and that now he was the Cheltenham rage, and all the fashionable people went to the New Church. His especial spleen at Mrs. de Courcy, gave a point to what he said; but it was, in fact, nothing. Easily enough, Mr. Fenton might be but one more instance of an early recklessness being suddenly and violently checked, and then rushing into another extravagance, because plain respectability was too tame for his emotions. The same causes might make an eloquent Swedenborgian which made ascetics in old times, or Pietistevangelicals in later; and if this was so, what business had my impertinence in trying to cross him? The field was preoccupied by a person who had as good a right to be there as I; and the lady's odd way of expressing herself was quite likely to be assumed. They would be above my machinations, and I could be content to form one of their wedding party.

Half laughing at myself for all this excitement about people I had only seen for one strange half hour (though strangeness is a wonderful ripener of intimacy,) I accompanied the St. Johns to the concert.

It was crowded—one of those uneasy evenings when long due invitations are wiped off at smallest expense to the entertainer, but at a very serious one to the entertained. Our eyes swept the glittering expanse of jewelled and turbaned head-dresses. The de Courcy's had not arrived. We kept our places near the door, and, in a few minutes, their names came echoing up the staircase, and they entered, accompanied by Mr. Fenton. Others, besides ourselves, were anxious for a view of this orator, and a stir passed over the room; the music lost the sound of being listened to, and the crowd hung back that all might see, and yet none press too rudely, on so august a presence. Perhaps I was the only person who at first did not see him. Georgina was so beautiful, that, for the moment, I had not a glance to spare from her. In the morning I had lost the exquisite head, and the long, straight, Egyptian neck. A gold chain was coiled, like a snake, into her dark hair, and a green emerald glittered out above her forehead like its jewelled eye. I thought I had never seen so superb a creature; and although my own absurd fancies sank, crushed into the dust, I determined that the man, let him be what he would for whom this being was destined, must be my enemy, I would hate Mr. Fenton.

The ladies swept on up the room, and vanished as a beautiful thought vanishes in the crowding and crushing of common life. They bowed as they passed me; the mother, with the stateliest bend of her proud head; Georgina, with a smile. I turned as I lost them. Now, what was Mr. Fenton about? He was standing where they had left him. I could only see his profile. He was looking on upon the scene, just speaking here and there a word of recognition to the most pressing

claimant; but neither joining in it, nor wishing to join, yet without the slightest vulgar affectation of being too good for what was round him. If he was in Folly's shrine, he was no tinsel idol, there. No weak enthusiast ever carried so painful a forehead, nor Charlatan so high a one; and with so marked a stamp of greatness on him, if he were an intriguer, he would have chosen a more ambitious sphere than a Swedenborgian pulpit.

I began to think it might well be more than duty which had reconciled Georgina. If I could only see his eye! Presently he turned, and it met mine. He remarked my look, as I saw by the change from the gaze of indifference as the eye singled out its object in the crowd. It was an eye one does not like to see in an enemy; not a defying eye, which challenges one to meet it; but an eye that, as you looked into it, seemed, like very deep water, unfathomable. I felt as if my own vision were quenched in it, and a kind of awe crept over me as I looked at him, which promised poorly, indeed, for rivalry. Some one offered to introduce me; I suppose, observing my interest: but I declined, till I was better able to collect myself. But I was too much fascinated to cease watching him, till, at the end of half an hour a few words to his entertainer and a very gentle smile, he withdrew from the room. Every one seemed to breathe more freely; sure sign enough that this retreating figure was that of one greater than ourselves.

Mrs. St. John sat ensconced in a corner; a vacant seat was by her, and I took it.

"We need not trouble ourselves with a conspiracy," I said, "if that was Mr. Fenton."

"Hush!" she said, as she pressed my arm. I looked up; Georgina was close to us. She was coming up to speak to Mrs. St. John, who made room for her on the sofa, and she sat down with us. The sight of Mr. Fenton had rebuked me into my senses again. I was able to talk tolerably; and what had been intended but as a move of civility for a few moments of meaningless politeness, became her evening's resting-place. We talked of everything—music, books, scenery, amusement, even personalities, and in everything we agreed strangely. The same depth of sensitiveness which made her singing so remarkable, she carried through all her mind. She felt, where I only knew; and when I sketched the outline, she painted in the figures with her warm heart-coloring. Never had I met so dangerous a person. I forgot all. No warning spirit arose to wake my recollection of Mr. Fenton. Mrs. St. John managed all the little skilful arrangements to preserve our party. Once Georgina was called away to sing, yet she was not away. She sang one of Tennyson's little things of which we had both been speaking; and as the full rich tones went rolling round the room, I thought I caught upon them a breath of feeling which I had told her should be thrown into it, and which before she had not appeared to observe. She returned to us when it was over, and she looked at me as if to ask whether I had taken notice. Oh, that look! There was something then—a feeling of the tenderest kind, which only we two understood in all the crowd.

The thermometer was getting high. I raised my head for a moment, and, leaning against the corner of the door, I saw our genius. His strange melancholy eyes were fixed full upon us, not watching us—Mr. Fenton could not watch—but gazing through and through us, as if he were feeling all that we were feeling, and knowing more of us than, perhaps, we knew ourselves.

She saw me start, and looked up, too. I hoped she might have shown some slight agitation; but there was none—not the smallest. A quiet smile of pleasure rushed into her features, and she beckoned to him to join us; but, with a half-playful sadness, he shook his head, turned away, and disappeared.

"Provoking!" she said. "It is so like him! and I so wished to introduce him to you. Oh, Mr. Frankland, that is a man! You should know him. It is so rare to find a real man."

"He is your minister?" I said, merely choosing a provoking word.

"If you mean that he is my guide, my instructor, my—my more than friend—yes," she said.

I might have sunk even lower, for I was poorly, wretchedly vexed; with myself most of all; and, therefore, most sure to grow worse and worse. But I was saved by an interruption which I welcomed while I cursed it. Mrs. de Courcy's tall, stately form, came sailing up. She frowned as she saw our little group; and a glance like an angry eagle's shot from one to the other, not sparing Mrs. St. John.

"So you are here, Georgina!" she said, impregnating every syllable with a thousand intonations. "I have been searching the room for you. Mr. Fenton is gone—tired, I suppose, of waiting for us."

"He was here a moment ago, mamma," she answered; "but I believe he is gone. You were so busy talking, that I was obliged to look for another *chaperon*, and Mrs. St. John was kind enough to take care of me."

"Mrs. St. John has been very good. I will spare her any further encumbrance with you. The carriage is waiting."

"So ends a very pleasant evening, then," said Georgina, rising.

St. John came up conveniently to give his arm to Mrs. de Courcy, who always smoothed her frown for him.

"We may as well go together," he said. There was no one who had a better claim to Georgina than myself, so she accepted my escort, and we went down stairs.

She seemed to hesitate for a moment before she stepped into the carriage as to whether she should give me her hand. It was but a moment, but she did give it me; not a finger, but a full, warm, natural hand.

"Good bye," she said; "we shall see you again, I hope."

The crowd moved too fast to give me time to ask leave to call. One more stately bow from the plumed head-dress of mamma; their carriage swept away, and we had to hurry to our own.

I let Mrs. St. John laugh at me in her own way, which was a very merry one; and I did not tell her that I had secured myself a right to make

the call for which I had not obtained the leave.—Mrs. de Courcy had dropped a bracelet on the door-step, and I had been lucky enough to find it; for the rest, I hardly cared that evening to disentangle my feelings. I was only conscious that I was wildly in love with Georgina: and I closed my ears to the strong voice which insisted that Mr. Fenton was not a person I could dream of overcoming; and that if the lady was really and freely engaged to him, I was a fool, and a dishonorable one to boot. On the vain thread of hope that there might possibly be a mistake, I was contented to risk my fortunes; and, in conceited wilfulness, wind every word, every smile, and every feeling, which had flowed from her, round and round my heart.

As Mrs. St. John had disliked Mr. Fenton without reason, so when I told her what his appearance forced me to think of him, her mind began to waver in his favor; and the next morning when I told her I intended to call, and she found that I could not laugh naturally when she laughed at me, the thing seemed to lose its entirely light appearance; and even to be trying to win his wreath from him began to look questionable.

It was all of no use. A kind of instinct sometimes supersedes every other faculty, unseates even conscience, and insists on the entire control of us, whether for evil or for good. Call I would, and that at a polite life's very earliest hour. I had secured myself a pretext, and, armed with my beautiful fetter, my desperate recklessness brought me to the door.

I was shown into a very elegant room, which I had no leisure to observe, for even my impudence was confused at finding the awful Mrs. de Courcy alone. She rose. I blundered out my bracelet in my confusion, and was stammering the most helpless imbecilities when I found that, from some unexplained cause, her manner was utterly changed towards me. She received me with apparently genuine pleasure, and thanked me warmly for my politeness. She even began to talk on serious subjects to me; the most sure sign of her good-will. Presently Georgina entered with Mr. Fenton; both of them smiling, evidently glad to see me.

In a low, but beautifully toned voice, the latter told me he was pleased to have the opportunity of being introduced to me. He had heard my name, he was good enough to say, from other quarters; and Miss de Courcy had told him that our acquaintance would be a mutual pleasure to us. Oh how my heart smote me at this unsuspecting confidence! What would I not have given for the enchanter's power to split the walls and vanish through them! Here was the spell which had charmed away Mrs. de Courcy's frown. It was to him, whose peace I was plotting to undermine, that I was to owe my chance for a trial.

I really believe I blushed; and I should have become helplessly confused if he had not continued his good nature till he saw I was at my ease. Half an hour passed—an hour—and there seemed no wish that I should take my leave; at last shame drove me to a move, but it was only to receive an invitation to join them the next day at dinner.—To join them? Then, of course, at once I was

admitted into easy intimacy. I was told to come when I liked. Did I ride? Georgina liked riding, and would accept my escort.

I had made up my mind for a thousand storms; not at all for so fair a sea and so smooth a wind. When I carried my perplexity to the St. Johns, St. John himself was convinced they were proselytising—it was all nonsense, there could be no good in a Swedenborgian preacher. Mrs. St. John thought they saw through me, and intended to punish me. Yet why take such trouble with the impertinence of a stranger, from whom a cold word would have relieved them? In spite of a thousand misgivings, an inexplicable fascination seemed to draw me towards Mr. Fenton; and I thought to be trifled with by Georgina better than the tenderness of all the world besides. I was too devoted to be proud, and from her even ridicule would be tolerable.

Well, I dined with them; the day following I was there again, and the next. As our intimacy deepened we drew all more and more together. It was wonderful, but it was delightful. Not a day passed now which did not see me at their house. Georgina drew a little, though scarcely so well as I. Mrs. de Courcy was absorbed always in her visions of her folios, and took, or seemed to take, no notice of us. In the afternoon we went out riding; and Mr. Fenton, though he knew all this, seemed best pleased when we had been most together, and was seldom at the house excepting in the evenings. Sometimes I did a little metaphysics with mamma, in disreeter style than my first essay. Sometimes Mr. Fenton himself would give an hour to talking to me, and to making me talk.

I can give little idea of the conversation of this extraordinary man. He combined more deep thought, with seemingly deeper calm, than any man I had ever met with. He knew all I wished to say—he would say it for me when I bungled. Even my thoughts he seemed to divine; and my first uneasiness with him entirely vanished, so completely had I given up looking forward with any fixed intention, and was content to let each day bring its own joys or its own sorrows with it. Many a half-bitter laugh I had with myself at my notion of eclipsing him. He never alluded to his engagement with Georgina, neither did Mrs. de Courcy. He was very little with her; she did not appear to expect he should be; and he only wished that she should be with me. I was out of my depth in a current too strong to stem, even had I known which way to swim. I felt that I was swept away in the stream, and that Mr. Fenton, and only he, knew whether it was bearing me to smooth lakes and meadow-lands, or down over raging torrents and Niagara cataracts.

He often spoke to me of Swedenborg, but it was not his one subject. He had travelled over the world: every language which held a literature was familiar to him; and his mind was veined with history. I often went to hear him preach, and his power and popularity became easily intelligible to me. He believed in God with all his own heart, and he knew by a curious instinct all the ins and outs, and strangest shifts, and curvings, and windings of ours. Each of us had to



feel that the sermon was aimed specially at ourselves, and our particular case explained and provided for. And the man that sees the whole of us, and sees round us and beyond, who can refuse to follow?

Well, in this strange way things continued through the spring, and down into the summer.—The St. Johns left Cheltenham. Before she went, Mrs. St. John had a long expostulation with me. She threatened to speak herself to Georgina; and only did not at my own passionate entreaty.—Something I felt must come, and quickly; yet, as that something must be rude awakening out of the fairest dream of my life, I could not bear to have it hurried to its birth. Allowing all she urged, that either I had hopes or had none, and that, if there were none, it was the most cruel, selfish, wanton violation of what was due to myself, to her, to the honorable confidence in me of Mr. Fenton, to allow a web to frame itself round the heart of Georgina, which, torn though it might be, yet would leave its fragments clinging to it, and spoil her peace and his, perhaps for ever;—allowing this, for I knew it all (and there is no advice so uselessly irritating, as when another's cool prudence does but repeat our own hearts' upbraidings,) still I could resolve nothing; and my ineffectual madness left it all to fate—to fate, as if fate cared to shape out the moulds for the casting of this rolling human life metal otherwise than in us, and through us, and by our own fingers: well for me that my fate was the deep-skilled wisdom of a man who knew what he was doing, although I neither knew nor cared to know. A change came over Georgina's manner. She grew nervous, conscious, and uneasy. Sometimes she seemed to shrink from me, not to weary of my presence, but angry at it. At others, an excited smile of pleasure shot across her features when I came, a kind of desperate abandonment of herself to the present, as if, like myself, it was enough for her to know that there was happiness to-day; whether to-morrow brought storms, or the same warm sun would still be shining, the same blind fate or chance might care. Oh, the uneasy heart, the shifting mood, the unresting eye, where calm came never now, by night or day, to still its surface; and let

the world outside her and around her shine in, in undisturbed serenity, as once it shone! How well I knew these symptoms! With what intensely selfish joy I told myself that I was the cause!

Mrs. de Courcy, too, seemed at last to be far from uniformly pleased. There was some struggle clearly going on within her, as if her judgment was uncertain. The speculation ceased to be so all-absorbing. She would sit near us, as if to listen to what we said; and often I caught her stern eye fixed questioningly upon mine. It was true I could commonly restore my favor with little difficulty. Sincere in her monomania, it was like a mesmeric power over her. I had but to touch the chord and set her speaking; and then I need only seem to listen, and throw in a random affirmation when her voice swelled into energy, to become one of the most excellent and well informed of men. Still there were symptoms enough to show that a crisis was near. Mr. Fenton only was the same; he, the most truly interested, alone seemed to see no danger, and no change in the lady's manner. If there was any change in himself, it was that he was growing to like me better; and a kind of playful sweetness warmed into his features in his now longer conversations with me.—Oh, how at times his kindness cut me to the heart! Often and often I was on the point of flinging myself out before him, confessing to him all my hopes and fears, remorse, and self-upbraidings, the whole madness that was in me. The words would come bubbling up to my lips; I drew the conversation again and again to her, fluttering round her excellence, and longing but for one word from him to turn the trembling balance—that I might tell him what I felt, what I believed she felt, and leave it to his mercy, or to wisdom, to determine what ought to be done. But the impassive calmness, the grave quiet, with which he assented to my admiring, awed me, and froze my lips—I could not speak. Passion chokes before an unimpassioned auditor; and my words hung fire, only leaving me the mock consolation of my conscience, that at least I wished to be open with him; and if I were not, it was his fault, not mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## WASHINGTON IRVING.

"WHAT! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,  
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,  
 And the gravest sweet humor, that ever was there  
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;  
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,—  
 I shan't run directly against my own preaching,  
 And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,  
 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;  
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—  
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,  
 Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,  
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,  
 Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,  
 The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,  
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,  
 That only the finest and clearest remain,  
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives  
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,  
 And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving  
 A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.—[A FABLE FOR THE CRITICS.]

THE witty author of the Fable has been more fortunate in his portraiture of our great prose writer, than the artist was from whose attempt to give the externals of his "warm heart and fine brain," our engraving has been copied. The

portrait which we present is not such an one as we should be glad to give, and would give if it were in our power, but,

"IRVING was younger once than he is now,"

and with a full consciousness of there being a brown wig, if not

"Wrinkles on his brow,"

he refuses to have his counterfeit presentment, set before the world, of what he now is on the shady side of sixty. He is probably right in his determination to let posterity see him only as he appeared when he produced the works by which they will only know him. The portrait is the portrait of the author of the Sketch Book, and not of the quiet old gentleman Washington Irving of sixty odd years, who, in his mellow servility, is daily superintending the publication of the works which he produced in the hey day of his intellectual and bodily vigor.

The career of Washington Irving has been a singularly happy one; there are few men of eminence in the literary world whose private history presents a life of such placidity and good fortune; from his outset as an author his serenity has never been ruffled by a failure, nor an adverse criticism. He could not say, with nearly all the literary men who have been known to fame,

"How hard it is to climb  
The steep, where Fames dread  
Temple shines afar."

All the accidents of his life, his early training, his social connexion, the bent of his genius, the time of his birth, and even what might have been deemed his pecuniary disasters, all conspired to ripen him for his work and promote his literary success. All these favoring accidents would have been as naught to one who had not the good sense to avail himself of them, and even without them, and under less propitious circumstances, we doubt not that Irving would have risen superior to them. But it cannot be denied that he was singularly fortunate, and that while he made the most of his advantages, he never once forgot himself and presumed on his position. A life exhibiting a greater uniformity of strictly correct conduct probably could not be instanced. Unquestionably much of his well-deserved reputation, and the uniform consideration with which he has been treated as a man and writer both at home and abroad, are owing to his never putting himself in an antagonistic position to anybody or any thing. He has rebuked no man's sins, upset no man's hobbies, disturbed nobody's superstitions, criticised nobody's works, nor exposed the follies of any nation, sect or people. But he has laughed with the world and not at it, and put poor human nature upon good terms with itself.

One of the secrets of Irving's uniform success and freedom from adverse criticisms, is well worth knowing and bearing in mind by young authors; it is that he never attempted anything for which he did not feel himself perfectly qualified; and another was that whatever he attempted he finished. He is a thorough artist, and in this respect bears a strong resemblance to Bryant, whom he resembles in nothing else. He finished with the utmost nicety even his slightest sketches. It is said that the first part of the SKETCH BOOK was written over no less than seven times. This may not be true, but it bears evidence of having been corrected with the greatest care. There are no literary compositions existing, which exhibit a purer artistic

perception than the essays and stories in the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall. We do not speak of their excellence as literary compositions compared with the works of other authors, but as exhibiting a purity of taste in their author, which led him to exclude everything not absolutely necessary to convey a distinct impression of the idea which he wished to present to the reader. He so completely segregates his subjects that, however meagre they may be, or shadowy, or feeble, they occupy the mind to the exclusion of everything else, and therefore leave a lasting impression. The present method, with our popular writers, is to cram their pages with everything that bears the remotest affinity with their subject, and by this means they fill the mind with such a confused mass of thoughts and images that it retains an impression of none. The first essay in the Sketch Book is "The Voyage," a subject full of suggestions, recollections, and gossip. It seems hardly possible for a man of sea experiences and full information to treat it with simplicity. But Mr. Irving by a few severe reflections, and one little anecdote of a sea disaster, has given us a sketch which gives to the mind an impression of the solitariness, grandeur, and perils of the ocean, that volumes of sea voyages fail to give. This essay is so good an example of the careful finish and elaborate simplicity of Irving, that we are tempted to give it entire as the best exemplification that can be offered of the point which we would elucidate.

#### THE VOYAGE.

Ships, ships, I will describe you  
Amidst the main,  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting,  
And projecting,  
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.  
Hullo! my fancy, wither wilt thou go?

OLD POEM.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of the worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but



real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own;—to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

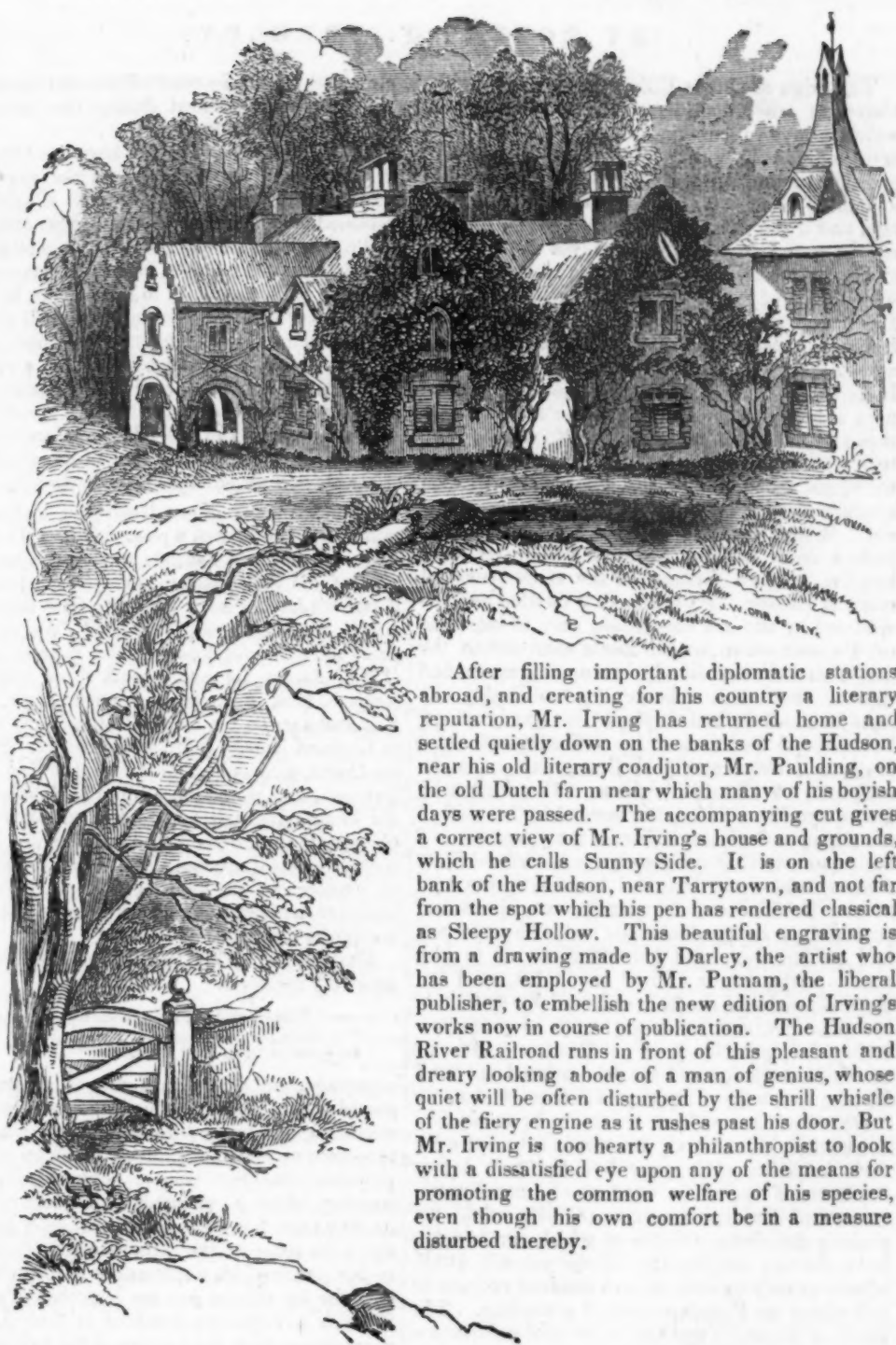
Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention; which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar,

to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more!"

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail ahead!'—it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors: but all was silent—we never saw or heard any thing of them more."



After filling important diplomatic stations abroad, and creating for his country a literary reputation, Mr. Irving has returned home and settled quietly down on the banks of the Hudson, near his old literary coadjutor, Mr. Paulding, on the old Dutch farm near which many of his boyish days were passed. The accompanying cut gives a correct view of Mr. Irving's house and grounds, which he calls Sunny Side. It is on the left bank of the Hudson, near Tarrytown, and not far from the spot which his pen has rendered classical as Sleepy Hollow. This beautiful engraving is from a drawing made by Darley, the artist who has been employed by Mr. Putnam, the liberal publisher, to embellish the new edition of Irving's works now in course of publication. The Hudson River Railroad runs in front of this pleasant and dreary looking abode of a man of genius, whose quiet will be often disturbed by the shrill whistle of the fiery engine as it rushes past his door. But Mr. Irving is too hearty a philanthropist to look with a dissatisfied eye upon any of the means for promoting the common welfare of his species, even though his own comfort be in a measure disturbed thereby.

VIEW OF "SUNNY SIDE," ON THE HUDSON,  
IRVING'S COUNTRY SEAT.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

THE reign of Queen Elizabeth was remarkable, above all other considerations, for the impetus which it gave to learning, through the encouragement extended by her to men of literary and scientific attainments. Her court comprised within its circle the most distinguished characters of the age, and if she exercised the duties of her exalted station with somewhat of rigor, yet she was not at all times the hasty and implacable monarch which some of the acts of her life would indicate. Her liberal patronage of poets and scholars is an instance in support of this assertion. Foremost among the gifted and brilliant minds which added lustre to her court stood ESSEX; the accomplished man of letters—the ready wit—the fearless warrior, and the handsome gallant. No wonder that, with her prejudices in favor of genius and talent, the virgin queen almost lost sight of her maiden resolutions, in favor of so accomplished an adherent. Better, far, had it been for him, had he lacked those brilliant qualities which rendered him the admired favorite of the most powerful court in Europe. As the moth is dazzled and bewildered by the ray that shines only to lure it to certain destruction, so did Essex sport within the magic circle into which his accomplishments had thrown him, until, approaching too closely the light in which he had displayed his gaudy wings, he sank and died beneath its withering influence. HAMPDEN, BURLEIGH, and COKE, were also the recipients of Elizabeth's favor. The former by his soldier-like abilities, the second by his skill in managing and guiding affairs of state, contributed their quota to England's glory; and Coke—Chief Justice Coke—was long the boast and ornament of the British bar. LEICESTER, too, great and powerful, as he was ambitious and without honor, had so far won upon her affections as to dare aspire to the honor of her hand; but, with her usual shrewdness, she had observed the defects of his character, and knew too much to place herself so deeply in his power. RALEIGH, with his store of knowledge and his ever-pointed wit; and BACON, with talents equal to his fame, and many more, whose names have grown to be musical in the world's ear, extend the ample list; but even their brilliancy must grow dim and pale before the lustre of those twin brothers of song, SHAKSPEARE and EDMUND SPENSER. Gladly would we prolong the pleasant theme to which our thoughts have led us; but the plan of the present sketch allows us only to treat of such kindred subjects as fall within the bounds prescribed at starting. The death of Elizabeth was one of the most unfortunate circumstances which could have happened for Sir Walter Raleigh. James had not that reverence for talent which marked her brilliant reign, and Sir Walter's subsequent conduct shows how bitterly he felt the change wrought by her death. The cold-blooded assassination of this accomplished gentleman, at a time when England was beginning to reap the benefit of his services, has cast a slur upon the escutcheon of King James's char-

acter, that cannot be counterbalanced by the little good which he effected during the twenty-two years of his misguided reign.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born in 1553; and was sixty-five years of age at the time of his death. Both as a scholar and a soldier he possessed qualifications of the highest order, and the brilliancy and extent of his acquirements were such, in conjunction with his refined manners and engaging deportment, as to render him for a long period an established favorite among all classes of his countrymen. The conception which induced him to undertake the establishment of a colony in the wilds of America proves him to have been a man of no common order of intellect; and, indeed, the better portion of his life was equally divided between his literary pursuits, and the gratification of his passion for enterprise and adventure.

Although his studious disposition inclined him rather to recreations of a peaceful, than of a warlike nature, his feats in the field were by no means the least of his accomplishments. The attention of Elizabeth having been for some time directed towards the countries of the New World, several years after the overthrow of the Spanish armads, (1588,) James Lancaster, with three ships and a pinnace, took thirty-nine Spanish ships, sacked Fernambouc, on the coast of Brazil, and returned to England heavily laden with treasure. Sir Francis Drake also undertook an expedition against Panama, and was repulsed by the Spaniards, and Sir Walter Raleigh engaged in an expedition to Guiana, that famous kingdom of which he gave such wonderful accounts, and which he undertook to explore at his own expense; unfortunately, however, without meeting with that success which his merits deserved.

Shakspeare, in his tragedy of *Othello*, (act I, scene 3,) speaks of

—“The Cannibals, that do each other eat,—  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders;”

a passage, the idea of which was evidently suggested by Sir Walter's account of the nondescripts which he encountered during his adventures upon the coast of South America. It is by no means probable that Sir Walter actually saw all the wonders which he pretends to describe; but that he may have received accounts of such monstrosities from some of the Indians whom he met with in the course of his explorations is not to be doubted; for by stories just as improbable were the Spanish adventurers deceived in their first communications with the natives of the various places visited by them. In his narrative of his voyage to Guiana, he thus gravely describes a race of people in whose existence he professes to have had implicit belief:

“Next unto the Arvi—a river which falls into the Oronoko, are two other rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people WHOSE HEADS APPEAR NOT



ABOVE THEIR SHOULDERS; which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet, for mine own part, I am resolved it is true,—because every child in the province of Aromaia and Canuri affirms the same. They are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts; and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders."

This description, which, at first thought, appears so singular, would answer well, saving a little allowance made for exaggeration, to the appearance of some of the Southern tribes of Indians of the present day; whose tremendous war-masks, made of the bark of trees, carved in all kinds of monstrous and grotesque shapes, and hung upon the breast, so as at the same time to cover the head also, might easily lead them to be mistaken for "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The "long train of hair growing backward between the shoulders" is still a favorite ornament with many of our American tribes; who, when fully dressed in their war paint and feathers, present quite a scare-crow appearance, which would throw into the shade Sir Walter's most vivid descriptions. Might not this simple suggestion account for the phenomena alluded to in his "wonders of Guiana?"

After the failure of these expeditions in America, the English determined to attack the Spanish dominions in Europe, and, accordingly, a powerful armament, consisting of one hundred and seventy vessels, carrying upward of seven thousand soldiers, sailed from Plymouth, and, having made, without success, an attempt to land at St. Sebastian, on the western side of Cadiz, resolved to attack the ships and galleys in the bay. These forces were commanded by the flower of England's chivalry. The undertaking was deemed rash in the extreme, but the most daring spirits were in favor of making the attempt, and Effingham, the commander-in-chief, decided to humor them. Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard were appointed to lead the van; a sufficient proof of their trustworthiness, but the merit of having enacted the chief exploit of the day was wrested from them by the impetuous Essex, who, in defiance of the admiral's injunctions, pressed forward into the thickest of the fight, and, landing his men, he immediately marched to Cadiz, stormed it in the midst of its fancied invincibility, and carried it, after a brief contest, sword in hand. With a generosity, however, which usually accompanies such praiseworthy ardor, he checked the slaughter which was about to ensue—content with having simply won a victory. Raleigh, also, performed wonders of valor, and was several times in danger of being slain.

This was but one among the many enterprises which characterized Elizabeth's reign, and when she died, (of grief, it was said, for having caused the death of her favorite, Essex,) the brightest star in England's diadem grew dim.

Among the numerous curious enactments of this reign was one forbidding the erection of dwellings in the suburbs; the authorities being suddenly possessed with a fear that London was

becoming too big for her own prosperity. Severe laws were also enacted against poisoners, against whom a great fear existed; persons of distinction were supposed to have been poisoned by merely touching the lintels of doors, or opening of letters containing a poisonous powder; or smelling of poisoned flowers; and in the English archives we read, that one Edward Squire was executed "for poisoning the pommel of the queen's saddle, and the arms of the Earl of Essex's chair." Coaches were first introduced during the reign of Elizabeth, but a regulation was afterwards passed, forbidding gentlemen to ride in them, as being too effeminate. What would be thought of such a regulation in the present age of luxury it is useless to speculate upon. Even after the invention of coaches, it was long ere they came in vogue, and those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, (says *Rowe*) went on horseback to any place of business or diversion. It was this practice, which, according to the most accredited authors, afforded William Shakspeare his first means of obtaining a livelihood, on coming to London.

CHATEAUBRIAND has given us an interesting account of the condition of the stage (a favorite diversion of Elizabeth and her court,) at this period. In the dramatic performances of the time, he says:

"The female characters were represented by young men; and the actors were not distinguished from the spectators, except by the plumes of feathers which adorned their hats, and the bows of ribands which they wore in their shoes. There was no music between the acts. The place of performance was frequently the court-yard of an inn, and the windows which looked into this court-yard served for the boxes. On the representation of a tragedy in London, the place in which it was performed was hung with black, like the nave of a church at a funeral."

The means employed for the purpose of producing an illusion were no less remarkable; as an exemplification, witness Shakspeare's burlesque description, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"A man, having his face smeared with plaster, is the wall which intervenes between Pyramus and Thisbe, and he spreads out his fingers to represent the chinks in the wall, through which the lovers converse. A lantern, a bush, and a dog, are employed to produce moonlight. In rude dramatic performances of this kind, the scene, without changing, alternately represented a flower-garden, a rock, against which a ship was to strike, or a field of battle, where half a dozen miserable-looking soldiers would personate two armies."

We have seen armies no better furnished even upon our modern stage, with all its brilliant accessories. As to the "properties" in use in Shakspeare's time, an old inventory of a company of English players contains, among other articles of lesser importance:

"A dragon, a wheel employed in the siege of London, a large horse with his legs, sundry limbs of Moors, four Turks' heads, and an iron mouth, which was probably employed in giving utterance

to the sweetest and sublimest accents of the immortal poet. False skins were also employed for those characters who were flayed alive on the stage, like the prevaricating judge in *Cambyse*s."

As for the *patrons* of the drama—the uproar of a modern Bowery audience becomes unworthy of notice, when compared with that of the class they represent, as it stood in the sixteenth century.

In Elizabeth's time "the higher class of spectators, or the *gentlemen*, took their places on the stage—seating themselves either on the boards, or on stools, which they paid for. The pit was a dark and dusty hole, in which the audience stood crowded together. The spectators in the pit, and those on the stage, were like two hostile camps, drawn up face to face. The pit saluted the *gentlemen* with hisses, threw mud at them, and addressed to them insulting outcries. The *gentlemen* returned these compliments by calling their assailants *stinkards* and brutes. The *stinkards* ate apples and drank ale; the gentlemen played at cards and smoked tobacco, which was then recently introduced. It was the fashion for the gentlemen to tear up the cards, as if they had lost some great stake, and then to throw the fragments angrily on the stage—to laugh, speak loud, and turn their backs on the actors."

It was thus that the sublime inspirations of Shakspeare were received upon their first production. "John Bull," remarks Chateaubriand, "threw apple-parings at the divinity at whose shrine he now offers adoration!"

We have introduced this slight account of the drama in Shakspeare's time, as aiding to display the character of that age in which were formed so many weighty enterprises—among which the establishment of colonies in the wildest portion of the American continent was not the least. If Elizabeth had not possessed so much of the spirit of religious intolerance, the Pilgrim Fathers would never have settled in Massachusetts.

Her encouragement of Raleigh's project is also another point in her favor. Elizabeth has the credit of having established the first newspaper ever printed in England\*; but under James the First the art received but slight encouragement. If King James persecuted unjustly men of literary attainments, Elizabeth was not altogether free from the same fault. Witness her treatment of John Stubbes, a puritan writer; who was condemned to lose one of his hands, for having written a pamphlet, called "The Discovery of the Gaping Gulf whereinto England is likely to be swallowed by a French marriage," etc., and in which were some reflections upon the queen. Page, the publisher, and Singleton, the printer, were sentenced and served in like manner. Elizabeth was not altogether free from superstition; but the faith of James First in necromancy was carried to the highest limits of absurdity. He published innumerable edicts against "sorcerers, prophets, feeders of evil spirits, charmers, and provokers to unlawful love," and many were pun-

ished by flames and torture, on suspicion of being implicated in such proceedings. James published a book in condemnation of tobacco and the consumers of it, and it is not improbable that Raleigh's persevering use of the article had somewhat to do with the monarch's private feelings against him.

#### THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

THERE is no period in the entire history of America so fraught with romantic incident as that which relates to the early settlers of Virginia: a name now applied only to a single State, and that by no means one of the largest in the Union; but which was originally intended to designate that entire portion of the American continent included in the grants of the Queen of England to her adventurous subjects. The name, itself, is supposed to have been given in compliment to the queen, and in delicate allusion to her virgin state.

The first expedition having in view the exploration of Virginia set sail from the Thames on the 27th of April, 1584, and arrived, after a passage of several months duration, at Wocacon Island—supposed to be one of those which lie at the mouth of Albemarle Sound, on the coast of North Carolina. The Indians exhibited very little fear of their visitors, and treated them with the greatest hospitality. In September they returned to England, carrying with them two Indians—Manteo and Wanchese—and giving such marvellous accounts of their discoveries, that Sir Walter Raleigh obtained permission from the queen to fit out an expedition with the view of establishing an American colony, and having formed a company for this purpose, in 1585 Sir Richard Grenville, a kinsman to Sir Walter, and one of the accomplished men of his time, set sail from Plymouth, England, with seven ships and the proper supplies, and arrived at Virginia, after various adventures, on the 26th of June,—bringing with him Manteo, as interpreter. In the course of this expedition the whites committed several outrages, such as burning the town of Aquascogok, for the loss of a silver cup, laying waste their fields, etc. Up to this time the Indians had manifested the warmest friendship, but the imprudent and ungrateful conduct of the English aroused by degrees in their breasts an animosity which afterwards put the colonists at an expense of much blood and treasure. Sir Richard Grenville left one hundred and eight men on the island of Roanoke, and sailed to that of Hatteras. Ralph Lane was appointed governor of the colony, and Captain Smith (who had commanded one of the vessels,) admiral. Thomas Hariot, a mathematician, and a great friend of Raleigh's, stayed with the colony, and on the 18th of September, after having received a visit from Granganimeo, a powerful Indian chief, Sir Richard Grenville sailed for England. In their explorations the colonists were greatly assisted by John Wythe, a painter, who took numerous sketches of the natives, the most prominent landscapes, birds, trees, &c., which were subsequently transmitted to Europe, where they were engraved. After the death of Granganimeo, which occurred shortly after, the animosity of the Indians increased to such a degree, that the colony became one

\* The "*English Mercurius*"—printed during the impending invasion by the Spanish armada. Copies are still extant in the British Museum.

scene of strife and bloodshed. In the midst of this untoward state of affairs, Sir Francis Drake arrived with succors, (1585,) and in 1586 the colony at Roanoke were glad to accompany him home, where they arrived in June, bringing with them some tobacco, which, under the example of Sir Walter Raleigh, soon became fashionable.—Two ludicrous anecdotes are told in connection with this subject, which, though oft-told, can hardly with propriety be omitted. On one occasion, one of Sir Walter's servants, who happened to be entering his master's apartment bearing a tankard of ale, at the moment when the latter was regaling himself with a pipe of tobacco, he conceived him to be on fire, and forthwith launched the contents of the tankard in Sir Walter's face. At another time, Raleigh made a wager with the queen that he could ascertain the weight of smoke; which he accomplished by first weighing the tobacco, and afterwards the ashes which remained. Upon this, the queen is said to have remarked that she had frequently heard of such a thing as gold being turned into smoke; but that Sir Walter was the first within her knowledge who had succeeded in converting smoke into gold!

Within a fortnight after the departure of the colonists with Drake, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three ships for their relief, but not finding them, he left fifty men at Roanoke, and returned again to England. The following year (1587,) Mr. John White sailed in command of three ships, furnished by Raleigh, (who did not himself visit Virginia, as some writers have erroneously stated,) and by whom he was provided with a charter of incorporation for a city to be called Raleigh, with directions to settle on the banks of Chesapeake river; and was appointed governor of the colony with twelve councillors.—Here they learned that the fifty men left by Grenville had been slain by the natives. Where the plantation had been they found the body of one man. The houses were overgrown and the fort destroyed. Here Manteo was baptized in the English faith, and the daughter of Annanias Dare, one of the council, had a female child, which she called Virginia. Not long after this, Mr. White returned to England, to solicit further supplies; but Raleigh, deeply involved in debt, and having expended nearly all his private fortune in the prosecution of his views, was by this time growing disheartened, and finally assigned his patent to Thomas Smith and other merchants and adventurers, among whom was White—who took with him from Sir Walter a donation of one hundred pounds for the propagation of Christianity in Virginia. It was not until the spring of 1590 that Governor White could return to his colony; then, with three ships, he sailed from Plymouth, and passing through the West Indies in quest of Spanish prizes, he made Hatteras on the 15th of August. Here they found no traces of the colony which Mr. White had left, and although a search was afterwards made for them, they were never again heard from. Raleigh subsequently made several attempts, at his own expense, to discover and relieve his friends, but without avail; and his execution, through the injustice and cruelty of King James the First, abruptly put an end to all his

projects. Raleigh's rare accomplishments had rendered him one of the brightest ornaments of his age, and the distinction at which he ultimately arrived, by the unaided influence of his wonderful genius, was not long in creating against him a host of enemies, who did not rest until his ruin was accomplished. In person he was graceful and in manners inviting; and Queen Elizabeth once reckoned him among the most favored of all her favorites.

But the most prominent among the adventurers in those western wilds had not yet made his appearance, to give a fresh impulse to the spirit of colonization; which, at the time of the death of Raleigh, seemed rapidly subsiding. Captain John Smith, the favorite hero of American romance, the most shrewd and enterprising of all who had undertaken the voyage to Virginia, was, emphatically, a soldier of fortune. Born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1579, he appears to have become early impregnated with that chivalrous spirit and ardent love of adventure which characterized all his actions in after life. When only thirteen years of age, he endeavored to run away from home and get to sea by selling his school books and satchel, but being foiled in this attempt, he was afterwards apprenticed to a merchant of Lynn. The confinement to which his employment in this capacity subjected him, only had the effect of adding to his desire for adventure, and, quitting his master, he attached himself to the train of a young nobleman traveling to France. Not feeling satisfied, however, with his new condition, he left this nobleman at Orleans, and had money given him to return to England. Instead of shaping his course immediately homeward, he visited Paris, and proceeded to the Low Countries, where he enlisted as a soldier, and being persuaded that a visit to Scotland might advance his interests with King James, he turned his steps thitherward, only to be disappointed. He now made his way to his native town, and finding no agreeable company there, he built himself a hut in the depths of a wood, and betook himself to the study of history and military tactics—diverting himself occasionally with his horse and lance, and living the life of a hermit.

By a stroke of good fortune, our adventurer managed, at length, to regain part of the estate left by his father, with the proceeds of which he fitted himself out, and joined a Frenchman, who laid claims to nobility, for the purpose of seeking an exploit in France. If Smith betrayed a want of proper caution in these several instances which we have mentioned, it must be borne in mind that he was at this time only seventeen years of age, and had not yet acquired that experience in the ways of the world which would have influenced the actions of an older person. Himself of a generous disposition, and free from guile, he was not prepared to encounter that deceitful and treacherous conduct from others from which he was, himself, so entirely free. Having arrived off the coast of Picardy, the Frenchman, and others of his countrymen who accompanied the vessel, managed to be carried ashore at night, at a place called St. Valory, taking with them not only their own scanty luggage, but also the well stocked



trunks of their young companion, who awoke in the morning to discover that he was about to be landed upon a strange soil without the means even of paying for the common necessities of life. Having landed, he proceeded, by the advice of a sailor, to the place where he understood them to live, but obtained no satisfaction. The narrative of his sufferings, however, made him friends, who gave him, as some atonement for his losses, the freedom of their houses until such time as he might recover his property, or see fit to depart from among them. His restless disposition allowed him to trespass but a brief time upon their kindness, for we find him, shortly after this, travelling on foot from port to port, in search of a ship of war. In the course of his peregrinations, near the town of Dimon, he fell in with one of the villains who had robbed him, and having drawn upon him, wounded and disarmed his antagonist, and made him confess his guilt before the bystanders.

Smith's next movement was to visit his friend the Earl of Poyer, who had been brought up in England, and from whom he obtained supplies, by means of which he travelled along the French coast to Bayonne, thence crossing over to Marseilles, and paying marked attention, during his travels, to everything appertaining to marine architecture and the science of navigation. At Marseilles, he embarked for Italy, in a vessel having on board a rabble of slovenly, bare footed pilgrims, who testified their Christianity, soon after departure, by throwing our adventurer into the sea—ascribing to him the fact of the vessel being driven out of her course by contrary winds. He swam, however, to the little island of Mary's, off Nice, in Savoy, and was taken off by a ship of St. Malo, the master of which was acquainted with the Earl of Poyer, and who carried Smith, by his own assent, to Alexandria, in Egypt. This act of the pilgrims, although not promising the most pleasant results, proved a most fortunate circumstance for their intended victim. In the vessel which had picked him up he coasted the Levant, adding daily to his increasing stock of knowledge. On their return, they encountered a Venetian ship, and having rifled her of her rich cargo, they set Smith ashore at Antibes, with a box of one thousand chequins—about two thousand dollars—and a lighter heart than had beaten beneath his jacket since his departure from Marseilles. By the aid of his newly acquired riches, which he controlled with much more caution, he fulfilled his former intention by making the tour of Italy, crossed the Adriatic, and travelled into Styria, to the seat of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, where he entered the cause of the Emperor as a volunteer against the Turks. He rendered an important service by communicating to Lord Ebersfraught a method of conversing at a distance by signals, made with torches: which being alternately shown and hidden a requisite number of times were made to designate each letter of the alphabet. This was tried with marked success in an expedition against the Turks, at the town of Olimpah, and introduced our hero to Count Meldrich of Transylvania, who gave him, for his services, a troop of horse.

Smith's next exploit was in single combat on horseback with a renowned Turkish leader, who

had boastfully declared, that, for the diversion of the ladies, he would fight any Christian captain that dared to embrace his proposal. The honor fell to Smith by lot, and he slew his adversary in presence of a large number of Turkish ladies who had assembled to witness the encounter. Two other Turks offered to engage with him in a like encounter, both of whom he conquered as completely as he did the first. In honor of this event, a procession was formed of six thousand men; the heads of the conquered Turks being borne on lances, as trophies. Smith's general gave him, at his own tent, a cimetar and belt, of great value, and a horse richly caparisoned for the field—creating him, in addition to these honors, a major in his own regiment. The prince of Transylvania, in token of the high appreciation in which his services were held, also presented him with his picture, set in gold, and settled on him a pension of three hundred ducats per annum—with a coat-of-arms bearing three Turks' heads on a shield, and the motto *vincere et vivere*. The patent was admitted, and received in the College of Heralds at London, by Sir Henry Segur, garter king-at-arms. Smith now encountered another adventure—the singularity of which renders it worthy to be classed with others that he had gone through. At a defeat of the Transylvanian army, near Koter-ton, he was wounded, taken prisoner, and sold to the Bashaw of Bogul, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabizanda, at Constantinople, with the boasting message that he had conquered a Bohemian noble. The conduct of the princess towards her captive, however, was hardly that of a mistress towards her slave. In fact, she conceived a passion for our adventurer as violent as it was sudden, and the better to secure him for herself, and to guard him against the suspicions of the donor, she sent him to her brother—a neighboring bashaw. In taking this step the princess over-reached herself; her brother, having a shrewd suspicion of her motive, had our hero's head and beard shaven, clad him in a coat of hair cloth, and placed him, with an iron collar about his neck, to labor among the Christian slaves. The brutal treatment which he received in this capacity caused Smith to rebel, and having one day slain his tyrannical overseer, while at work in a field, he hid the body in some straw that was lying at hand, and fled to the desert,—whence, after experiencing innumerable difficulties, he eventually made his way back to Transylvania. At Leipsic he fortunately met with his former colonel, Count Meldrich, who gave him fifteen hundred ducats, to repair his losses.

With this reinforcement to his finances, after various adventures, during which he travelled through Germany, France and Spain, and having visited the Kingdom of Morocco, he returned by sea to England, having still in his possession one thousand ducats, which he desired to dispose of in some profitable adventure. At this time it so happened that Captain Bartholomew Gosnold was getting up his projected expedition to Virginia, and Smith, becoming deeply interested in the project, agreed to bear him company, and devoted the surplus of the money received from Count Meldrich to forwarding the interests of the expe-

dition. His old fate, however, pursued him from the Old World into the New. On the voyage he unluckily happened to excite the jealousy of some of his companions, who endeavored to lessen his chances in the expedition, by preferring against him a charge of wishing to make himself king of Virginia. In the midst of these disagreements, on the 26th of April, 1607, the ships made the entrance of Chesapeake Bay.

On opening the box containing their instructions, it was found that Gosnold, Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Martin, John Ratcliffe, and George Kendall were appointed councillors, and they, being duly sworn, elected Wingfield as their president. A declaration was, also, at the same time entered, showing why Smith should be excluded as one of the council. Smith was, accordingly, not only deprived of his office, but placed in confinement on charges preferred against him. Feeling the want of his services, however, they afterward released him; whereupon he demanded a trial, which resulted in his acquittal and the award of damages—his seat as one of the council being also restored. Previously to the trial, the adventurers, while seeking a suitable spot for a settlement, had several amicable interviews with the natives, and at length they discovered, at an eligible point, a peninsula, to which they gave the name of Jamestown—in honor of King James. Smith, being released from durance, visited Powhatan, in company with Newport, for the purpose of asking a concession of land, which was granted them. After Smith's trial and acquittal, which happened after his return from this mission, Wingfield and Kendall, being deposed for rascality, planned to escape with the ship, but Smith defeated their plot, and in a vain resistance to superior numbers Kendall was slain. Shortly after this, Smith was surprised while exploring with two companions in the woods, by Opechancanough, a powerful Indian chieftain, and taken prisoner—his companions being killed by arrows. It was in this emergency that a simple incident probably saved his life; he had his pocket-compass about his person, and by explaining the nature and uses of the instrument to his captors, he induced them to regard him in the light of an important prisoner, and he was taken before Powhatan—the king; the most powerful and dreaded of all the chiefs around. Powhatan was at this time sixty years of age, but vigorous as the gnarled oak, which sees century after century pass over it, yet gives no outward token of decaying. A solemn conclave was there held over Smith, and he was condemned to die. The manner in which they intended to execute the sentence which had been passed upon him was as follows:—two large stones having been laid, one upon the other, he was told to place his head upon them. A club was next brought and given to Powhatan, who had already raised it for the purpose of striking the fatal blow, when Pocahontas—the beloved daughter of the chief, then only in her twelfth or thirteenth year, according to Smith's description of her to the queen, threw herself between her father and the object of his fury, and by her tears and warm entreaties, saved his life.

After a captivity of seven weeks, Smith was

permitted to return to Jamestown. On the 7th of September, 1608, he was made president of the colony, and was once more indebted to Pocahontas for informing him, at her great personal risk, of an intended descent of the Indians upon Jamestown; by which disinterested act she averted the shedding of much innocent blood, and probably the ultimate expulsion of the colony. Through the efforts of Smith, the colony rapidly increased in importance; but, growing disgusted with the dissensions which continued to distract it, in 1609, about Michaelmas, he returned to England; urged, however, by the restless spirit which had hitherto controlled him, he entered into a contract with a company of merchants, interested in the American fisheries, to make discoveries on the coast of North Virginia.

Accordingly, in April of the year 1614, he sailed from London with two ships, and after an average voyage arrived at the Island of Monahgon. From unforeseen circumstances this expedition was unsuccessful in its object. During this cruise, Smith, in a boat, accompanied by eight men, explored the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, and afterwards made a map of it, which he presented to Prince Charles, on his return to London, and the new country received for the first time the name of *New England*. He was subsequently induced to join the Plymouth company of adventurers to North Virginia, but was taken on his way to Virginia by a French vessel, and carried prisoner to Rochelle. Here he contrived to make his escape, and the next day he had the gratification of hearing that the vessel in which he had been confined had gone to pieces in a tempest. He afterwards made several efforts to return to Virginia, which he still looked upon with the doating delight of a father, notwithstanding the ill treatment which he had experienced; but the ill success of several mercenary adventurers had created an impression against the colony, and he was compelled to content himself at home with the compilation of his life and adventures. Smith's reward for all his trials and services was that of many others who had wasted their blood and treasures in like manner. In 1627, he thus gives his personal view of the matter:

"I have spent five years and more than five hundred pounds in the service of Virginia and New England, and in neither of them have I one foot of land, nor the very house I built, nor the ground I digged with my own hands; but I see those countries shared before me by those who know them only by my descriptions."\*

\* One of the most interesting incidents in the history of the colony at this period is the transmission of a regiment of wives, so graphically described by Holmes. In the year 1620, ninety young girls, of pure and spotless character, were sent over to Virginia, for the purpose of intermarrying with the young men of the colony, the better to content them with their situation. The year following sixty more were sent, handsome, and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanor—a fact which amply tested the success of the former experiment. The price of a wife, at the first, was one hundred pounds of tobacco; but, as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds; and from the rapidity with which the candidates were married off, it is to be conjectured that "the article," in mercantile parlance, found plenty of consumers. A bulletin of rules, arranged according to the commercial reports of some of our latter day journals would

Soon after the request of the Plymouth company that Captain Smith would write a history of Virginia, he preferred a petition to them, "setting forth that he had not only adventured money, but had also twice built Jamestown, and four other plantations; and had discovered the country, and relieved the colony, three years together, with such provisions as he got from the savages with great peril and at the hazard of his life; and therefore he desired, in consideration thereof, that the company would be pleased to reward him, either out of their treasury at home, or their profits in Virginia." All which produced, as we are told by Stith, a historian of Virginia, no satisfactory result.

Undiscouraged by this treatment, Capt. Smith offered his services to the company, after news of the Virginia massacre of 1622 had been received, proposing that they should transport him, and a hundred soldiers and thirty sailors, and all proper provisions and ammunition, giving him, moreover, a bark of one hundred tons, with means and material to build six or seven shallops, to convey his men from place to place, as circumstances might dictate. Thus aided and provided, he undertook to form a flying camp for the purpose of annoying and tormenting the Indians, until he had either obliged them to abandon the country, or compelled them to submission and subjection. This proposal was favorably received by most that heard it, but he was at length graciously informed, that, if he would undertake the adventure on his private account, he might have the company's *leave, provided that half the pillage might be transferred to them*. This proposal he, of course, rejected with scorn.

After his return to England, Captain Smith paid several visits to Pocahontas, then dwelling with her husband, Mr. Rolfe, at a place not far distant from London. Our authorities say that he died at London, in 1631, aged fifty-two. He

left behind him several works, among which were a "General History of Virginia, New England, and the Somer Isles," and a history of the early portion of his life, under the title of "The True Travels, Adventures and Observations, of Captain John Smith."

Notwithstanding the extent and value of his services, Sir Walter Raleigh was rewarded by similar ingratitude. During the first year of King James' reign, Sir Walter was, unfortunately, detected in a conspiracy to subvert the government, and place upon the throne the Lady Arabella Stuart. He was tried, and found guilty by a jury; but was reprieved, and for many years remained in close confinement—from which it was supposed he would eventually be pardoned. After an imprisonment of thirteen years he was liberated—the judgment still suspended, like the sword of Damocles, above his head; but his good fortune seemed to have deserted him. He had spread a report of a rich country abounding in gold mines, which he had formerly discovered, and the king, although he placed no confidence in the story, allowed him to pursue the adventure. Raleigh had asserted that no Spanish colonies had been planted upon the coast where this mine lay, but during the twenty-three years which had elapsed since he visited that country, (Guiana,) they had planted a colony on the river Oronoco, and built a town called St. Thomas. An engagement took place between the English and the Spaniards, on Sir Walter's appearance, and in an attack upon the town, a son of the commander was slain; but the town was carried, and afterwards reduced to ashes. Although within two hours march of the mine, when Sir Walter received the news of the death of his son, the men refused to obey him, and, disbelieving his stories, carried him back to England with them, where, private malice having given a wrong color to his motives, he was basely murdered, at the order of King James, by being beheaded, on the twenty-ninth of October, 1618.

Raleigh is known to have introduced potatoes into England from America; although here we are, many of us, possessed with the singular notion that that plant is indigenous to Ireland. He, also, introduced tobacco, and was the person to whom King James, in his book, alluded, when he spoke of "the first author and introduction of it being well remembered." Sir Walter even smoked a pipe on his way to the scaffold, at which many were greatly astonished; but it was done, no doubt, "to compose his nerves, and settle his spirits."

afford considerable amusement for modern readers—*ecce signum*: WOMAN.—This delicious product of mother earth is beginning again to abound. BLONDS.—There is a great demand for this article, and prices have risen in consequence. BRUNETTES are active, and buyers examine before purchasing. WIDOWS are beginning to melt, and it is feared will not keep to reach the market. GRASS WIDOWS are firm. LADIES OF AN UNCERTAIN AGE.—There is no market for this article. SCOLDS AND FRIGHTS remain on hand. YOUNG MEN.—*There is no change in this article, as usual!* Some of our young aristocrats who make a boast of their family connections might glean a wholesome lesson from the above piece of information.



## SLEEP, SOMNAMBULISM AND DREAMS.

"Sleep, that knits up the revell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."—[SHAKESPEARE.]

A subject so trite, and written out as that described at the head of this article, we greatly fear will be likely to inspire in the mind of the reader, at the very outset, a feeling of drowsiness; so that if no other object shall be attained by its presentation, it may possibly serve, like a sleeping draught or narcotic, to lull some wearied one to oblivious repose, and thus beguile him of a portion of the irksome realities of life which may have proved even less endurable. The indulgence of the habit of sleep is coeval with the existence of man—Adam, it will be remembered, was quietly enjoying a "deep sleep," when his rib was transformed into the glorious creature, Eve, his espoused wife. This is, of course, the most remarkable instance of *sound* sleeping upon record: we have read of many extraordinary cases of trance, somnambulism and dreams, but none to be compared with his. When, wearied with the days drudgery and toil, many have, with Sancho, exclaimed, as they

Stretch their tired limbs and aching head  
Upon their own delightful bed,

"blessings on him that first invented sleep; it wraps a man all round like a cloak!"

There is something inexpressibly grateful in the feeling that superinduces the sweet oblivion called sleep—the spirit jaded with the excitement and stir of life, and the body wearied with the busy doings of the day, the quiet hour of wonted repose steals upon us like a charm, and we yield ourselves to its molifying and soothing influence as the panacea of every ill. It is, moreover, as Young styles it:

"Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,  
That supple, lubricates, and keeps in play  
The various movements of this nice machine,  
Which asks such frequent periods of repair,  
When tired with vain rotations of the day,  
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn.

That genial essayist, Leigh Hunt, furnishes some pleasant thoughts upon the subject, from which we cannot refrain citing a passage. "It is a delicious moment certainly," he writes, "that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid over it, like the eye; 'tis closing—more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to make its airy rounds."

Richerand observes: "The exciting causes to which our organs are subject during the day, tend progressively to increase their action. The throbings of the heart, for instance, are more frequent

at night than in the morning; and this action, gradually accelerated, would soon be carried to such a degree of activity as to be inconsistent with life, as if its velocity were not moderated at intervals by the recurrence of sleep."

The day emphatically belongs to earth: we yield it without reluctance to care and labor. We toil, we drudge, we pant, we play the hack-horse; we do things smilingly from which we recoil in secret; we pass by sweet spots and rare faces that our very heart yearns for, without betraying the effect it costs; and thus we drag through the twelve long hours, disgusted almost, but gladdened withal, that the mask will have an end, and the tedious game be over, and our visor and our weapons be laid aside. But the night is the gift of heaven; it brings freedom and repose; its influence falls coolly and gratefully upon the mind as well as the body; and when drops the extinguisher upon the light which glimmers upon the round, untouched pillow, we, at the same time, put out a world of cares and perplexities.

But for this wonted repose how monotonous and wearisome would life become; not man alone, but all nature would begin to faint and die, like the seared foliage of autumn. This necessity for periodical repose seems to be an essential law of all animated life, with scarce a single exception. The feathered tribe cease their minstrelsy as the shades of eventide spread over the face of all things—a type of sleep itself with its closed eyelids, all seek their needed rest, as the poet sings:

"All but the wakeful nightingale—  
Who all night long her am'rous discant sings."

The wearied sons of toil, as well as the pampered children of luxury, alike demand this quiet respite from the cares and business of the feverish day. Some indolent folk, however, are not content with the just limitation of Heaven with respect to the allotment of its indulgence, they are for abridging the hours that should be devoted to the duties of active life. Says a cotemporary, Dr. Robertson, on diet:

"Habit influences, in some degree, the amount of sleep that is required. It should be said, however, that it is never well to withhold any of the revenue that is justly due to the drowsy god. A man may accustom himself to take so little sleep, as to be greatly the loser thereby in his waking moments. It may be commonly observed, that those persons who spend less time in sleep than is usually found needful by others of the same age, and strength, and occupation, consume a much larger portion of their days than others do in a kind of dreamy vacancy, a virtual inactivity of mind and body. The hours expended in sleep are not the only hours that might be justifiably deducted from the sum total of the life, as having been lost to it; numbers of moments are daily spent in an absolute inaction of mind and body, and sleep cannot be robbed of its dues without adding largely, and in a greater proportion than

the time habitually stolen from the sleep, to that which is wasted in such waking reveries. In order that the mind may have the power of undergoing trying and exhausting labor, that it may continue in the full possession of its capabilities, that it may continue to be undulled and unblunted by such wear and such use, an amount of sleep must be allowed, which is proportionate to the severity of such work, to the engrossing and engendering nature of the mind's employment. The nights may be robbed of the hours of sleep, and the time so stolen may be devoted to toil of mind or of body; but the endurance by the system of the undue waste and imperfect restored balance of the vital force, even if somewhat protracted by the strength of the constitution, or if prolonged somewhat by the energy of determined will, or by the spur of a great necessity, or by the goal of a great ambition or darling hope, must be short-lived. The system cannot be robbed of its sleep without a corresponding disturbance and derangement of the functions; the power and the equilibrium of the vital forces will become so far effected as to involve disordered action; and thus indirectly by forming part of the common organism, and directly by the diminished tension of the vital forces which supply the sensorium itself, the mind will become unable to continue its exertions.—Many an ardent and hopeful aspirant for collegiate distinctions—many an anxious laborer, has thrown away his hopes in thus vainly struggling to cheat the system of this great requirement."

There are, it is true, many provoking causes that might be adduced in extenuation of the weakness; such, for instance, as excessive bodily or mental exertion, a very dry argument, an imperfect state of health, or a very prolix and prosy preacher. Some one of these inflictions may have beset the reader, who, perhaps, has had to confess their somniferous tendency. There are others again who, from the too free use of their knife and fork, become, after their hearty repast, the unconscious victims of similar narcotic influence: these, however, ought to be treated with little leniency, they should rather be subjected to a deduction from the night's repose in the exact ratio of the time they thus filch from the day's active duties. Some there are to be met with who have a remarkable propensity to sleep in company, whose "lucid intervals" just permit them to chime in the affected colloquy a spasmodic "Just so"—"exactly"—"yes, madam, I agree with you perfectly," &c., but who are all the while utterly oblivious to all that speak or is spoken. There are others again who enjoy "a nod and a wink" in an easy chair with great relish: the process saves the necessity of locomotion and the trouble of divesting oneself of our superincumbent drapery. This mode is not, however, exactly orthodox, and therefore we need not weary the reader with any commonplace discussion upon it. Sleep has many vagaries, one which is the strange fancy everybody yields to, is, that of throwing one's limbs into all imaginable postures and fantastic attitudes in bed: nobody ever thinks of passing a night with his body straight, the oblique curvature or semi-circular form is far more generally adopted.

Sleep has been styled a type of death, but it has its aspects of comedy and farce also. There are said to be some who sleep with one eye open; others with both, occasionally. The story of the Irishman who took a small mirror to bed with him, favors the conceit: he stated as the reason of his so doing, that he wished to see how he looked when asleep. There are some persons who sleep with their eyes open; and a man may stand before another man in such a situation with a lighted candle in his hand, so that the image of that person who has the light may be vividly depicted on the retina of the sleeping man; but does he see?—is he sensible of it? No! This has been magnified into a wonder; whereas it only proves what Dr. Darwin long since asserted, that sensation does not depend upon impressions made upon the nerves, but upon actions excited in them. Arouse the slumberer; awake him that sleepeth; bring in the natural excitement into his nerves and muscles, and he would exclaim! "Bless me! how came you here at this time of night?"

What shall we say about snorers,—those abominations and nuisances of their sleeping neighbors. They will be found usually to be those who fail to make "a noise in the world" in their waking moments.

If there are few who sleep with their eyes open, there are more who sometimes shut their eyes to open their mouth; and if they do they generally cry out for water in the morning. We had forgot, in speaking of such as divert themselves by curious attitudenizing, to refer to the great class of desperate kickers: those strange bypeds who—cold weather or warm—will kick the clothes from their bed, and who seem to suppose that the bed was designed for an arena of muscular exercise, instead of repose. Sleep, in spite of his antics, however, is kindly even in these; and the poets, including old Chancer, treat them even with respect and reverence. According to ancient mythology, he had even one of the Graces to wife: he is said to have been endowed with a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the shaper,—Icelos, or the likely,—Phantasus, the fancy,—and Phobetos, the tenor. His dwelling, according to Ovid, or some other classic writer, was said to be in a dull and darkling part of the earth: others contend it was, with greater compliment, in heaven; others again that it was by the sea shore. But we leave these poetic abstractions for such as like to pursue them: we rather prefer dealing in facts, not fables. Sleep may be said to be most graceful and fascinating in an infant,—soundest in one who has wearied himself in the open air,—most welcome to the man of one idea, or monomaniac,—and proudest in the bride adorned. People fall asleep with more or less rapidity according to their constitutional predisposition to somnolency and state of health. There is one peculiarity connected with the phenomenon called sleep,—we refer to the fact that the very effort we make to induce repose invariably tends to prevent its indulgence, while the moment we cease to make the effort is the time when it usually overtakes us. There is, moreover, something very mysterious about this apparent suspension of conscious existence: indeed almost all we know about

this physiological phenomenon is of a negative kind,—writers on the subject finding it difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to its efficient cause, or the nature of the physical change in the nervous system by which it is produced.—While under its influence the will seems to be in a state of suspension, both the imagination and memory often still retain their sway. In the functions which serve for the support of life there is no material interruption; while the physical frame itself becomes insensible to a great extent to external objects. Thought makes excursions, without limitation, and travels with wonderful velocity; and yet the voluntary functions seem powerless.

"Sleep," says Mr. McNish, "produces rather important changes in the system. The rapidity of the circulation is diminished, and, as a natural consequence, that of respiration: the force of neither function, however, is impaired; but, on the contrary, rather increased. Vascular action is diminished in the brain and organs of volition; while digestion and absorption all proceed with increased energy. Sleep lessens all the secretions, with one exception—that of the skin. Sleep produces peculiar effects on the organs of vision. On opening the eyelids cautiously, the pupil is seen to be contracted; it then quivers with an irregular motion, as if disposed to dilate; but at length ceases to move, and remains in a contracted state till the person awakes."

Whatever we may be left to *guess* about the nature of sleep, the fact that it is a necessary part of our existence is abundantly evident; and the more uninterruptedly we enjoy the peaceful oblivion, the greater is the amount of recruited strength and vigor we derive from it. It is during the hours of sleep that the electric battery of the nervous system becomes replenished with invigorated powers, and the body with renewed vital force. To ensure the full immunities of refreshing slumber, two things especially are requisite—a regularity as to the time of its indulgence, which should always commence an hour or two before midnight; and the most rigid abstinence from "hearty suppers." "An hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after," and the maxim is easily to be verified and tested. It is according to the analogy of all nature, and it is better to obey nature's law than to infringe it. The gay votary of fashion and folly, barter health and real enjoyment for a pallid cheek and wasted form, simply because the arbitrary usage of polite life, in seeking to adopt some exclusive code, pervert the order of nature, by converting the hours beneficently assigned to repose to the fascinations of the ball, the theatre, and the brilliant soiree. Such persons usually are not only late in going to their bed, but late also in leaving it; discarding, as too many alas do, the sage counsel, that

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Will make men healthy, wealthy and wise."

The habit of early rising is not only conducive to health, but it has been as clearly shown to lend to longevity;—numerous instances in proof of this are upon record. Some even carry the practice to the extreme. Frederic II., King of Prussia, rose very early in the morning, and, in general,

gave a very short part of his time to sleep. But as age and infirmities increased upon him, his sleep was broken and disturbed; and when he fell asleep towards the morning, he frequently missed his usual early hour of rising. This loss of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave strict orders to his attendants never to suffer him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning, at the appointed time, the page whose turn it was to attend him, and who had not been long in his service, came to his bed and awoke him. "Let me sleep but a little longer," said the monarch; "I am still much fatigued." "Your majesty has given positive orders I should wake you so early," replied the page. "But another quarter of an hour more." "Not one minute," said the page: "it has struck four; I am ordered to insist upon your majesty's rising." "Well," said the king, "you are a brave lad; had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect." Dean Swift says that "he never knew any man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning;" and Dr. Franklin, in his peculiar manner, says that "he who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business."

It requires some strength of resolution to turn out of one's warm bed of a cold winter morning, it must be confessed: we have, it is true, to argue the case in our mind, and then prepare for the encounter. The great danger, however, usually consists in our entertaining the reasoning process to too great a length, while comfortably ensconced beneath the warm bed covering. Those, too, who give advice on this matter, with the full consciousness of its verity, are not unfrequently found among delinquents in its practical application.—Who would think, for example, that Thomson was such an inveterate sluggard, who exclaims in his *Seasons*:

"Falsely luxurious! will not man awake?  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent morn,  
To meditation due, and sacred song?  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
To lie in dead oblivion losing half the fleeting moments  
Of too short a life? Total extinction of the enlightening  
Who would in such a glooming state remain [soul]  
Longer than nature craves, while every muse,  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
To bless the wildly devious morning walk!"

Perhaps the most concise rule for limiting the hours of sleep, may be found in the following:

"Nature requires five,  
Custom gives seven,  
Laziness takes nine,  
And wickedness eleven."

Thus much for the subject of sleep: we now have a few things to say on that of dreams. The phenomena of dreaming which are so remarkable, and in some respects so inexplicable, seem to be a species of pastime or relaxation of the mental powers during the temporary suspension or repose of those of the body. This subject has engaged the curious speculations of writers of every age; and various and conflicting have been the hypotheses deduced concerning it. Dreams seem to have been the divinely appointed media of communication in the patriarchal age, and it was doubtless owing to these *real* events, that a superstitious



reverence for dreams was cherished, even among the most polished nations of the ancient world.

The Greeks and Romans divided the action of the mind, in sleep, into five sorts,—the dream, the vision, the oracle, the *insomnium*, and the phantasm, of which the three first were supposed to be divinely inspired. To such height had the superstitious feeling with regard to dreams arisen in Rome, in the age of Augustus Cæsar, that this monarch procured the passing of a law, obliging all who had dreamed any thing respecting the state, to make it publicly known; and he himself, in consequence of a nocturnal vision, submitted to the degrading act of begging in the streets.

Campbell has some expressive lines on the subject, which we quote from memory:

Well may sleep present us fictions,  
Since our waking moments teem  
With such fanciful convictions  
As make life itself a dream!  
Half our daylight faith's a fable,—  
Sleep disparts with phantoms, too,  
Seeming in their turn, as stable  
As the world we wake to view!

Dreams are said to be in part a reflex of our waking thoughts; yet while the imagination is allowed to indulge without the restraint of reason, its wildest freaks, they present but rarely a true transcript of reality. Says a recent writer on this topic:

"Dreams dispute with our waking thoughts, the empire of the soul; and though the world may hang about that soul the fetters of avarice, or surround it with the strong meshes of guilty habit, the body's torpor relieves it of the checks and controlling powers of its waking activity.—Thus it conjures up its unsubstantial pageants; the hopes and phantasies of untold aspirations take unto themselves forms and fashions of beauty and reality, which delude the sleeper for a while, then give place to shapes as shadowy and transitory as themselves.

"But over the pathway of our dreams pass visions of evil as well as of good. To the person of low principles, and a life conforming, they come in shapes that threaten and appeal. Lean over the sleeping culprit, and watch his writhings as he listens to the accusations that come to him in his dreams; the dark deeds of crime and profligacy which memory brings up before him in their horrid array; then turn to the cradle of the infant, who smiles, while sleeping, to the angels that hover round and guard it.

"These dreams are the exponents of the soul's character, and let us look well to our lives if we would have them pleasant."

We may here just mention, in passing, that Lord Brougham deduces an argument from the phenomena of dreaming for the mind's independence of matter, and capacity of existence without it. This process of reasoning, however, has been deemed liable to objections, since, upon the same hypothesis, the souls of some of the lower animals, many of which are known also to dream, must be immortal also. Without noticing the several philosophical theories suggested by this mysterious condition of the mental functions, we shall simply enumerate a few brief facts and opinions respect-

ing dreams and dreamers which we glean from reliable sources. The clearness of some person's nocturnal impressions appear very remarkable, and even the reasoning and inventive powers are no less astonishing. Thus Condorcet is said to have attained the conclusions of some of his most abstruse unfinished calculations in his dreams.—Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects, which, in his waking moments, sorely puzzled him. Dreams are, according to physiologists, akin to delirium.

Dr. Abercrombie states, that there is a strange analogy between dreaming and insanity; and he defines the difference between the two states to be, that, in the latter, the erroneous impression being permanent, affects the conduct; whereas, in dreaming, no influence on the conduct is produced, because the vision is dissipated on awaking. "This definition," says Mr. Macnish, "is nearly, but not wholly, correct; for, in somnambulism and sleep-talking, the conduct is influenced by the prevailing dream. Dr. Rush has, with great shrewdness, remarked, that a dream may be considered as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream."

Dr. Winslow observes: "Lively dreams are a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often in nervous fever announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams of blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes, and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstruction, and disorder of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part especially suffering, indicate diseases of that part. Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare, with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest."

To prove that in the sleeping state, the several senses and organs often successively become dormant, and in a very unusual degree, it has been alledged that a slight heat applied to the soles of the feet will excite dreams of burning coals, fires, volcanoes, &c.

A person who had a blister applied to his head dreamed of scalping by the Indians. Dr. Smellie gives several facts with regard to persons in whom dreams would be excited by whispering in their ears. Dr. Beattie adds similar testimony. A gentleman in the army, when asleep, dreamed of whatever was whispered in his ear. The stomach has often considerable influence in producing dreams: persons who have been deprived of their usual food generally dream of eating. Baron Trenck, when confined in his dungeon, and almost dead with hunger, every night, in his dreams, beheld the luxurious and hospitable tables of Berlin. The dreams of persons who have been nearly starved to death are described as being peculiarly brilliant and delightful. Opium and other soporifics produce dreams; and it has been observed that the sanguine more frequently dream than the phlegmatic; and that the nature of the dreams

generally partakes of the temperament of the dreamer.

The dreams of those born blind are, it would seem, very curious; and they have much difficulty in describing the sensations they experience during sleep. Dr. Blacklock described it thus: "When awake he could distinguish persons in three ways: by hearing them speak, by feeling their heads and shoulders, or by attending, without the aid of speech, to the sound and manner of their breathing. But in sleep the objects which presented themselves were more vivid, and without the intervention of any of the three modes.

The character of a person's dreams is influenced by his circumstances when awake in a still more unaccountable manner. Certain dreams usually arise in the mind after a person has been in certain situations. Dr. Beattie relates, that once, after riding thirty miles in a high wind, he passed the succeeding night in dreams beyond description terrible. The dreams of those who, through shipwreck or other circumstances, have been nearly starved to death, are described as being more brilliant and heavenly than the sufferers could describe. Byron, when in Italy, with some of the authors of the liberal school, used to abstain from food for some days, with a view to produce the same effect on their imaginations.

And not only are dreams affected by the state of the body, but it is certain that the action of the mind, when asleep, may have a very considerable and permanent effect upon the body. Thus, in 1748, Archdeacon Squire read before the Royal Society an account of the case of Henry Axford, of Devizes, in Wiltshire, who, at twenty-eight years of age, through a violent cold, became speechless, and continued dumb for four years, until July, 1741, when, being asleep, he dreamed that "he was fallen into a furnace of boiling wort: this put him into so great an agony of fright, that, struggling with all his might to call out for help, he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment as effectually as ever.

Somnambulism appears to differ from dreaming chiefly in the degree in which the bodily functions are affected; in the former the will seems to control the body, and its organs are more susceptible of the mental impressions. The incipient form of somnambulism shows itself in talking in sleep; this is sometimes a dangerous disease, as occasionally the most important secrets are, by the very party himself, involuntarily revealed—which in his wakings moments he would reserve with especial care. The second stage of the phenomena, from which indeed it derives its name, is that of walking during sleep. Numerous remarkable instances of sleep-walking are to be met with—one of the most singular of which we remember to have read of, years ago—was that of a certain restless youth, who, so impetuous was he to obey the impulse of his nocturnal vision, that he rushed from his bed to the street clad only in the usual drapery of the dormitory, and was found pursuing his route in the London streets at midnight, till some humane guardian of a policeman startled him from his state of dreamy complacency, and remonstrated with him as to the

paucity of his apparel, &c. A remarkable case of somnambulism is related in the *Edinburg Encyclopedia*, concerning Dr. Blacklock, whose accomplishments as a poet and a clergyman, though struggling from his early infancy with all the privations of blindness, are well known to the literary world. This excellent man had received a presentation to the living of Kirkcudbright, and his settlement was violently opposed. He became deeply agitated with the hostility exhibited against him, and after dining with some friends on the day of his ordination, finding rest necessary for the restoration of his exhausted spirits, he left the table and retired to bed, when the following extraordinary circumstance occurred:

One of his companions, uneasy at his absence from the company, went into his bedroom a few hours afterwards, and finding him, as he supposed, awake, prevailed on him to return again into the dining room. When he entered the room, two of his acquaintances were engaged in singing, and he joined in the concert, modulating his voice as usual with taste and elegance, without missing a note or syllable; and, after the words of the song were ended, he continued to sing, adding an *extempore* verse, which appeared to the company full of beauty, and quite in the spirit of the original. He then partook of supper, and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be occasionally absent and inattentive. By and by, he was heard speaking to himself, but in so low and confused a manner as to be unintelligible. At last, being pretty forcibly aroused by Mrs. Blacklock, who began to be alarmed for his intellect, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, having been the whole time fast asleep.

Instances of trance are no less numerous, but the brief limit assigned us forbid any attempts at citation: the following, which we cut from a recent print, must suffice, of its class. It is the case of a young woman, named Ann Conner, Farrington, Devon, who has remained in a decided state of unconsciousness for the past fifteen years. It is thought by many that she is in a trance. Her mother assured the writer that for eleven years she had not partaken of the least particle of food. She is certainly in bed, has a placid smile, and, though possessing vitality, has no consciousness of the approach of any party, neither can she distinguish any object. She has been visited by some of the most eminent in the medical profession; and others, since her case has been made known, have called to witness what might be justly termed this phenomenon in nature.

Dr. Abercrombie relates some curious instances of persons having performed literary exploits during a state of somnolency; among others he speaks of a certain member of a foreign university, who, after having devoted himself during his waking hours to the composition of some verses, which, however, he had not been able to complete, seems to have been honored with more success in a visitation from his muse during his nocturnal slumbers; for the following night he arose in his sleep, finished his poetic performance, and exulting in his success returned contentedly again to his couch—all in a state of unconsciousness.

Take another case, and it is the only one we shall cite: it is one even more remarkable,—and we might add a tax upon credulity were it not given by so respectable an authority. It is that of a young botanical student who resided at the house of his professor in London; and who was zealously devoted to his pursuit, having indeed just received the highest botanical prize from a public institution. One night, about an hour after he had gone to bed, having returned from a long botanical excursion, his master, who was sitting in his room below, heard a person coming down stairs with a heavy measured step, and on going into the passage, found his pupil with nothing on him but his hat and his shirt, his tin case swung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. "His eyes were even more open than natural," says the narrator, "but I observed he never directed them to me or to the candle which I held. While I was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed again, he commenced the following dialogue: 'Are you going to Greenwich, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Going by water, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'May I go with you, sir?' 'Yes, sir; but I am going directly, therefore please to follow me.' Upon this I walked up to his room, and he followed me without the least error in stepping up the stairs. At the side of his bed, I begged he would get into the boat, as I must be off immediately. I then removed the tin case from his shoulders, his hat dropped off, and he got into bed, observing, 'he knew my face very well,—he had often seen me at the river's side.' A long conversation then ensued between him and the supposed boatman, in which he understood all that was said to him, and answered quite correctly respecting botanical excursions to Greenwich made by the professor and his pupils: and named a rare plant he had lately found, of which the superintendent of the botanic garden had seen only one specimen in his life, and the professor only two. After some further conversation he was asked whether he knew who had gained the highest botanical prize; when he named a gentleman, but did not name himself.—'Indeed,' was the reply; 'did he gain the highest prize?' To this he made no answer. He was then asked, 'Do you know Mr. —,' naming himself: after much hesitation he replied, 'If I must confess it, my name is —.' This conversation lasted three-quarters of an hour, during which time he never made an irrelevant answer, and never hesitated, excepting about the prize and his own name. He then lay down in bed saying, 'he was tired, and would lie upon the grass till the professor came:' but he soon sat up again, and held a long conversation with another gentleman who then came into the room; when he again understood everything that was said to him, to which he answered no less readily and accurately;

sometimes uttering long sentences without the least hesitation. After a conversation of about an hour, he said, 'It is very cold on this grass, but I am so tired I must lie down.' He soon after lay down and remained quiet during the rest of the night. Next morning he had not the least knowledge of what had passed, and was not even aware of having dreamt of anything whatever." Some find their wits much keener while fast asleep than when "wide awake." "Mankind," says a learned writer, "are generally so indisposed to think that such drowsy souls really make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven-appointed destiny under which they are placed, seems to protect them from reflection; there is an *opium* sky stretched over all the world which continually rains soporifics." The masses of mankind seem to live a dronish, mechanical life—little beyond vegetating; the higher aims of intellectual existence are too often kept dormant, while the ingenuity and the energy of his mind come almost to resemble a piece of mere mechanism—himself a breathing automaton. But as this is the boasted age of progress, sleepers will probably be aroused by the din of the locomotive, and the world in its dotage at last begin to think. Undue indulgence of sleep may cheat us of much of our brief life; but the listlessness of an undisciplined mind, may accomplish as great a wrong upon us, and with as wily an artifice.

The following paragraph, which is to our purpose, and well expresses the truth, we commend to the reader; and with it we take our leave of the subject; in the hope that if we have failed to stimulate his waking faculties, our random remarks may at least have contributed to beguile him of an idle half hour not unpleasantly. Says the writer referred to:

"The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears which freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment that end in being."



## THE CONFESSIONAL.

SPAIN.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

## I.

IT is a lie—their priests, their Pope,  
 Their saints, their . . . all they fear or hope  
 Are lies, and lies—there, through my door  
 And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,  
 There, lies, they lie, shall still be hurled,  
 Till spite of them I reach the world!

## II.

You think priests just and holy men!  
 Before they put me in this den,  
 I was a human creature too,  
 With flesh and blood like one of you,  
 A girl that laughed in beauty's pride  
 Like lilies in your world outside.

## III.

I had a lover—shame avaunt!  
 This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,  
 Was killed all over till it burned,  
 By lips the truest, love e'er turned  
 His heart's own tint: one night they kissed  
 My soul out in a burning mist.

## IV.

So, next day, when the accustomed train  
 Of things grew round my sense again,  
 'That is a sin,' I said—and slow  
 With downcast eyes to church I go,  
 And pass to the confession-chair,  
 And tell the old mild father there.

## V.

But when I falter Beltran's name,  
 'Ha?' quoth the father, 'much I blame  
 The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?  
 Despair not—strenuously retrieve!  
 Nay, I will turn this love of thine  
 To lawful love, almost divine.

## VI.

For he is young and led astray,  
 This Beltran, and he schemes, men say,  
 To change the laws of Church and State;  
 So, thine shall be an angel's fate,  
 Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll  
 Its cloud away and save his soul.

## VII.

For, when he lies upon thy breast,  
 Thou mayst demand, and be possessed,  
 Of all his plans, and next day steal

To me, and all those plans reveal,  
 That I and every priest, to purge  
 His soul, may fast and use the scourge.'

## VIII.

That father's beard was long and white,  
 With love and truth his brow seemed bright  
 I went back, all on fire with joy,  
 And, that same evening, bade the boy  
 Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,  
 Something to prove his love of me.

## IX.

He told me what he would not tell  
 For hope of heaven or fear of hell;  
 And I lay listening in such pride,  
 And, soon as he had left my side,  
 Tripped to the church by morning light  
 To save his soul in his despite.

## X.

I told the father all his schemes,  
 Who were his comrades, what their dreams;  
 'And now make haste,' I said, 'to pray  
 The one spot from his soul away;  
 To-night he comes, but not the same  
 Will look.' At night he never came.

## XI.

Nor next night. On the after morn,  
 I went forth with a strength new born;  
 The church was empty; something drew  
 My steps into the street; I knew  
 It led me to the market-place—  
 Where, lo!—on high—the father's face!

## XII.

That horrid black scaffold drest—  
 The stapled block . . . God sink the rest!  
 That head strapped back, that blinding vest,  
 Those knotted hands and naked breast—  
 Till near one busy hangman pressed—  
 And—on the neck these arms caressed . . .

## XIII.

No part in aught they hope or fear!  
 No heaven with them, no hell, and here  
 No earth—not so much space as pens  
 My body in their worst of dens,  
 But shall hear, God and man, my cry—  
 Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!



VIEW ON THE RIVER STOUR,  
CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

THE Stour would scarcely be called a creek in the United States, but in England, where they have no Mississippi, nor Ohio, nor Hudson, nor Connecticut, every stream of running water is dignified by the appellation of a river. The Stour derives its chief interest from the picturesque old buildings which may be found upon its banks.

As well within the town as without, the Stour affords some most picturesque views. As you cross the branch by King's Bridge, in ascending from Saint Peter's to the High street and towards the Cathedral, the view on your left-hand along the river, with old houses rising on either side of it perpendicularly from the bank and close to the water's edge, you have a picture at once quaint, foreign-looking, and picturesque—you might fancy yourself in some old town of Holland or of Belgium. But the best inside town view of the Stour is to be obtained from the Blackfriars, looking upwards to the tower of All Saints' Church, and over the old arches of the antique bridge which spans the narrow stream, and affords communication between King-street and St. Peter's.

No English city can show anything like the same number of ancient unaltered churches as

Canterbury. You meet them whichever way you turn. On arriving by the London-road, the Church of St. Dunstan meets you in the suburb; and on crossing the threshold of the city, to the right-hand of old Westgate, and almost touching it, you have the still more ancient church of the Holy Cross. St. Dunstan's, which stands on gentle-rising ground, belonged to the Convent of St. Gregory in Canterbury. Archbishop Reynolds erected it into a vicarage in the year 1322. Its most marked architectural feature is a semi-circular tower adjoining the western square tower. The church has suffered much from the barbarism of the last century; but it has recently been much improved by the present incumbent, the Rev. B. B. Buace, who has removed most of the daubing whitewash which spoiled the interior. And here we may say that, generally, the Clergy of the present day have shown, and are showing, a laudable desire to make up for want of taste and want of liberality of their predecessors. What is now the vestry-room was once a little chapel, founded by one Henry, the king's chaplain, in 1830. There are a few grave-stones of very ancient date, but stripped of their brasses.

## DOMINIC'S MONUMENT.

A TALE OF THE IRISH WHITEBOYS.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

"We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes. I speak this in hunger for bread and in thirst for revenge."—[CORIOLANUS.]

## CHAPTER I.

Just at that time when soft nightfall sobers the ruddy sunset, two horsemen stopped upon the brow of a hill, and gazed upon a land smiling in true Irish loveliness though dim clouds frowned overhead. They gazed, too, upon scattered huts and forms of miserable men, all visible through the dusky light in true Irish deformity and wretchedness.

Both wore the garb of clergymen of the Established Church. One of them seemed about thirty five years of age; tall, large and rigid in his form, immovable in a kind of fixed enthusiasm according to the line of his countenance. His dress belied his face. One belonged to a Protestant Rector, the other to a monk of La Trappe. He was enthusiastic—that was plainly marked in his whole appearance—but it was of a peculiar kind, for he also seemed unyielding to emotion or circumstances. His enthusiasm resulted from the arguments of his reason, and went straight onward in the direction of what he conceived to be duty. It did not spring from the belief of his heart, nor did it work in eager faith. It had once looked and heard; it had once argued: after that it was deaf and blind. This was the Rev. Mr. Stoughton, lately arrived from England to take charge of a large benefice, the parishioners and tithe-payers of which were mostly Irish Catholics. It was in England that he had examined the peculiar features of the Irish Church, and in England he had firmly settled his views.

The other was a much younger man—scarcely three and twenty, by his appearance. He too carried a look of strong determination, but it was untainted by bigotry and softened by benevolence. He seemed neither an austere monk or wily Jesuit, a stern Puritan or a lofty single-sighted churchman, but a mild pastor, like the "poor clerke of Oxenforde,"

"And gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

There was little enthusiasm of either kind manifested upon his countenance. The fountain of benevolence within him seemed willing to flow forth in peace and largely, unlike a swift torrent or the long swell of a mighty tide. He had evidently learned mostly from books, but was not entirely unskilled in the character of men. And wherein he was ignorant, he was always ready to learn. This young man's name was Howard, and he was a curate of the rector who rode by his side. Both were about to see their churches for the first time.

They stopped upon the brow of a hill and looked in silence upon that scene of Irish loveliness, upon that spectacle of Irish deformity and wretchedness. At last Howard spoke, half to himself.

"This is a beautiful country, but how mournful in its beauty!"

"The country was made by God," said the rector, "and is beautiful. It has been cursed by the presence of man, and may well mourn in desolation. All that is needed for the happiness of this land is, simply, good-will and peace among its inhabitants. They are bigoted and ferocious, scorning the messengers of the Prince of Peace. They are ignorant, yet reject the light which is freely offered them. Can we wonder then at this sight? Shall we pity or rather condemn?"

"We should pity them in their ignorance, and never condemn until they act with full knowledge of their crime."

"Not so!" returned the rector harshly. "They have made ignorance their fault and not their misfortune; they sin in darkness, only because they will shut their eyes in hatred of the light."

"But they cannot always do this," urged Howard earnestly. "It is an unnatural state. Keep mild day constantly about them, and they must finally look around."

"They are blind—unnaturally, hopelessly blind!"

"May not some of this misery be owing to government? Some of it, even to their being obliged to support us whom they never will hear?"

"I have closely examined this subject," said Stoughton severely, "and I believe that this government is the wisest that can be devised for them, and that we, the shepherds of this wretched flock—"

"No! ye are the mean wolf that feeds upon us!"

A man, who had been lying at the roadside, unnoticed, rose as he said these words, and shaking his fist at them, hurried away.

"A fair specimen!" cried the rector. "But I am glad that he interrupted us, for I have no patience on the subject. We must hurry on—it will be late before we reach home. That tall building, some miles farther on, is my church if I am not mistaken. Yours, in that direction I suppose, is not yet visible. Come."

They rode silently onward until full darkness came upon the road. Then half a dozen men sprang before them and seized their bridles.

"You must come with us!"

"Who are you?" cried the rector. "This is violating the peace."



The men laughed coarsely among themselves. "Have you ever heard of the Whiteboys?" said one, with a hearty chuckle.

## CHAPTER II.

It was not very long before they reached a small cabin. The captive clergymen entered first, with their guard and the leader of the band followed immediately after them. There was no one within except a slight youth, reading by the light of a peat fire.

"What! still reading, Dominic?" cried the leader.

"Aye," said the young man, looking up with a melancholy smile, "still reading, dear Dermot, to prepare for something more hereafter."

"Well, well, you are right now as ye always are, but put up your book: here is other business for us. Sit here with me. Look well to the door and windows, my boys. You, Englishmen, may stand up and hear what we, poor Irishmen, have to say to ye."

The first thought of one who looked upon that strange scene, would have been that those were singular judges to try two educated, pious men.

Dermot, the leader, was a large strong man with quickness of passion and intellect. He had been a common laborer and now possessed no other qualification than natural strength of character to lead an equally ignorant band of conspiring Irishmen. He was already known as a plotter and bold spirit, though the rebellion had not yet broken out.

Dominic could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen years of age. His forehead was white and broad, but half-hidden by the long masses of hair that trailed heavily down upon it. In his eye and formation of head could be seen unmistakable genius, and genius too with all its enthusiastic fires. But his body was frail, and a wearied look, even in the brilliance of his eyes, showed that he was fading away.

Before either of these two had spoken, the rector haughtily demanded the cause of this violence, and returned boldly the savage look with which Dermot first answered his question. Howard said nothing, but gazed on Dominic with equal admiration and pity, strange as the mixture might be.

Dermot explained the matter to them in a few plain words.

"Yer reverences think it strange that ye are stopped on the high road. Did ye suppose that we are always quiet here? It was a mistake: Ireland is neither dead or asleep. Now, I'll tell ye a thing or two that ye won't believe now, but wo to ye unless the belief comes quickly!"

"Ye may be a good, honest nation at home, but in Ireland ye're a plunderin' bloody race. We are cursed by the absence of our landlords and the presence of heretic priests, who feed on us when we cannot feed ourselves. We despise your government and hate your religion, but ye make us support both. Now ye two men are not to blame for this and we only punish the guilty. But take care! There is power in your hands,

and mind that ye use it for our good or yourselves will be crushed.

"But I can't talk. Dominic, speak to them like a young saint as you are. Tell the proud heretics what they must do and what they shall not do. Then let them choose."

Dominic modestly raised his head and looked at the two men who stood before him. His eye kindled as he met the supercilious survey of one, but softened again as it turned to the nobler countenance of Howard.

"It means something, when a boy can speak in superiority to men. It means something, too, that I can teach duty to you who are elder and wiser than myself. It means just this: that your people have fastened a terrible curse upon us, and we are obliged to tell you what it is; even you in your arrogant wisdom. You will hear this often. And if you stay long in Ireland, you will find, thank God! that even unlearned men can be oppressed into eloquence.

"But I am the youngest here and know how I should stand in your presence. What little there is to teach, I tell you as strangers and not pupils.

"Dermot has told you how we are oppressed, and I would say nothing more. Did you not know it before to-night, or have you studied the matter only in England? Look around you here in Ireland: see that we *are* cursed, and then, if you have the love of God in your hearts, lay your hand lightly upon us.

"You think and call yourselves holy ministers of God. Prove to us then that you believe in your own sincerity. There is a tremendous power in your hands, as Protestant clergymen and magistrates, and if your hearts are pure, you will use it in compassion. Many of us are too wretchedly poor to pay you tithe, but, though you can legally wring it out of them, have mercy and do not stretch the law to its full extent. There are a thousand ways wherein you can relieve the oppressed: I entreat you to watch for them and expect your reward in the prayers of grateful Catholics. If not,—but how can I, who aspire to become an humble servant of God, speak of vengeance! 'I will repay,' saith the Lord."

Dermot rose from his seat.

"Now ye know why you came to this place. If we had treated ye rudely, we should ask your pardon, but it isn't needed. Stop! before you go, I ask you both to pledge your honor—I believe ye use the word—that the past hour shall never be mentioned by your reverences."

"For my part," said Howard, after a pause, "I have no hesitation in making this pledge. Your intentions at least are good, and you have done us no wrong."

"I will not do it!" said the rector, hotly. "You are turbulent men, who have broken the public peace by seizing us and—"

"It is no matter," interrupted Dermot, coolly. "Look out for yourself if you declare war. I spoke more for your good than our own. Now ye may go."

He accompanied them to the door and helped them mount their horses. They were just riding off when he again stopped them.

"Hold! You'll not leave Ireland till I've seen

ye again. Remember it, now or hereafter at yer risk."

They rode away without making any reply.

### CHAPTER III.

Six months passed away, and 1798 found Ireland in desperate insurrection.

Howard had not forgotten the warning he had received, as the respect and forbearance even of the rebels towards him would fully prove. He had lived among a people who could not own him for their guide, as became a spiritual pastor, kind, always benevolent and ready to lighten the burdens which had been laid upon others for his own support. Such zeal was too much for his naturally feeble health. Wearing himself out doubly in action and forbearance as he did, it was but a short time before he was obliged to suspend his exertions, and then the sick man longed for a peaceful home in his native England.

One pleasant evening he found himself, on his return, exactly in the place where he had been seized six months previously. He stopped his horse and almost unconsciously looked in expectation of the appearance of Dermot. Scarcely had he entertained the idea before the Irish leader was again at his side, this time with a respectful salutation.

"Mr. Howard, will it please ye to go with me?"

Howard hesitated.

"Surely ye know," added Dermot, "that no harm can reach you when I am near. It is the last time that we ever meet in this wretched country."

"I know it, Dermot, and I will follow you," said Howard.

In a short time they reached the same cabin where they had stood in such dissimilar positions a few months before.

"Sit down, Mr. Howard, and let us both think in silence until we are interrupted. I have sent for another visitor to-night, and he'll be here before many hours."

Howard caught the other's meaning, but he knew that in one respect he was powerless, and wisely kept silence. Two or three hours of anxious stillness passed away thus, when the door was suddenly flung open and four men entered, bringing with them a bound, half-dressed prisoner. It was the Rector Stoughton.

Dermot hushed him sternly as he was about to vent his wrath in useless reproaches, and then, after a few moments of painful silence, spent as if in recalling thought, he addressed both Stoughton and Howard with strong emotion.

### CHAPTER IV.

"It is more than six months, I believe, since we were here last. Both of ye came then against your will, but there was no rough handlin'! I sent for you then because ye were strangers, who

knew nothing of us, yet came in our midst with power in your hands, and I wanted to tell you where ye were and what should be done. I *did* tell ye, fairly, did I not? I said then that we should be here again together, and we are here now. Do you know what it is for? There are accounts to be given, even by wise men to an ignorant patriot, because I am a patriot, and ye belong to those who trample on me.

"You come here to-night in a different style from the first. One of ye fearlessly, willingly, and at my asking; the other, because he has been dragged from his bed, and shakin' like a coward as he is. You *are* a coward, Mr. Stoughton,—not in body, for there you are brave, but in your conscience, because you know that you have deserved something at my hands.

"Six months ago there was a fair noble boy at my side, and one of ye looked on him with kindness, the other with scorn. I marked it then. Now, he is not here, and both of ye know why. But this is the last time we three will ever meet, and so I'll tell you the story of that boy's death. Though ye know it well now, perhaps ye'll see another reason in it, why we three can never meet again.

"Dominic's mother was my sister, and, like him, she died young. When I think what both would have been, from what both were, I love their memories so much the more tenderly because they left the world in their pure youth. All my love was bound up in that boy, and one of ye was his murderer!

"Our priest always told me that he was full of genius and would be a bright ornament in the church, but he needn't have said that to me, who knew the boy from his cradle, and worked myself down that he might get his education. I always longed to hear his clear voice in the pulpit, and take the blessed wafer from his pure hands. Well, he grew up to be all that I could ask. Ye have seen him and know what he was. Ye know, too, that he loved Ireland, and for that one of ye wrought his death!

"It is not five months now, Mr. Stoughton, since you put a distress on the goods of poor Dennis Mullin because he wasn't able to pay his tithe. There hadn't been a risin' of the people then, or you'd never have dared to do it. But you stood by and saw the whole very gladly, for it was all under your direction. You didn't listen to the poor man's prayers not to take everything, nor would you say one word to Dominic, who had just come up and begun to reproach your hard heart. No, you didn't say one word to the noble boy, except to bid him hush, or you'd take notice, as a magistrate, of the time you saw him last, here, in this very place, Mr. Stoughton, where you're standing now in fear. You didn't see me at that moment or you'd have given me up to the constables at your back. Then Dominic spoke to one of them, but he was a surly English bulldog, and answered with a curse, aye! and with something else. They fought. You said it was Dominic that struck first: I say it was the dog! You saw me then right after that blow, for I was fighting by the side of Dominic.

"Your hounds seized us and held us fast. You

came up and said that we began the fight. You was a magistrate too, and after a sham examination, according to your own fashion, you committed us to prison for breaking the peace. Did ye think at the time, that you was signing our warrant or your own?"

"I could not have done otherwise, as a magistrate under the law," interrupted Stoughton doggedly.

"It was a bloody law and ye was a murderin' magistrate! Did you not fix your red revengeful eye on me and say that you'd prosecute us for another breach of the peace as soon as we'd been punished for this? You mocked us, too, when you said that we might go clear of prison if we'd give bail, for you knew that English tyranny hadn't left us enough property to stave off a jail. Hear now what ye said, when Dominic, in his ignorance of the world and the simple innocence of his own heart, asked you, as a professional servant of Christ, to lay aside hatred and give your own security, for my life would shrink and he would die in a prison. He pledged you, in all the sacredness of his great heart, that you should not lose by the good deed. It sounded new to a man who'd lived in your hard world, but for all that you might have trusted the boy! No; you told him that he'd live long enough after he was out of jail to see what a fool he'd made of himself!

"Just now you said that you'd acted like a magistrate under the law, and perhaps you'll tell me again that you did what every man of the world would do in denying him. So you did, but it was like a merciless magistrate and a hard-hearted man. Reverend sir, you have no business to be either. No just magistrate would have imprisoned him for doing what he did, and no good man would have refused to keep him out of a jail, where he must die. If you had looked at the poor boy's body, you must have known that a jail would have been his death, and so it was.

"We lay there two months and were not brought to trial. Poor Dominic faded away. It had always been hard for the sick boy to struggle fairly with life when he was out in the fresh air and green fields he loved so well, but those two months in a damp jail killed him. I heard of it. One night, by the blessing of God, I broke my fetters and escaped.

"I went to Mr. Howard at once, though he was an Englishman and a heretic. Here, in this place, I had marked his kind eye as he looked at Dominic, and I knew that since that time every poor Catholic had always blessed his goodness. Do ye remember the advice I gave ye once, Mr. Stoughton? I dared not go to him in the day time, and so that very night I wrote a little note, wrapped it round a broken fetter, and flung it through his window. In fifteen minutes I heard his horse galloping away from home.

"I'll not detain your reverences, for we've much to do before morning. He bailed out Dominic and nursed him tenderly at his own house, but the

poor boy died before many weeks. The young priest went to heaven before he had ever lifted his voice in the holy church, but, thank God! the Irish boy did not die until he had struck once against oppression.

"Mr. Stoughton, ye've been turnin' pale and flushed, and tryin' to seem stout, and then tremblin' again while I've talked. Don't beg for mercy, for you murdered him!"

## CHAPTER V.

THE Irishman covered up his face, for his whole frame trembled in terrible agony. At length Howard kindly laid a hand upon his shoulder, but Dermot shook it off.

"Ye've a kind heart, Mr. Howard, and I know what ye'd say, but it's of no use. I've sworn to remember Dominic. I'll remember you too, for his sake, in the only way that a poor Irishman can. You're travelling to Dublin, but in these wild times you'd never reach the city without a pass from the patriots, and that's why I stopped ye. Give me your hand."

He produced a small stamp, moistened it with some chemical preparation, and printed upon Howard's wrist a little harp wreathed with the shamrock.

"There! that will save your life. It's the best that I can give."

"Wait a moment, Dermot. You mean ill to Mr. Stoughton: I can hardly believe that you mean the worst, except when I look at your eyes. You judge him far too harshly. Upon my soul, I believe that his intentions were blameless, and you acknowledge that he acted according to the law."

"Do not lower yourself or me, Mr. Howard, by pleading to this murderer," said the rector. "If I die, it will be as a martyr to ignorance and cruelty. I have done nothing in my life that I would not repeat, before God!"

"Ye needn't talk, either of ye," broke in Dermot savagely. "Howsoever 'twas done, you murdered Dominic. Stay here till morning, Mr. Howard. You *must*; two of my men will keep you from leaving this place until four o'clock. Then you may go to the town, and right there by the jail, see what a monument I'll raise to Dominic."

He spoke in Irish to his men, and all but two vanished with their prisoner.

At four o'clock his guards unbarred the door and Howard rushed out. Twenty minutes' hard riding brought him to the jail, and there he stopped. The gray morn was just lighting up the horrid face of a hanging man. A sheet of paper was fastened to his back, and on it was scrawled in large letters:

DERMOT'S REVENGE  
IS THE  
MONUMENT OF DOMINIC.



## THE BARBER OF CADIZ.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

THE war and civil dissensions, which, for so many years past, have desolated Spain, have often given rise, in this unhappy country, not merely to public misfortunes and striking calamities, but they have at times disturbed, in their hereditary repose, those families which were the most indifferent to the hostility of parties. The following adventure will prove that no citizen can be secure from the troubles of his time and country.

Nine o'clock had long since struck, when, on a fine day in the latter part of spring, the barber Pedro Nunez entered the sleeping chamber of the Senor Alava, Chief Alcade of Cadiz. For twenty years Nunez had come every morning, precisely at nine o'clock, to embellish the grave visage of Senor Alava, and now, for the first time, the worthy man found himself in the presence of his most important patron at least twenty minutes too late.

The magistrate, it is true, had not remarked this slight delinquency, for he was busied in counting out several large sums in gold and silver, which were ranged in piles and rolls upon his secretary.

This engrossing occupation prevented him, also, from observing the singular emotion which the barber was unable to conceal, on entering the chamber, an emotion which could scarcely be ascribed to his fear of having kept the senor waiting. The face, and indeed the whole person of the poor fellow, were disturbed in a manner which would have appeared extremely comic, had it not been for the sad and gloomy expression of his eyes, which were wet with tears. His glance flashed with a peculiar gleam, followed by an involuntary shudder as it fell upon the precious metals, which lay upon the secretary, a sight that seemed greatly to increase his repugnance to perform, on this day, his accustomed functions.

"I am ready, Pedro," said the unsuspecting Alava, seating himself in his arm chair, without the slightest thought of taking the precaution to close his secretary.

The barber passed a napkin about the neck of the magistrate, opened his box, but forgetting what he wished to take from it, mistook his razor for his soap, and his brush for his powder puff; then he extorted a frightful grimace from the worthy alcade, by suddenly drenching his chin with boiling water.

"How now, Nunez!" said the scalded magistrate, "what the d—l are you about? what has made you so heedless and awkward this morning?"

The poor man grew as red as if the boiling water had been poured upon his own cheeks.

"Pardom me, your excellency!" he stammered, timidly.

Then, passing at once from one extreme to the other, he poured so much cold water in his soap box, that the Senor Alava, this time, felt as

though he were lathered with an icicle. He submitted quietly, however, to the operation, and began, according to his custom, to question Nunez concerning political news and the affairs of the city; but instead of giving, as was usual with him, the reins to his love of mischief and of gossiping, the barber replied only in monosyllables, and, in a few moments, dropped the conversation. The alcade saw that he would be obliged to forego, on this day, the amusing wit of his daily Figaro, and without taking the trouble to inquire into the cause of his singular conduct, he wisely resigned himself to his own reflections, fingering, the while, the nearest bag of crowns, which lay half emptied upon the edge of his secretary.

The agitated barber then grasped his razor, and began to pass it across the magistrate's whitish cheeks; but notwithstanding all his efforts to fix his attention upon this delicate operation, he was unable to withdraw his thoughts from the objects which called them elsewhere, and chiefly towards the tempting treasures of the Senor Alava. His hand trembled whenever he turned his eyes in that direction, and the flitting cloud which at these moments passed over his brow, was like the shadow of the dark thoughts which swept across his soul.

These thoughts seemed to grow more poignant and more terrible, when the alcade leaned his head upon the back of his chair, in order to offer his chin to the edge of the razor. An indescribable agitation might then have been remarked in the movements and looks of the unfortunate Nunez. He cast a bewildered glance from the face of the magistrate to the secretary, loaded as it was with gold and silver, passed his trembling hand across his brow, which was covered with a cold sweat; then, suddenly glancing at the Senor Alava, who sat with his head thrown back, and his throat exposed—he cast his razor far from him, with a fearful cry, and disappeared from the chamber, at full speed, as if carried off by the devil.

This precipitate flight, while it roused the alcade from his agreeable meditations, excited in his soul a fearful suspicion.

"I am robbed!" he cried, without even glancing at his money, to assure himself whether there were any foundation for an accusation, which branded the character of a man whom he had esteemed for his honesty, and who had enjoyed his confidence for twenty years.

Darting from the chamber, he summoned his domestics, and despatched a band of alguazils to arrest the fugitive, and bring him into his presence.

In about a quarter of an hour Pedro Nunez was brought before the Senor Alava. The latter had by this time, although too late, satisfied himself that not a single piece of money had been abstracted from his treasures. Beside, the fugitive, far from endeavoring to conceal himself, had gone

directly and openly to his humble shop, and when the alguazils arrived they found him in the midst of his family, who were overcome with surprise and terror. When arrested, he offered no resistance.

This worthy and honest family, indignant at the suspicion thus cast upon the father, unmoved by prayer or menace, had refused to be separated from him, and were now here, trembling and bathed in tears, in the alcade's chamber, together with the domestics of the house and the agents of the police. A charming young girl, the last and dearest child of the barber's, attracted the attention of all by the violence of her protestations, and by her heart rending sobs. Although her father's arrest was the occasion of this grief, yet it was evidently not its only cause; there was some mystery concealed here, which the Senor Alava resolved to penetrate.

"Pedro," he said to the poor fellow, whose former agitation had given place to gloomy dejection, "I was wrong in thinking that you had robbed me, my friend, and I hasten to make you reparation."

As he uttered these words he signed to the alguazils to set their prisoner at liberty, but his astonishment was highly excited at the slight impression which this order produced upon the barber and his family. Though their indignation was calmed, this was far from being the case with their affliction, and this fact confirmed the alcade in the suspicion that he had conceived.

"I have but one thing to ask you," he resumed, addressing Nunez, "and that is to explain your strange flight, for it was that which led me to think you culpable."

The barber glanced, twice or thrice, around him, crushing the border of his hat with his clutched fingers; he then replied to the magistrate in a tone of ill concealed bitterness.

"You have been in too great haste, perhaps, to assert my innocence, Senor Alava; for if I have not robbed you indeed—I was upon the point of yielding to a far more terrible temptation."

"Unhappy man!" cried the alcade, recoiling to the farther end of the chamber, while the alguazils again seized the barber, "unhappy man!" he repeated, clasping his hands in astonishment, "what demon could have inspired you with a thought of crime, after a long life of irreproachable honesty?"

"Irreproachable, in truth!" replied the barber, proudly, "and still," he added, in a hollow voice, "it is but too true, that I was near dishonoring it by a crime."

He was pale as death; a violent shudder agitated all his limbs, and tears fell from his dim and lustreless eyes.

"Can it be possible, my father?" sighed his daughter, clasping his hand with the warmest sympathy.

Nunez bent his head, without replying, and the poor child cast herself weeping into his arms.

"Pedro," said the alcade in a tone, rather of a father than a magistrate, "the guilty thought which you avow, could not, naturally, have entered the mind of an honest man, and I am per-

suaded that you conceal some secret, the disclosure of which would excuse you, perhaps. Confide all to me then without hesitation, and without fear, since both your liberty and your reputation are, at this moment, in my hands."

The barber gazed attentively at the magistrate, as if to assure himself that Senor Alava was, in truth, disposed to clemency; then his anxious glance returned to consult his daughter, whom he still held clasped in his arms.

"Speak! my father, speak!" said the latter, after a moments hesitation, "death rather than your dishonor."

Nunez cast another glance upon the alcade, a glance expressive of the keenest anguish, and promised, at last, to disclose all, upon condition that his family alone should remain with them in the chamber.

The alcade, seeing no objection to this, directed the alguazils to retire into an adjoining apartment, and the barber, conquering, as he best could, the emotion, mingled of grief and terror, which again overpowered him, spoke as follows:

"My lord," he began, in a faltering voice, "before finding myself obliged to entrust you with my secret, for the sake of my honor, I had thought to disclose it to you, voluntarily, for the sake of that which is not less precious to me; and would to heaven that I had, at first, had recourse to your generosity, for then I should not now be reduced to implore your clemency; but the very thought of your power and office robbed me of the hope with which they had inspired me. For all that which you can do for our safety, my lord, you can do also for our destruction, and I tremble, even at this moment, lest, while you listen to me, you should be swayed by justice only, while I venture to address your compassion."

"What mean you, Pedro?" asked the alcade, perplexed by this preamble. "You speak of justice, of safety and destruction. Does any danger threaten you or yours?"

"Alas, yes!" replied the barber. "Listen, my lord, and you shall hear all the truth. I ought to have told it to you two hours ago, instead of listening to the wicked thoughts which now rack my soul with remorse—for I have done you injustice in imagining that you were not humane enough to be moved by so fearful a misfortune.—All my family are here before you, like me, at your feet; but there is a young man who was soon to become a member of it, a brave young seaman in the royal navy, the youthful friend and betrothed of my Juanita, of this lovely child, my lord, who bathes your hands with her tears, and whose life or death must be decided before evening."

"Just heaven! and how?" said the alcade.

"Stephano—this is the name of my future son-in-law—belonged to the crew of *The Queen Mother*, that corvette which returned the other day from her first voyage, and which, at this hour, is moored in the harbor of Cadiz. There was on board *The Queen Mother* a Christino officer, who had been arrested upon the coast, at the moment when he was passing over to the enemy; in one word, a wretch, or perhaps only an unfortunate man, for who can say, alas! Well, this officer

was to be shot by the garrison of Cadiz, on his arrival here, and as Stephano was known to be the truest seaman in the corvette, he was confided to his custody. Accursed duty! in the execution of which the heart of the best lad in the world led astray the head of the most faithful servant of Spain. Yes, my lord, this accursed officer succeeded in exciting poor Stephano's compassion. By what means I do not know; he said, doubtless, that his death would break the hearts of his whole family, that he, also, had a betrothed, whose love was to throw a charm over his existence, and the lover of my Juanita, who lives for her alone, the son-in-law, who would sacrifice his life for me, as for a father, has wished, perhaps, to restore a son to his parents, a spouse to his betrothed.—And thus, one morning, the condemned disappeared from the corvette. Stephano, at once accused of having favored his escape, denied it, feebly at first—generous men do not know how to utter a falsehood. Finally the unhappy youth confessed all to the court martial, and he has been condemned to death! He is to be shot by the garrison, this evening, in the place of the officer whom he saved. And my Juanita will not survive her betrothed, my lord, for she has told me so, and I shall thus lose two children instead of one. 'This, my lord, is the cause of my grief and my despair.'

Here the poor man paused amid the groans of his family; his voice was stifled with sobs.

"I have heard of this affair, Nunez," said the alcade, repressing his emotion, "and I pity you from the bottom of my soul, but I do not see what this can have to do with that which has occurred to-day between you and me?"

"I have not yet finished, my lord," replied the barber, with a visible effort. "You can imagine the trouble I have taken, this morning, to save the unfortunate Stephano. One after the other, I have implored those who were his judges, and who are about to become his executioners; but I have found that justice is pitiless, and that can easily be conceived in these sad times of civil war. I then turned to my son-in-law's jailer, and I have been able to soften him by my tears, as the tears of that officer had softened Stephano; yet, less courageous and less disinterested than this worthy young man—I tremble to confess this, *senor alcade*—he has consented to let him escape from the corvette, only upon condition that he should receive a sufficient sum of money to enable him to fly, and dwell in a foreign land. 'Bring me a hundred ducats,' he said to me, 'and I will at once leave *The Queen Mother* with Stephano, under a safe disguise, and I will hire a boat, which will soon carry us beyond the reach of danger.'

"A hundred ducats!" continued the barber.—"I have drained the purses of my friends, I have begged through all Cadiz, without being able to collect a quarter of this sum! After all these useless efforts, I entered your chamber this morning, my lord, partly to perform my ordinary services, partly to confide to you my affliction. But a feeling of fear, a feeling which I shall repent all my days, checked the words upon my lips, even before I had crossed the threshold. I reflected that you were the Chief Alcade of Cadiz; that it is your office to maintain justice, instead of arresting

its fearful course; that, besides, you have no concern with military matters; finally, that I should, perhaps, hasten the death of Stephano, by confiding to you a project which you could not but condemn. Alas, it was a sad error! I see it now, when too late!"

"Proceed!" said the magistrate, "proceed!"

"Agitated by keen disquietude, I perceived the piles of gold and silver, which lay upon your secretary. 'My God!' I said to myself at this sight, 'I need but a handful of this gold to save Stephano and my child!' When this thought had once entered my soul, it did not leave me, my lord, and it was this which engendered another thought, more fatal and more terrible, that haunted and bewildered my poor brain, despite all my efforts to banish it. A voice from hell whispered in my ear, that the lives of my daughter and of Stephano were there, near me, and that I had but to stretch out my hand to save them. Do you comprehend me, my lord? On the one side, Stephano and Juanita dying, one after the other, the first pierced by a bullet, like an infamous traitor, the second stricken in my arms by incurable grief; on the other side, a simple gesture, a grasp at some pieces of this superfluous treasure, to which the sun with its sparkling rays seemed to point me! And the accursed voice murmured in my ear, that I had but to take advantage of the slightest heedlessness on your part; that a crime was but of little moment, in comparison with the lives of my children; that, besides sitting beneath my deadly weapon, you were completely at my mercy; that, if there were no other means to secure my escape, and gain the time that was necessary for my project, a movement of this weapon could silence you for ever. Ah," continued the barber, a prey to the most fearful anguish, "I no longer saw or heard any thing but the whistling of the bullets, and a body dragged away by executioners, the cries of my daughter demanding her betrothed, and expiring in my arms—and then this gold! this gold, but two paces distant! within reach of my hand! It was at this moment that I perceived you, my lord, leaning back upon the arm-chair, your throat exposed beneath my razor, and, uttering a fearful cry, I fled, lest I should yield to the temptation which assailed me. You know the rest; this is all that I have to say in my defence. I will not survive my remorse and my grief, since I am about to lose my children; show no pity, therefore, *senor alcade*, if it is to me alone that you can extend it."

"I will extend it towards you all, my friends," said the magistrate, vainly striving to repress the tears which this sad narrative had wrung from him. "Can any one of you still gain access to Stephano, and do you think that it is too late to carry out your plan for his escape?"

The barber unclosed his lips to reply to this unexpected question; but the emotion which it excited in his bosom, formed such a sudden contrast to those which had previously overwhelmed him, that he could only stammer forth two or three unintelligible syllables; he then fell senseless into the arms of his family.

"There is still time, my lord, and I will go,"



cried Juanita, with an energy which fully confirmed all that had been said of the strength of her attachment.

"Well then," replied the alcade, reaching her a handful of gold, "go, my child, and bear this to the jailer of your betrothed."

It is unnecessary to repeat the benedictions which were showered upon the generous Senor Alava. They were so loud and animated, that they recalled Nunez to his senses, and attracted the alguazils to the threshold of the apartment.

"Silence!" said the magistrate to the bewildered family. "You can be gone!" he added gravely, turning to the alguazils. "Nunez is an honest man, and I have no accusation to bring against him."

In the course of an hour Juanita returned with the tidings that Stephano, with his jailer, was on his way to France.

"Leave it to the chief alcade," said Senor Alava, "to hasten his return to Cadiz, and to shield you from all suspicion. Military justice is as transient as it is terrible, and with civil justice compassion is, at times, not out of place."

All called down blessings upon the head of the worthy man, and the happy family did not leave their benefactor until they had bedewed his hands with tears of gratitude, which repaid him for his gold a hundredfold.

"My God!" cried Nunez, casting himself upon his knees at Senor Alava's feet, "to think that it could enter my soul to rob and assassinate such a man."

"By the by," replied the alcade, in a tone of grave irony, "we cannot part thus, Senor Pedro."

"Why so, your excellency?" inquired the astonished barber.

"Because you must first complete your work, my friend," replied the alcade gaily, as he pointed to his half shaved face.

"Thanks! thanks, my lord!" cried Nunez, warmly, "I should never have ventured to demand this favor again."

The worthy barber finished his task, in a very different mood from that in which he had commenced it, and if, at times, this new emotion caused him to scratch slightly the chin of his patron, he had no longer any desire to cut his throat.

## A VISIT AT DR. DAVIDSON'S, IN SARATOGA, IN 1842,

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

It was only one week after the death of young Lieut. Davidson at his father's residence that I called on the family. We had just returned from a visit to Margarette's grave, where her brother had been laid by her side, the earth still fresh on the new made mound, and with an increased interest in the afflicted family we turned our steps into the street that led to their dwelling.

No one who has read of Lucretia and Margarette—of their remarkable and gifted minds—of their pure affectionate spirits—but have felt a tender and mournful interest in the early death of the "sister poetesses," who strung their lyres in the corresponding notes of harmony that, lingering here, breathe forth sweet music *still*.

It was one of the first days of bright warm summer that we stood upon the steps of Dr. Davidson's dwelling, and while waiting for an answer to the bell, I felt a peculiar sadness steal over me as I contemplated the stillness and solemnity of everything around the spot. It seemed that the very leaves of the shrubs and flowers wore a sympathizing aspect of melancholy, befitting the occasion and place.

The house stood not far from the main street, and was a single yellow brick building, by the side of a large gothic stone church, with several steps leading up to the front entrance. The door was soon opened by a female, and we were invited to seats in the parlor, while we sent our names to Mrs. Davidson.

In the interval I cast mine eye around upon the portraits, and the one opposite where I was seated was the youthful Margarette, just as she looked in the bright days of her happy life. Attired in simple white muslin, with such a life-like expression, it seemed almost that she was conscious of our presence, and had welcomed and received us with affectionate smiles. Her slight, airy form, her soft, laughing, blue eye gave the picture somewhat the appearance of childhood's innocent beauty. Her hair was a rich, light brown, such as looks so glossy and golden in the light, and that waves and changes with every breath. Her complexion was clear and transparent, and was a sweet blending of the lily and the rose. There was a look of frailty in the lovely picture, which must have been *sadly* apparent to her anxious friends. Her forehead was broader, in proportion to the rest of her face, than any I ever saw, owing in a great measure to the slight and delicate outline of the lower part of the countenance. A bright smile seemed to play around every feature, and the whole expression was radiant with happiness and artless simplicity.

I could hardly realize the fact that this *youthful creature* was the gifted *poetess*, whose sweet "Lines to her Mother," and other effusions, had so often given me pleasure, and I found it equally difficult to associate *death* with what seemed so much of joyous happiness, sweetness and life.

A crowd of sad, melancholy thoughts came

over me in that brief moment, and when the messenger returned she was the bearer of affectionate regrets from Mrs. Davidson that she was too ill to leave her room, begging us to remain and make such inquiries as we chose, saying "she had not been able to leave her room since the death of her son."

It was a disappointment not to see Mrs. Davidson. I had felt something of a kindred sympathy in the feelings of the devoted mother, as she had rejoiced with *trembling*, and mourned with *hope* over her gifted daughters. I had but recently finished the melting story of Margarette's life, and mourned as we do for *kindred* at the recital of her untimely and lamented death. Only the narrow and island-crowned "Champlain" had separated my own birth-place from that of her children. The same distant mountains and blue skies of those charming shores had been the earliest visions of my own happy childhood, and those bright waters were among the first of memory's *treasured pictures*, and I was then on a pilgrimage to that sweet land of my affections. But as circumstances were, it was made up to me in the thought that I was in the midst of scenes and surrounded by objects hallowed by the *past*, and endeared by the most affecting considerations.

The portrait over the mantel-piece was one of the son, who was buried the week before, and was a fine picture. It represented a tall, manly figure, with a dark, expressive eye, regular features, hair raven black, and a military bearing. He was dressed in the full uniform of his profession, and was an interesting looking young officer. He was the brother so often referred to as being at West Point, whose visits and departures are spoken of with so much interest and affection in Margarette's letters.

He had graduated, but in such feeble health that a voyage to Europe was recommended. He soon after sailed and was absent some months.—He visited different climates, but the *worm was at the root*. The same insidious disease that had withered the lovely blossoms by his side was severing the cord of his own life, and he hastened homeward. When he arrived, Mrs. Davidson was an invalid, weak and almost helpless; but the feebleness of the son roused the unwonted energy of the woman,—the mother—and tenderly, anxiously did she console and watch over her charge. But after a few weeks *death* again visited the home, and, it may be hoped, set the prisoner free in a happier clime than this; but it sent deep grief again to those hearts that had been used to bleed.

Mrs. Davidson sunk down again to a great exhaustion of her powers, from which she was then suffering, and from which she never wholly recovered.

How strong the grief that often here is sent  
To open—pave—our heavenward way!

And how sweet the reflection that this Christian mother had bright hopes and precious promises

lying at her heart, while all these "waves and billows were passing over her."

On the other side of the room were the portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Davidson. His was a good painting of a fine, gentlemanly, benevolent-looking man of fifty or more—hair somewhat whitened by time, blue eyes and a mild benignant expression. The features were regular and manly, and while I looked upon it I thought of the scattered *gems* that the father must miss from his *severed chain*!

The other, of Mrs. Davidson, was a lovely picture. I had not conceived of the sweet, mild, intellectual, and almost heavenly expression of her dark eyes; nor the chastened and intelligent beauty that still lingered in her pensive features. She was in the attitude of writing, but not in the studied posture of being "*fixed*" for a picture. The unconsciousness and a abandonment of solitude—of earnest and serious thought—made me almost imagine her occupied in the interesting work of writing those touching reminiscences of her beloved daughters, that have caused so many hearts to beat in deep throbs of sorrow and sympathy. The dress was fitting and appropriate, indicating good taste and good sense, and the picture was one of too much interest *ever to be forgotten*!

We were told that Lucretia's miniature was then with an artist to be copied for a portrait. There was but one more picture in the room, and that was of an ancient-looking monument, very much resembling the one we had just seen, fresh from the sculptor's hand, at Margarette's grave.

On each end of the table lay those precious volumes, in uniform binding, breathing silently the lovely spirit of the departed; and made me deeply feel how much of light and beauty had passed from that almost deserted mansion, to a *brighter—happier* home in Heaven.

The library in that little parlour was an object of peculiar interest to me. Early those gifted beings found pleasure in their favorite authors, and the dimness of the gilt on the binding, showed they had not been a *useless*, or valueless appendage to the furniture of the room.

The centre table was the bearer of precious relics—and the sofa, too, might have been the same on which the lovely young invalid used to repose, when so fondly attended by her anxious and devoted mother, as she drew near the last moments of her life on earth! All—all—looked as if the spirit that once animated it was gone—as if the light of that dwelling had been *extinguished*.

It was one scene in the incidents of life to be remembered, a moment with spirits too pure for this dark earth who lived long in living *well*, and whose example, radiant with light, shows us a brighter passage to the skies.

A few years have since past—

And now that gentle mother too is gone—  
Each trembling—fearful—anxious moment o'er,  
Her angel daughters in a higher song  
Have welcomed her, where death can come no more!

## TRUE SKETCHES OF A FALSE HEART.

BY ENNA.

ANNETTA, with a few traits of feminine kindness, was a source of much grief to her excellent parents. At an early school girl age she and Kate Mervin had made the boast that they would each bring to their feet thirty lovers before they would bless one with their heart. With a figure light and graceful as a Hebe, our young heart-killer was formed by coquetry herself to bring victims to her shrine; diminutive in size, yet strong in purpose, she carved upon her frontlet "never to fail," and, with this as her motto, she prepares for the conquest.

Her first attack was upon one of gentle bearing and fond heart; with the enthusiasm of youth it required small effort of the charmer to fascinate her victim; with a certainty of power she threw the snare, and drew, in willing fetters, the captive to the goal. The hopes, the fears, the fortunes, and the horror of a sinless life were laid at her feet, and she triumphed as a young warrior—female refuge was her shelter from the bitter anguish of a crushed spirit, and friendship was offered when he asked for love.

I do not wish to weave a tale purely of fiction; my object is to unmask and censure that crime which lurks in the heart of some of those whom God has endowed with a beauty and a loveliness, calculated to shed joy instead of sorrow to those who approach its charm.

James was the son of poor parents; he inherited from them a bent form and awkward figure, a defective hearing and an ill-favored countenance; yet, under the outward deformity, there was a garden about his heart filled with beautiful flowers, all freshly blooming, and radiant with the purity of truthful sincerity. Upon this sensitive creature our female Alexander next bears the force of her weapons—slight conquest, bound and fettered, a passive captive soon graces the victor's car: poor fellow, thy happiness was an intoxication,—that wealth, and beauty, and grace should look on thee! True, the incense of a perfect and a guileless heart thou gavest her, and a gratitude beyond expression. In thy wildest visions of fancy couldst thou dream of bliss like this? A life of devotion, a soul full of virtue and nobility, in thy eyes were as a feather in the balance compared to the immeasurable amount of the perfections of thy worshipped idol. Poor love-sick fool—she deems thee not worthy to brush the dust from her garments; but thou art among those marked for the slaughter; thy wounds deserve not her humanity; lie by the roadside for the passing of some "Good Samaritan."

It were tedious to follow in the steps of this dangerous beauty, they were marked by success, and before the age looked upon with terror by the youthful belle, she had far outstripped in number Kate Mervin.

In proportion to her conquests, her appetite, although sharpened, became weary of its plainer

food, and untrammelled hearts were tame. Annetta soon discovered, from the guileless simplicity of her gentle friend, Mary Lane, the tale of innocent love, and so glided into the sanctuary of her thought, that the artless girl felt that friendship was almost necessary for the perfection of earthly bliss. Even the presence of her love was scarcely less precious than those moments in which she repeated, in the attentive ear of her confidant, the story of their vows—

"Oh, heart felt rapture, bliss beyond compare!"

and he, too, the ardent worshipper, how easily was he beguiled to listen to the lay, which, although sung by other lips than hers, told of his Mary's charms; the walk with the "mutual friend" would be prolonged—twilight would deepen into evening—the first star would warn the lover that one waited his coming, and with eager steps would he hasten to clasp the hand of the betrothed, and tell the tale that had beguiled him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passed—why sits the maiden disconsolate, and where is the form that was as a day star to her sight? The footpath gives not the sound of his welcome approach, the chair is vacant, the vase is untrimmed with the garniture of love's gift, and the vow is forgotten. Far down in the glen, and under the old hawthorn, are the guilty pair—words, passionate and unholy, fall upon the ear. "I give thee not my first love truly," entreats the voice of the faithless, "but that faint ray, which early beamed as a taper, is now as the mid-day sun in its fervor. Oh! crush not body and soul, but receive my homage." The tempter had entered the garden, the serpent had beguiled the lover. The next day's register announced "a strange event of insanity and suicide."

In a low hut, by the wayside, dwells the widow, content in her old age—content, for God, in her bereavement, has spared her darling first-born, and in him are centred the all of hope that Time can give. With great energy and industry he has gained an education that promises a profession, and the future days of his beloved mother are to glide down the remaining waves of life in calm and gentle murmurs. Pleasant, in the cool of the day, is it for the aged matron to sit at the cottage door and note the passer—a light form is at the wicket—a soft step upon the threshold, lovely to look upon, appears the bright creature, arrayed in the garb of purity, so lovely, she seems one of a better land, and she brings to the widow fruits and flowers—and she reads, in musical sounds, the words of promise—like hope, she comes, and daily does she visit the cottage by the wayside, and happy is the heart of the son to stay her stepping over the slippery stones which bridge the brook before the dwelling, and ever does he wait her coming, and gladly does he protect her from the



lone walk on her return, for so do the hours pass, when on an errand of mercy, that the moon oft-times is above the hill. Was ever the soul so glad; no thought of love was his; sooner would the dove seek companionship with the noble eagle than that love could enter the thoughts of Lubin; but, alas! unguarded youth, little reckoned thou that the doorway of thy heart was opened—little reckoned thou that the betrayer of thy peace, like a "thief in the night," had entered and stolen from the sacred altar thy first fruits; but, why

mourns the aged? and why is the step of Lubin sad and slow? and whither hath fled the spirit of gentleness which brought flowers and buds, and read the words of promise? Beautiful but frail—and false as frail—her step is marked with ashes, the ashes of disappointment and the tears of the widow for the bloom of her son. The vine trials at the cottage door, and the garden, by the wayside, is filled with nettles. Time alone will heal the broken spirit, but the buoyancy of the morning hath fled, and for ever, from the widow's son.

## AN EPITAPH.

BY JOHN DORLIN SANDLAND.

## IMPLORA PACE?

BENEATH, Childe Harold's sacred ashes rust.  
Pause: nor too thoughtless pass the Poet's dust!  
These glorious fragments from a nobler sphere,  
Bruised, broken, shattered in their journeying here,  
Thus, though the fragments from celestial day,  
All far surpassing aught of human clay.

Behold! the proudest midst the Seraphim,  
Whose curling lip profanely sneers a hymn,  
His form, aurif'rous all, in splendor shone,  
Till fierce ambition fired him on his throne;  
Light darkens round him, and he wakes entombed  
Within a mortal to be germed and wombed;  
Thus bound and shackled in an earthly form,  
He pants to guide some rolling sphere through storm.  
And so lived Harold, prisoner in his cell,  
Whose spirit chained to Heaven had links in Hell;  
Conception's empire, measureless as sea  
The boundless prison of his Imagery  
Roofed by Creation, walled by Deity,  
The aspirations of a soul's sublimity.  
Thus living, sinned. Did not proud Peter sin?  
Ay, Adam, Moses, ev'ry man who's been  
Enearthed in this probationary ball  
Of clouds and vapor smelling since man's fall.  
The soul must seek it who would Truth find out,  
No Christian he, who never dared to doubt!  
Could he, who doubteth never, know a change?  
"Seek and thou'lt find." To seek who have—is strange!

No humble spirit lifts its head to soar  
From summer sea to breast the ocean's roar;  
No common mind with microscopic scan  
Could bare the fibres of its heart to man;  
Dare trace the pulse in its minutest throb  
Despite the sneerings of an envious mob,  
But proud the spirit on this peopled sod,  
Allows one Judge alone, and that Judge God!  
He lived, he sinned: repented. Do as he,  
No "Lord I thank thee" of the pharisee  
But bitter, heart-wrung tears, in secret flowed  
And fed the lamp of life which purer glowed.

Hark! 'tis a Nation's shout! the nobly brave,  
While Freedom's falchion arms the wakened slave  
From shore to shore, from mountain's brow to strand,  
One cry reverberates along the land.  
Till ocean's wavelets leap to kiss a shore  
Where Freedom's banner glads the air once more,  
Swells from the vale, and midway in the sky  
Wraps the far hills with clouds of Liberty!  
What! is it gone? alas, a Nation's gloom  
Like storms around the Jungfrau—palls a Tomb.  
Why mourn'st thou pilgrim? dry the useless tear—  
'Tis but the clay he dwelt in that lies here!  
The soul, repurified resumes its way  
Midst some far planet's brighter, holier day;  
One light refulgent floats around him now,  
And radiant glory sits upon his brow.  
*Liverpool, Jan. 16, 1849.*

## TALKS WITH YOU—"CURA FACIT CANOS."

BY CAROLINE C——.

SHE walketh abroad like the "pestilence at noonday." She rendeth bolts and bars, and, like the robber, entereth happy households in the still and peaceful night. She creeps into the bosom of the unsuspecting, and nestles there, though not, alas! an "angel visitant." She sits down mid the gathered family by the bright fireside as though she were some bidden guest, but her loathed embracings spread only a cheerless gloom over those gathered there. She chooses oftentimes one of a pleasant household on whom to lavish her kisses and caresses, but they who watch her preference are not jealous—it is not because she has neglected them, that they weep when they see her favors given to another!

She moves about on viewless feet, which yet leave heavy traces of their progress; she speeds away on unseen wings, and yet he who strains his eye to follow the spirit on her distant flight, may see a dark and heavy line traced on the face of heaven, which reflects its shade in his heart, and almost hides from his sight the blessed light of day! She passes through the world invisible, and yet possesses herself the most extraordinary powers of visibility. The power of Omnipresence I dare not impute to aught beside Him who sitteth on the throne in the Heaven of Heavens, and yet at the same time, dear reader, dwelleth in your home, and in mine. But it is wonderful—she of whom I speak may, at this present moment, be ravaging *your* heart, while I know very well she is with me a constant resident. In the old worlds beyond the ocean, beside what hearth-stone hath she not stood? Through what soul has she not wandered at will? What spot of earth has she not dared to desecrate by her presence? Is she Omnipresent; or, is it that she has myriad messengers, who, at her bidding, compass sea and land to make their proselytes?

She it is, or these numberless ministers of hers, if it be true she has such, who every day that the sun cometh up in the east, and treadeth through the halls of heaven till he reaches his appointed resting-place, she it is I say, or they, who daily scan every position of this wide universe, watching with most jealous eyes to see if every human being entertains a due and proper appreciation of her powers. And oh, what a tyrannical spirit she is! If you, my dear reader, have not yet bowed to her sceptre, let me warn you to prepare—do not dare to congratulate yourself, for assuredly the fearful initiation and submission will yet be required of you.

And withal she is a patient spirit; being content to set in operation a train of causes which shall be days, ay, even years in bringing about the effect she wishes. There is not the shadow of danger she will evacuate these premises of earth before all her multifarious designs are carried into execution. And by no means is this so impossible as it is with us poor mortals, for there is a kind of immortality attached to her nature, which en-

ables her always to look on the completion of all her operations. A *kind* of immortality I say, because she will endure so long as this world endures, making the familiar acquaintance of millions on millions yet to be, after you and I, now the favored recipients of her love, shall have passed away, and our names become oblivious. And yet it is an immortality enduring *only* with time, for when *we* shall at last awaken to the life-eternal, she will have sunk to sleep, to waken nevermore, on the bosom of eternity!

*Cura Facit Canos!* ah me! and the strong man bendeth down wearily beneath the heavy load she bindeth on him! He cometh into life a tender little child, fair as the opening buds of spring. In his proud parents' home he is a joy to them, a joy unto himself. To that father and mother his life seems one long day of bliss; over his infant head they see only glowing the halo of hope and of promise; in imagination they follow him through the years of childhood, of youth, and of manhood; they reckon not upon, they remember not *her* power, they fancy what he will be in his glorious youth—they see him in his riper years, but not as one with whom she has had aught to do.

And yet those wise parents! could but they read the opening thoughts of their infant—could they but know that while his heart was daily acquiring a truer and stronger throb, *she* was hovering nigh, and passing to and fro, phantom-like, over the mind of their child, before he could even comprehend the meaning of those flittings of darkness! Could they but know how almost daily her voice is whispering to him some fell lesson, which he can but dimly understand, they would tremble and weep, instead of rejoicing over their offspring. They would mourn in bitterness could they but see the preparation this great spirit is already making to secure a resting place for her wing in the mind of the bright boy.

Ere many years have passed the toys which were lavished on the child are all broken, and though he may weep over their demolition he would not have them restored and replaced, he has lost for ever his former keen delight in those painted bits of wood. His boyhood passes swiftly and wildly away. Eager ambitious thoughts haunt him, he longs to be a man, he would fain see the great world and mingle among its busy scenes. *She* has not deserted him. Far from that, oftener she speaks to his spirit, and in a language no longer "dead" to him. He is beginning to understand her, he is awakening to her fearful power; he feels the bands she is placing on him, he has felt them before, but then he knew not what was the hateful pressure against which he struggled so vainly. Oftentimes a shade of darkness spreads over him, not, however, occasioned by the outer world's sun withdrawing, for up in heaven the great orb shines with glorious, unsuspended power—but it is in his heart this

gloom is advancing and increasing; *there* there are doubts, and temptations, and trials, and passions commingling and making such fearful strife, that while he looks on the tumult with bewildered eyes, and a voice whispers to him that this is only the natural tumult of life, he wishes and longs, oh, how earnestly! for the wings of the dove wherewith to fly away and be at rest. Happy for him then is it, if the dark future spread the arms of the protecting cross before him—more happy if he kneels down before that cross, and receives there that baptism of forgiveness which shall be as the water of life to his fainting soul—which shall prove most powerful to annul, or at least to decrease *her* fearful sway.

Then the youth goes into the world, and takes the place there which he has so long desired to fill. He is "a man among men." Oh, how swift he is amid those new scenes to "make idols of perishing things!" Perchance for a moment he bends down at the shrine of mammon, and worships that; but as he gathers wealth that mighty spirit gathers strength. Wearied at last, and for ever disgusted with his toilsome homage, in restless yearning he seeks some other, some greater good. He loves—and not in vain. But still that demon companion gathers fresh increasing dominion in his breast—she will not let him rest. An unseen "bosom serpent," daily her fearful hiss grows to be more distinctly audible—she turns his bright locks gray, she dims his eyes, and sends a faintness through his limbs; and she, yes it is she, who so often leads the strong man to an untimely grave, "bowed down, and bent."

The wife, and the mother, the lover, the friend, and the brother, the father, the son, the husband,—the merchant amidst his wares, the priest with the Bible in his hands, the miser surrounded by his precious gold—the woman of fashion—the man of pride—the poet—the statesman, the king, the master, the servant, the beggar, even the poor idiot-born, and the lunatic,—whom can I name that happily knows her not? Oh, if perchance *you* know of such an one, breathe not that name aloud, for *she* may hear, and speedily flood the favored one with her most baneful light.

It is in the nature of humanity to struggle against wrong; and it is not to be supposed people can tamely and always bear her aggressions; but, how may we defend ourselves—how can we be rid of this bugbear of human life?

We may not range ourselves in battle array and make war with her. All the magazines and instruments of death in the world would utterly fail us here. We cannot shame, nor terrify, nor destroy her—and it is sheer vanity to defy her! What *can* we do? I am not proposing this great question for the first time, I am well aware. Ah, it has puzzled other, and wiser heads than mine full often; but philosophy and mere brute force have as yet done but little towards lessening her mighty, boundless sway.

Let us think of some of the expedients which many have adopted whereby to extricate themselves at once, and for ever, from the hands of this unloved, this fearful spirit. In doing this we may perhaps solve some mysteries for ourselves, we once considered quite unsolvable.

See here in this convent! this multitude of females who have resigned the pleasure and excitement of a worldly life, what has brought them here together? Is it a desire for publicity? have they done it for the edification of the world? They have *forced* forgetfulness of themselves on men. Is it for love of splendor and of ease then? Why, look at the palace they have chosen, it is not peculiarly magnificent, you will scarcely imagine it is for either of *these* reasons that they have separated themselves from the exciting scenes of a worldly life! They go there to escape from that constant companion who has embittered all their earlier days! One to seek peace for a broken heart—another to restore a wrongfully injured reputation, another to fix her thoughts more perfectly on God! It is not for you or for me to say they seek peace in an erroneous manner. I would not dare declare they do not *find* it. Heaven grant that not one of the weary and sorrow-laden children of earth, may ever seek in vain for rest and peace!

Then again you will find one advanced in years, one well fitted and formed to occasion much good among men, you will see such an one going apart from all mankind, and living to himself alone. There is disgust in his heart, and hatred for all human beings. *She* has destroyed his confidence in goodness and mortal virtue—she has turned the fountains of love which once leaped in his soul, to waters of bitterness! She has planted suspicion and enmity in his heart, and they have borne most loathsome fruits, and so in the perfectness of his manhood, he has gone out from the world, which he curses in his misery, to live alone, away from the sound of human voices, and the knowledge of human deeds.

Knowing the weakness and inefficiency of human strength, who will feel willing to condemn such an one? It is no light task to judge of the power of sorrow and disappointment in the life of another, one should at least think twice before attempting to estimate the strength of the great spirit who exercises such fearful sway in the minds of many, and they not always, nor most frequently, the weak ones of the earth.

Then you will see women, the young and the old, turning away from the sacred, quiet enjoyments of the home fireside, to mingle in the world of fashion. It is not an uncommon sight by any means, and yet one may well ask what sends them there to taste the beggarly banquet—the unsatisfying food of world-admiration, and the worship of fools—when apparently their own homes might furnish a far richer table, and a better repast. But—the surface, and only a portion of the surface of the their lives, is perceptible to us! Do not say or believe that *all* who crowd the saloons of fashion, go there with light and happy hearts, merely to while away life's fleeting hours! Do not impute such madness and folly to the nature of woman, I pray. For the few who go there, without one cloud on the mental brow, what multitudes are there who *force* the brightness to the eye, and the smile to the lip! How many, think you, of the careless words uttered in such a scene find any echo in the soul?

I would not care to unmask the hearts of the



revellers and reveal the bitterness, and sorrow, and distress, and disappointment, which so often lurk there, even when light words fall from the lip, and calmness distinguishes the person. It would be no pleasing task to tell how utterly false woman is to her true nature, when she makes *such* places her apparently most desirable and fitting home. It is a labor for which, I rejoice to say, I am altogether incapacitated, the revealment of the fearful havoc which this all powerful spirit, of whom I write, can work, and does work in the minds and hearts of many, most distinguished for the glittering slavish bands the Pleasure Queen has fastened on them.

Go, if you wish further evidence of her power, into our common jails, and into the prisons of our own, or of any country. What do you see? Here is a man who has been arrested for disturbing the peace. And how? Through intoxication. His poverty and misery, the weariness of his life, the wretchedness of his position on earth; the pleading pale faces of his wife and helpless children, these were the forms in which she chose to appear before him; and broken down by continued toil, and never-ceasing misery, he could not withstand the fearful temptation—he sought the only means by which for a few hours he might forget the miserableness of his life. So he spent the earning of his laborious day in purchasing strong drink, and in the noisy joy and excitement which ensued, the *keepers* of the peace committed him to jail. When he is again released from his bonds, the dearly purchased gleam of happiness will have altogether vanished, and *she* only will be his companion, as with a heart full of remorse and shame he goes back to his wretched home.

Here also is a woman whose mild countenance, and quiet manner, make her seem a strange and unsuitable inhabitant of such a place. How came she here? Her child was crying because of its hunger; Saturday night was closing in storm and darkness, and the long day of rest drew night, but, through sickness, the parent had been unable to earn a farthing all that dreary week. And so she took from one who had plenty, and to spare, a paltry loaf to satisfy her child, and the result of that *crime* is, that she is thrust into the place where criminals are secured, to await her trial before men, who should blush to utter one word in her condemnation. Alas, she also all her life has been the helpless hostess of that demon spirit, and, as far as human vision is capable of penetrating, there is naught that will free her from *her* encroaching.

It is with multitudes of human beings, who, because of her distracting presence, have been tempted to the committal of crime, that our houses of correction, our prisons and places of refuge are filled; and, besides all this, every day we see men and women thronging, either unconsciously or resistingly, towards our asylums, their intellects shattered, and their spirits broken. Why? Hath she not had in them her perfect work? They go—for she hath sent them—they have become but as her servants. They were not strong to resist her—they became too easily subject to her; and this is the result of their subjection!

Not long ago there was found in the peaceful

waters of our lovely lake, the body of a maiden drowned. She was young, and very beautiful. One would have thought that life for such an one had more attractiveness than the death of a suicide. But what human tongue can tell the desperate sorrow that filled her soul, tempting her beyond all power of resistance to at once put an end to the life which was to her but a burthen? It was a dark and stormy night, that on which she bade an eternal farewell to her earth home. There were threatening clouds over all the face of heaven, and dismal was the voice of the cold piercing wind of March; but more dark and cheerless still was the future, to which alone she might look forward in the world. The wind, which danced so roughly over the waters, had not for her such a fearful sound as that "still small voice," which spoke within her heart; the cold bleak waters which overwhelmed her, struck not upon her with such icy-chilliness, as the grasp of that spirit's hand; the death-struggle even, was less fearful than the contest which for so long she had waged with that great evil presence, which all her life had haunted her!

In the spring time of her years, in the freshness of her beauty, she chose to appear before her Maker with the suicides guilt staining her soul, rather than endure longer the life-weariness, and distress, which had so long attended her. Oh, how unlike that night, so gloomy and cheerless, when she sought those waters of oblivion! And is it foolish or vain to hope that He, who judgeth not with man's judgment, has suffered her at least to enter the rest eternal? Is it an idle thing to imagine that the darkness, which hid from her peace and happiness on earth, is now for ever removed in the glorious light of His presence? Is it childish to imagine that, like to the brightness of her burial day, is the glory of her spirit's resurrection?

And again, some months after that weary girl laid down the burden of her life, in the summer time, while nature was arrayed in her calm beauty, a boy was found in the woods which border the village, dead. He had suspended himself from the branches of a tree, and *thus* put an end to his existence. Among those forest trees the birds had built their nests, their songs made glad the wild wood. There the green leaves had budded, there they had opened in perfectness. And it was there, where the soft breezes played among the branches, where the bright sunshine rested lovingly as the "smile of God," that he made way with the life God gave to him. Do you ask *why* was this? He had not nearly attained the age of manhood, he had seen but little of the world, and knew not much of life, not much of enjoyment, but, oh, *much* of sorrow! A cloud settled on his mind—and *she*, nestling in his breast, tempted him to the dread deed!

But come with me now to this home of wealth and refinement; to this beautiful mansion whose inmates are favored children of Pride. See, there is weeping and anguish even here; the lofty forms are bended with the weight of woe, the haughty brows are forced to wear the common badge of sorrow. See what gloom there is in the countenance of the stern father, and in the

heart of that weeping mother—we will not penetrate there! Their eldest child, the first-born son, the heir of all this state and splendor, the inheritor of his proud father's name, has brought down dishonor on the head of his sire, has covered himself with shame; and in his anguish that sire is tempted to curse the hour when his boy was born. Of what avail is all their wealth and high station? It only makes so much the more prominent, the humiliation and sorrow of this family. Gold cannot heal such a wound as has pierced their hearts, the honor of the world cannot soothe, when a pang so deep and sharp has penetrated their souls. They have awakened after years of pleasant dreaming, to find themselves in a moment, beggared for ever of peace.

Look again for an instant into this close-adjoining, miserable home. A mother is bending over her dead child, and in the dark night, alone, mourning over her vanished hope. She had indulged in such bright anticipations for the future of that infant! and he was in truth the only remaining tie that bound her weary spirit to the earth. Because of him she had labored with diligence and patience, and murmurs but seldom escaped her lips. For his sake she could have borne up through long and dreary years with cheerfulness, counting her life-burden but a trifle when compared with the weight and might of her love. For him she would have striven unceasingly, looking into the far-distant future of his happier manhood for the recompense of reward. But see now. There lies the helpless, breathless, ice-cold form, and there she kneels beside him, mourning over this sudden ending of her only hope on earth. To-morrow she will follow him to the grave, and after that she must go on laboring for her daily bread as she has always done, waging that hard war with necessity which she has always waged from her childhood—but, oh, with what a heavy step must she tread the path where no more flowers will spring up to make bright her way! Never again will she hasten so joyfully back again to her home at night when the day's labor is over, for he may not await her there; she will not hear his voice again welcoming her—his warm kiss no more await her—the voice of the child for ever is silent, she will not hear it again calling her mother!

How closely the spirit with the dark wing sits down by the bereaved parents' side! how she broods upon her breast, where the little departed one nestled so fondly; and now when her ear is strained as if to catch but one more sound of his dear voice—there will speak to her instead the croaking of that evil power who has come to take his place—*cura facit canos!* but the sorrowing mother is not so blest—she must still longer live, and struggle, and endure!

Once more let me direct your eyes—you see that pleasant cottage which stands the beauty and ornament of a little village justly noted for its prosperity and enterprise.

It is late—but there is a light still burning in that house which tells of wakeful eyes. That is the dwelling place of the village pastor. You, perhaps, would not fail to recognize it as such if it were daylight. Let us look into this little room

whence the light is streaming—it is a cheerful place—there is naught of gloom attached to this study of the man of thought. In this place he has listened for, and heard, and heeded the voice of his Heavenly Father, and here he has treasured in his memory, and in his heart those messages of love, spirit-heard that he may proclaim them to the people God has given spiritually to his care. It is a holy place; but where is the serenity we would look for in one whose mind is at peace with heaven and the world?

Mark those heavy lines upon his brow—the care-worn expression of the pale, thin lips. The people whom for years the preacher has regarded with the affection of a father, have latterly apparently conspired to make his life unbearable, and it is with sorrow and heaviness of spirit he proclaims to them the tidings of salvation.

At times his inclination, his natural, and not altogether subdued pride, is strong to draw him away at once from that place which has been the scene of his labors for so long. He would fain seek another home, where, among strange people, he might live at peace. But—since his early manhood, that little cottage in the pleasant village has been his dwelling-place. Many of those people whose heads are beginning to whiten with the snow of years, his voice guided in their youth to the Redeemer; he has united their children in marriage—he has buried their dead!

Through the familiar intercourse of twenty years, his heart has become united to them by bonds indissoluble—but they in his old age have turned against him, and cold looks greet him, and hard words fall upon his ear who has so willingly spent himself in their service. The hope which at first cheered him, that all might yet be reconciled, is swiftly fading away this night—and he is determining, though with sorrow and tears, to yet make one more appeal to his people—to once again, in Christ's name, entreat them to be reconciled to one another, and to him, and then to go forth into the great vineyard of the Lord, treading in whichever path His hand should guide him.

Oh, how does that spirit rejoice this night, because she thinks henceforth to dwell in the bosom of the poor old man! Since his early youth, when he went forth glowing with holy hope and ardor, "his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace," she has regarded him with ever watchful, envious eyes—but he has ever striven to turn a deaf ear to her words—because his hopes were perfectly fixed on heaven. But now, now in his hour of trial and agony, she has crept unminded into his breast, and she will dwell there all the remaining years of his earthly pilgrimage!

And now, also, this very night while the pastor in anguish of spirit supplicates his God for relief, seemingly in vain, in this very hour when she is exulting in her new won power over him, in the distant lands beyond the seas she is reigning a very queen in the heart of the exiled monarch; she is forcing admittance for herself through the half-broken door of the mind of the world-loved, starving, dying poet—haunting the bosoms of impoverished lordlings, and smiting the poor, homeless beggar in the streets. She is spreading to-night also a doleful shade over the brow of the idle

beauty, and unfurling her mournful banners in the soul of the man of pleasure.

Where the eager crowds of men go hurrying to the far south-east, to delve in California's golden soil—in distant lands which have never yet awakened from the long, long night of mental darkness—in frozen Greenland; beneath the burning skies of Africa—on the vast ocean—in the wilderness—in palaces, on thrones—in huts and hovels—in the depths of mines—in factories—in prisons—and by the firesides of comfortable homes—by the wayside—in the desert—in the waking and in the dreaming hours of men, everywhere, everywhere and in every variety of situation save beyond the portals of the grave, does this mysterious spirit rove at will, making, wherever she lists, her habitation.

And now, again, with a redoubled force returns the question yet unanswered—how shall we protect ourselves, how rid ourselves of this everywhere existing, dreadful influence?

Shall we hide away from the world, and abide in slothful quiet and ignorance, and so escape her? Ah, she will pierce through the tripple wall of seclusion, and surprise us even in the midst of our loneliness! She will come before us then in a still more appalling guise than ever she *dared* put on when attending us through the multitude.—Therefore do not become misanthropes—you will not *so* escape her!

Shall we go into the gay world, and, amid the singers and dancers, in the whirl of fashionable life, seek to stifle the penetrating tones of her voice?

Oh, do not that! Unconsciously you will suffer her then to rob you of the most priceless of your treasures, she will steal away all the nobler part of your being, then giving you only in exchange the miserable rags, and the loathsome food of a spiritual bankruptcy—throw yourselves not into the whirlpool of fashion to escape her!

Shall we then labor for Fame, and, in the excitement attending that glorious race, in the cheering music of the world's applause, endeavor to forget *her* existence?

Ay, in so doing you will but voluntarily throw yourself into her arms, and, with fond embracings, proclaim yourself a willing servant; do not, in the wild endeavor to win fame, strive to crush her power!

May we labor for riches then? Gold will buy us every luxury—if we gain *that* there is no good we may not esteem in our possession. Gold! gold! we will have that! it will buy us friends—it will secure us honorable station in the world—it will procure us the acquaintance of the wise, and the famous, and the good men of the earth; all that the heart cares most to have we can then count as our own! We will get gold!

Oh no! the Book of Wisdom has said that the love of money is the root of all evil! If you love money even for the good it will procure you, ere long you will worship it for its own paltry sake, you will be rushing into the very jaws of the Lion!

Do not even dream of gold—anything but a worship so sordid as that!

Then there is no protection for us in all the world—no security against this horrid demon who constantly assaults us? We are hers by adoption—we cannot free ourselves from her step-motherly embracings! *Cura facit canos!* The poor forlorn cat! If her nine lives were sacrificed to this mighty demon what *can we* do to protect our *one* earthly existence? It is in vain, in vain, that we resist her—we will lay down our arms and strive to defend ourselves no more!

Not so—not so I beseech you. *Cura facit canos*—she did not *do* the deed; remember there is only a possibility that she *may*! And what even were the nine lives of a cat—to the one life of an immortal? Now think again, in the name of human wisdom I conjure you, think well before you speak, know you not a Spirit and a Power on the earth more universal, and more mighty, even than this dreadful tyrant?

None, none! I can but say again, *cura*.

Now silence, unbeliever! Can'st thou indeed believe for a moment that the good and gracious God meant thee to be subject to the power of a remorseless evil demon all thy life? Where is thy faith, oh, thou weak one? For what was the primal principle of life breathed into thy heart by the breath of the Almighty in the hour when thine eyes first opened on this beautiful world—that primal principle—Love?

Think—gave He life to thee that thou might'st all thy days be subject to misery? Never! That spark of love which His own loving kindness kindled in thy bosom has the power, the capacity, did'st thou but know how properly to develop it, to illuminate a portion of the world—and to utterly keep at bay every unhappy and ungenial influence!

Never, oh, man—never, thou sorrowing woman—never, oh, little child, will the dark powers which crowd around thee, to disturb and to destroy, be utterly banished till thou shalt joyously recognize, and enthrone, and crown, and bend down in homage before God's prime minister to the heart, the holy spirit, Love! Never till thou shalt in this way make of thy existence a glorious "watch tower on the hill of Zion" will "the blight of life, the demon," CARE, be utterly and for ever crushed and destroyed. Make Love the pivot of thy life—it will be peaceful then, for if the human fails thee, the divine will never! And now I leave thee to thy ennobling labor, thy purifying work; for I have great faith in thy awakened, renewed love, my friend. Let care slay all the feline race—we know a sure protection! Remember thou,

"Endurance is the crowning quality;  
And patience all the passion of great hearts;  
These are their stay, and when the lenden world  
Sets its hard face against this fateful thought,  
And brute force, like a scornful conqueror,  
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,  
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,  
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe!"



## HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

*Raphael: or, Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty. By Alphonse De Lamartine. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1849.*

AN ordinary man, occupying the position which the author of *Raphael* filled but a year ago, would have sunk into utter significance on being turned out of place, but Lamartine is greater now, as an author, than he was when acting as the chief director of the great French nation. He has ceased to be a ruler, and, with a facility that excites admiration, has recommenced his old occupation of authorship. *Raphael* is the first fruit of his changed circumstances, and apart from its merits as a literary composition, it possesses new interest from the supposition of its being an actual autobiography, and containing particulars of the author's life which he hesitated to publish in his own memoirs. The following extract is the prologue to the work, which will reveal the designs of the author, and give a correct idea of the style of the translation:

### PROLOGUE.

The real name of the friend who wrote these pages was not *Raphael*. We often called him so in sport, because in his boyhood he much resembled a youthful portrait of *Raphael*, which may be seen in the Barberini gallery at Rome, at the Pitti palace in Florence, and at the Museum of the Louvre. We had given him the name, too, because the distinctive feature of this youth's character was his lively sense of the Beautiful in nature and art; a sense so keen, that his mind was, so to speak, merely the shadowing forth of the ideal or material beauty scattered throughout the works of God and man. This feeling was the result of his exquisite and almost morbid sensibility—morbid, at least, until time had somewhat blunted it. We would sometimes, in allusion to those who, from their ardent longings to revisit their country, are called home-sick, say that he was heaven-sick, and he would smile, and say that we were right.

This love of the Beautiful made him unhappy; in another situation it might have rendered him illustrious. Had he held a pencil, he would have painted the Virgin of Foligno; as a sculptor, he would have chiseled the *Psyche* of Canova; had he known the language in which sounds are written, he would have noted the aerial lament of the sea-breeze sighing among the fibers of Italian pines, or the breathing of a sleeping girl who dreams of one she will not name; had he been a poet, he would have written the stanzas of Tasso's *Erminia*, the moonlight talk of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, or Byron's portrait of *Haidee*.

He loved the Good as well as the Beautiful; but he loved not virtue for its holiness, he loved it for its beauty. He would have been aspiring in imagination, although he was not ambitious by character. Had he lived in those ancient republics where men obtained their full development through liberty, as the free, unfettered body develops itself in pure air and open sunshine, he would have aspired to every summit, like *Cæsar*, he would have spoken as *Demosthenes*, and would have died as *Cato*. But his inglorious and obscure destiny confined him, against his will, in speculative inaction—he had wings to spread, and no surrounding air to bear them up. He died young, straining his gaze into the future, and ardently surveying the space over which he was to travel.

Every one knows the youthful portrait of *Raphael* to which I have alluded. It represents a youth of sixteen, whose face is somewhat paled by the rays of a Roman sun, but on whose cheek still blooms the soft down of childhood. A glancing ray of light seems to play on the velvet of the cheek. He leans his elbow on a table; the arm is bent upward to support the head, which rests on the palm of the hand, and the admirably-modeled fingers are lightly imprinted on the cheek and chin; the delicate mouth is thoughtful and melancholy, the nose is slender at its rise, and slightly tinged with blue, as though the azure veins shone through the fair transparency of the skin; the eyes are of that dark, heavenly hue which the Apennine wears at the approach of dawn; they gaze earnestly forward, higher than nature; a liquid luster illuminates their inmost depths, like rays dissolved in dew or tears. On the scarcely arched brow, beneath the delicate skin, we trace the muscles, those respon-

sive chords of the instrument of thought; the temples seem to throb with reflection; the ear appears to listen; the dark hair, unskillfully cut by a sister, or some young companion of the studio, casts a shadow upon the hand and cheek, and a small cap of black velvet, placed on the crown of the head, shades the brow. One cannot pass before this portrait without musing sadly, one knows not why. It represents the reverie of youthful genius pausing on the threshold of its destiny. What will be the fate of that soul standing at the portal of life?

"Now, in idea, add six years to the age of that dreaming boy; suppose the features bolder, the complexion more bronzed; place a few furrows on the brow, slightly dim the look, sadden the lip, give height to the figure, and throw out the muscles in bolder relief; let the Italian costume of the days of *Leo X.* be exchanged for the somber and plain uniform of a youth bred in the simplicity of rural life, who seeks no elegance in dress; and if the pensive and languid attitude be retained, you will have the striking likeness of our '*Raphael*' at the age of twenty.

"He was of a poor, though ancient family, from the mountainous province of *Forez*, and his father, whose sole dignity was that of honor (worth all others,) had, like the nobles of Spain, exchanged the sword for the plough. His mother, still young and handsome, seemed his sister, so much did they resemble each other. She had been bred amid the luxurious elegancies of a capital; and as the balmy essence of the rose perfumes the crystal vase of the seraglio in which it has once been contained, so she, too, had preserved that fragrant atmosphere of manners and language, which never evaporates entirely.

"In her secluded mountains, with the loved husband of her choice, and with her children, in whom she had complacently centered all the pride of her maternal heart, she had regretted nothing. She closed the fair book of youth at these three words—'God, husband, children.' *Raphael* especially was her best beloved. She would have purchased for him a kingly destiny; but, alas! she had only her heart with which to raise him up, for their slender fortune, and their dreams of prosperity, would ever and anon crumble to their very foundation beneath the hand of fate.

"Two holy men, driven by persecution to the mountains, had, soon after the *Reign of Terror*, taken refuge in her house. They had been persecuted as members of a mystical religious sect, which dimly predicted a renovation of the age. They loved *Raphael*, who was then a mere child, and obscurely prophesying his fate, pointed out his star in the heavens, and told his mother to watch over that son with all her heart. She reproached herself for being too credulous, for she was very pious; but still she believed them. In such matters, a mother is so easy of belief? Her credulity supported her under many trials, but spurred her to efforts beyond her means to educate *Raphael*, and ultimately deceived her.

"I had known *Raphael* since he was twelve years old, and next to his mother he loved me best on earth. We had met since the conclusion of our studies, first in Paris, then at Rome, whither he had been taken by one of his father's relatives, for the purpose of copying manuscripts in the Vatican Library. There he had acquired the impassioned language and the genius of Italy. He spoke Italian better than his mother tongue. At evening he would sit beneath the pines of the *Villa Pamphili*, and gazing on the setting sun and on the white fragments scattered on the plain, like the bleached bones of departed Rome, would pour forth extemporaneous stanzas that made us weep; but he never wrote. '*Raphael*,' would I sometimes say, 'why do you not write?'

"Ah! would he answer, 'does the wind write what it sings in this harmonious canopy of leaves? Does the sea write the wail of its shores? Naught that has been written is truly, really beautiful, and the heart of man never discloses its best and most divine portion. It is impossible! The instrument is of flesh, and the note is of fire! Between what is felt, and what is expressed,' would he add, mournfully, 'there is the same distance as between the soul and the twenty-six letters of an alphabet! Immensity of distance! Think you a flute of reeds can give an idea of the harmony of the spheres?'

"I left him to return to Paris. He was at that time striving, through his mother's interest, to obtain some situation in which he might by active employment remove from his soul its heavy weight, and lighten the oppressive burthen of his fate. Men of his own age sought him, and women

looked graciously on him as he passed them by. But he never went into society, and of all women he loved his mother only.

"We suddenly lost sight of him for three years; though we afterward learned that he had been seen in Switzerland, Germany, and Savoy; and that in winter he passed many hours of his nights on a bridge, or on one of the quays of Paris. He had all the appearance of extreme destitution. It was only many years afterwards that we learned more. We constantly thought of him, though absent, for he was one of those who could defy the forgetfulness of friends.

"Chance reunited us once more after an interval of twelve years. It so happened that I had inherited a small estate in his province, and when I went there to dispose of it, I inquired after Raphael. I was told that he had lost father, mother, and wife in the space of a few years; that after these pangs of the heart, he had had to bear the blows of fortune, and that of all the domain of his fathers, nothing now remained to him but the old dismantled tower on the edge of the ravine, the garden, orchard, and meadow, with a few acres of unproductive land. These he ploughed himself, with two miserable cows; and was only distinguished from his peasant neighbors by the book which he carried to the field, and which he would sometimes hold in one hand, while the other directed the plough. For many weeks, however, he had not been seen to leave his wretched abode. It was supposed that he had started on one of those long journeys which with him lasted years. 'It would be a pity,' it was said, 'for every one in the neighborhood loves him; though poor, he does as much good as any rich man. Many a warm piece of cloth has been made from the wool of his sheep; at night he teaches the little children of the surrounding hamlets how to read and write, or draw. He warns them at his hearth, and shares his bread with them, though God knows he has not much to spare when crops are short, as this year.'

"It was thus all spoke of Raphael. I wished to visit at least the abode of my friend, and was directed to the foot of the hillock, on the summit of which stood the blackened tower, with its surrounding sheds and stables, amidst a group of hazel trees. A trunk of a tree, which had been thrown across, enabled me to pass over the almost dried-up torrent of the ravine, and I climbed the steep path, the loose stones giving way under my feet. Two cows and three sheep were grazing on the barren sides of the hillock, and were tended by an old half-blind servant, who was telling his beads, seated on an ancient escutcheon of stone, which had fallen from the arch of the doorway.

"He told me that Raphael was not gone, but had been ill for the last two months; that it was plain he would never leave the tower but for the churchyard; and the old man pointed with his meager hand to the burying ground on the opposite hill. I asked if I could see Raphael. 'Oh, yes,' said the old man; 'go up the steps, and draw the string of the great hall-door on the left. You will find him stretched on his bed, as gentle as an angel, and,' added he, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, 'as simple as a child!' I mounted the steep and worn-out steps which wound round the outside of the tower, and ended at a small platform, covered by a tiled roof, the broken tiles of which strewed the stone steps. I lifted the latch of the door on my left, and entered. Never shall I forget the sight. The chamber was vast, occupying all the space between the four walls of the tower; it was lighted from two windows, with stone cross-bars, and the dusty and broken lozenge-shaped panes of glass were set in lead. The huge beams of the ceiling were blackened by smoke, the floor was paved with bricks, and in a high chimney with roughly fluted wooden jambs, an iron pot filled with potatoes was suspended over a fire, where a long branch was burning, or rather smoking. The only articles of furniture were two high-backed arm-chairs, covered with a plain colored stuff, of which it was impossible to guess the original color; a large table, half covered with an unbleached linen table cloth, in which a loaf was wrapped, the other half being strewn pell-mell with papers and books; and, lastly, a rickety, worm-eaten four-post bedstead, with its blue serge curtains looped back to admit the rays of the sun, and the air from the open window.

"A man who was still young, but attenuated by consumption and want, was seated on the edge of the bed, occupied in throwing crumbs to a whole host of swallows, which were wheeling their flight around him.

"The birds flew away at the noise of my approach, and perched on the cornice of the hall, or on the tester of the bed. I recognized Raphael, pale and thin as he was! His countenance, though no longer youthful, had not lost its peculiar character; but a change had come over its loveliness, and its beauty was now of the grave. Rembrandt would have wished for no better model for his Christ in the garden of Olives. His dark hair clustered thickly on his

shoulders, and was thrown back in disorder as by the weary hand of the laborer, when the sweat and toil of the day is over. The long untrimmed beard grew with a natural symmetry that disclosed the graceful curve of the lip, and the contour of the cheek; there was still the noble outline of the nose, the fair and delicate complexion, the pensive, and now sunken eye! His shirt, thrown open on the chest, displayed his muscular though attenuated frame, which might yet have appeared majestic, had his weakness allowed him to sit erect.

"He knew me at a glance, made one step forward with extended arms, and fell back upon the bed. We first wept, and then talked together. He related the past; how, when he had thought to cull the flowers or fruits of life, his hopes had ever been marred by fortune or by death: the loss of his father, mother, wife, and child; his reverses of fortune, and the compulsory sale of his ancestral domain: he told how he retired to his ruined home, with no other companionship than that of his mother's old herdsmen, who served him without pay, for the love he bore to his house; and lastly, spoke of the consuming languor which would sweep him away with the autumnal leaves, and lay him in the churchyard, beside those he had loved so well! His intense imaginative faculty might be seen strong even in death, and in idea he loved to endow with a fanciful sympathy the turf and flowers which would blossom on his grave.

"Do you know what grieves me most?" said he, pointing to the fringe of little birds which were perched round the top of his bed—"it is to think that, next spring, these poor little ones, my latest friends, will seek for me in vain in the tower. They will no longer find the broken pane through which to fly in; and on the floor, the little flocks of wool from my mattress with which to build their nests; but the old nurse, to whom I bequeath my little all, will take care of them as long as she lives," he resumed, as if to comfort himself with the idea—"and after her—Well! God will, for He feedeth the young ravens."

"He seemed moved while speaking of these little creatures. It was easy to see that he had long been weaned from the sympathy of men, and that the whole tenderness of his soul, which had been repulsed by them, was now transferred to dumb animals. 'Will you spend any time among our mountains?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied. 'So much the better,' he added; 'you will close my eyes, and take care that my grave is dug as close as possible to those of my mother, wife, and child.'

"He then begged me to draw toward him a large chest of carved wood, which was concealed beneath a bag of Indian corn at one end of the room. I placed the chest upon the bed, and from it he drew a quantity of papers which he tore silently to pieces for half an hour, and then bid his old nurse sweep them into the fire. There were verses in many languages, and innumerable pages of fragments, separated by dates, like memoranda. 'Why should you burn all these?' I timidly suggested; 'has not man a moral as well as a material inheritance to bequeath to those who come after him? You are perhaps destroying thoughts and feelings which might have quickened a soul.'

"What matters it?" he said; 'there are tears enough in this world, and we need not deposit a few more in the heart of man. These,' said he, showing the verses, 'are the cast off, useless feathers of my soul; it has moulted since then, and spread its bolder wings for eternity!' He then continued to burn and destroy, while I looked out of the broken window at the dreary landscape.

"At length, he called me once more to the bedside.—'Here,' said he, 'save this one little manuscript, which I have not courage to burn. When I am gone, my poor nurse would make bags for her seeds with it, and I would not that the name which fills its pages should be profaned; take and keep it till you hear that I am no more. After my death you may burn it, or preserve it till your old age, to think of me sometimes as you glance over it.'

"I hid the roll of paper beneath my cloak, and took my leave, resolving inwardly to return the next day to soothe the last moments of Raphael by my care and friendly discourse. As I descended the steps, I saw about twenty little children with their wooden shoes in their hands, who had come to take the lessons which he gave them, even on his death-bed. A little further on I met the village priest, who had come to spend the evening with him. I bowed respectfully, and as he noted my swollen eyes, he returned my salute with an air of mournful sympathy.

"The next day I returned to the tower; Raphael had died during the night, and the village bell was already tolling for his burial. Women and children were standing at their doors, looking mournfully in the direction of the tower, and in the little green field adjoining the church, two men, with spades and mattock, were digging a grave at the foot of a cross.

"I drew near to the door; a cloud of twittering swallows were fluttering round the open windows, darting in and out, as though the spoiler had robbed their nests."

"Since then I have read these pages, and now know why he loved to be surrounded by these birds, and what memories they waked in him, even to his dying day."

*Oregon and California in 1849. By J. Quinn Thornton. Judge of the Supreme Court, Oregon, &c., &c. With an Appendix containing valuable information relating to the Gold Mines of California, useful hints to emigrants, &c., &c. 2 Vols. 12mo. muslin gilt, with correct Map, numerous Illustrations, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.*

Another valuable work on a portion of our Territory, which just now is the most interesting in the world. Judge Thornton has made up an exceedingly valuable work which will be likely to find a wide sale. We make the following extract describing the Indians of California:

"The Indians of California are generally of small stature, robust appearance, and not well formed. They wear their hair short, and it is usually thicker than that of the savages living north of them; they also wear whiskers. The women wear the *maro*, and the men go naked. Tattooing is practiced upon the breast to some extent. In some instances their ears are bored, and pieces of bone or wood worn in the openings."

"Their arms are the same as those used by the northern tribes. Their bows and arrows are about three feet in length, and are made of yew and encased with sinew. The arrows are pointed with flint, as are also their spears which are very short. They do not use the tomahawk or scalping knife."

"An Indian village or *rancheria* usually contains only about five or six wigwams. These huts are constructed by first digging a round hole in the ground, from ten to twenty feet in width, and three or four feet in depth; over this are placed sticks, worked together; these are covered over with grass and reeds; the whole being then overlaid with earth. There is only one entrance to the hut, and this is so small as to make it necessary to creep in order to get admittance. The opening at the top serves as the chimney. The roofs are strong enough to sustain the weight of two or three men, and usually the savages sit upon them. Their *tamascals* or sweat-houses are built in the same manner, with the exception that they are larger and have several entrances. From the great quantity of muscle-shells and acorns that lie around their huts, it would appear that these are their principal food. The huts are shaded by erecting large branches of trees near them. Their furniture consists principally of water proof basket and rush mats."

"At the usual seasons the Indians take fish in considerable numbers. Their fish-weirs are made with some degree of skill. They drive stakes, inclining down the stream, into the bed, having three apertures, conducting to square pens above; the natives stand upon a platform, constructed over the entrances to the pens, where they catch the fish. A fire is sometimes kindled upon the platforms for the purpose of attracting the fish."

"In the days of the missions the Indians were either by persuasion, force, or presents, brought into their fold. The understanding, or rather the rule, was, that they should become Christians, and for such a valuable blessing, they were required to give in exchange ten years of labor. At the expiration of the ten years of service, they were to receive their liberty, together with a few head of cattle, and a small piece of land, that they might follow agricultural pursuits. But these were only given when they could give bonds for their good conduct. It did not often occur that security could be given; and the savages, habituated, from so long a service, to the labor of the missions, generally remained at their old employments. Their duties were varied. Some worked upon the farm; others took care of the stock; some learned and worked at mechanical employments; and others were hired out to the service of the whites. Punishment was administered for bad behavior, and rewards were given to those who behaved well. They were prompted, on account of the inducements offered, to bring into the missions those who would become proselytes. The priests also dispatched agents, whose duty it was to recruit the missions, by enticing the savages into the fold, for the purpose of christianizing and civilizing them. The priests had caused them to believe that they were to be participants in the benefits accruing from the sale of the articles that were taken to the market from the missions. The laborers, who naturally were opposed to labor, soon became industrious and active, when they believed that they would receive in return the

proceeds of their toil. Each of the missions constituted a distinct community, and had its own officers. Under the government of the Spanish padres, the missions appeared to be conducted under regulations which, considered with reference to the pecuniary interests of the priests, were good. But, in 1835, the Supreme Government issued orders, annulling the jurisdiction of the priests, and giving them only their religious powers, with a small compensation; at the same time sending to every mission its administrators. The corruption and wickedness that finally manifested themselves made the hitherto profitable labor of the Indians entirely profitless to them, while it increased the riches of the administrators. But a short time wrought such a change, that the missions were not able to support even their proselytes; and the revolution that occurred in 1836, increased the evils of these establishments, by turning loose thousands of disciples, who were compelled to procure subsistence in the best manner they could. The government claimed entire possession of the property, and did not heed the claims of the Indians. Many of them have allied themselves with the wild savages, and, smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong, they use the experience they obtained at the missions for destroying the peace, comfort, and even life, of the white inhabitants. Retaliation was, of course, adopted by the whites. The most cruel measures were taken by both sides to avenge their wrongs. The inhabitants, when aroused, pursue them with the greatest eagerness, and have, at such a time, no regard for sex or condition, the innocent or the guilty."

"Under such circumstances, the Indians and whites lived in a belligerent state. The savages stole the horses of the whites, sometimes with the utmost boldness. The Californians, on the other hand, treated them like brutes; and the savages forfeited their lives when caught stealing. Indeed, they were shot down when not violating the laws or disturbing the peace of the country, as pests to society, and enemies to the general welfare of the government."

"Their great antipathy is against the Spaniards. The character of these Indians is not fierce. The wrongs, which they endured under the rule of wicked priests, unprincipled administrators, and a corrupt government, having exasperated their feelings. It is said that they are friendly to other citizens than the Mexican-Californians. The knowledge they have obtained from their connection with the missions would, doubtless, enable them, in a well directed effort, if it were not for the Americans and English, to drive the Mexican-Californians from the country, or, at least, to confine them to their towns."

"The largest number of Indians reside in the Sacramento Valley. The present population is from eight to nine thousand. The small pox has been very fatal to the various tribes, and at present they are only about half as numerous as before the ravages of this disease."

*A Tour of Duty in California, including a description of the Gold Region, an account of the Voyage round Cape Horn, with Notices of Lower California, the Gulf and Pacific Coasts, &c. By Joseph Warren Revere, Lieut. U. S. N. Edited by Joseph N. Balestier. Boston and New York: J. H. and C. S. Francis & Co. 12mo. 305 pp.*

Among all the works on California that have recently been issued we have seen none that contained a greater amount of valuable information than this book of Lieut. Revere's. It is marked, however, by a very great blemish, which is the crying sin of nearly all the books now published, that is, a constant attempt on the part of the author to be funny and treat everything as a joke. Lieut. Revere is a good observer and a clear writer, and his book is a highly instructive one, but if his friend, under whose supervision it has been published, had erased about one-quarter of the volume it would stand a much better chance of being a permanent reading book than it does now. We have marked a good many passages for extracts but have only room for the following:

"It would give me pleasure, in the course of these pages, to impart a faithful idea of California to those who choose to read them; but as it is not my design to write a treatise by rule and compass, nor to trouble the reader with exact measurements and tedious details, that 'gentle personage must learn, if at all, from general observations, and abide rather by the spirit 'which maketh alive' than by the letter 'which killeth.' I detest the diary form of writing, and hope no sensible man cares to know exactly where a travel-



ler slept on each particular night, the precise distance he travelled every day, and each dish of which he partook at every meal. Nor shall I strain after being particularly entertaining, or faultlessly methodical; and it may often happen that I shall write without point, and in a discursive, egotistical, desultory style. For instance, here is an account of a ride without a bear, which many will find dull and some may find instructive.

"Early one fine morning I left Monterey with a companion to conduct me to Salinas, where we arrived about noon. Every thing connected with this ride was delightful. The fresh morning air was redolent of the sweetest perfume ever waited to the celestial 'daughter of the dawn.' It was none of your commonplace Atlantic atmospheres, but laden with fragrance; soft and voluptuous, yet not enervating, but gently bracing. In truth there was a pervading reality in the sweet gales which wooed us, seeming to impart to them intense vitality, and to establish sympathy if not familiarity with the viewless spirits who 'people the sun-beam.' Our way lay through delicious plains, richly enamelled with those exquisite wild-flowers varying from palest blue to brightest flame-color, which are produced spontaneously in all parts of California. Occasionally we wound through groves of oaks verdant as misseloe, and arranged in clumps with a skill which man might vainly imitate, through the openings of which the startled deer darted with lightning speed as our cavalcade dislodged them from their leafy coverts. The balmy air, the perfume of countless flowers, combined with scenery now sweetly beautiful, now grandly bold, gave zest and life to the conscious enjoyment of the free and rapid motion of the steeds, which united to fleetness and spirit perfect obedience to the rider's will. I am not aware of any higher and truer enjoyment of mere physical existence than this kind of travelling in California, which the world can hardly match. I have travelled in all sorts of ways, in all sorts of countries; in the toiling diligence of France, and on the broad pack-saddle of a contrabandista's mule in Spain; I have been whisked across the Pontine marshes by half-wild colts, guided by shouting postillions; been jolted half to death in Syria and Egypt on the unsteady deck of a 'desert ship,' conducted by Arabs clamorous for 'bucksheesch'; travelled 'dawk' in India, with the 'last new novel' in a palankeen; and once had the pleasure to back an elephant in the Island of Ceylone. But all these were vulgar joys compared with the rapturous pleasure of travelling in that part of the United States of America called California. Seated in your firm and chair-like saddle, your horse held well in hand, but not irritated by the severe and subduing Spanish bridle; going on a full gallop, which is the travelling gait of the country, the shouting *vagüero* (outrider) driving on the road far ahead a '*caballada*' of rushing steeds, and changing your horse for a fresh one at the slightest symptom of fatigue, what can be more delightful, more satisfying, surrounded as you are with such glorious accessories, breathing the fullness of life into every sense? Who cares for the artificial world across the continent, when he can thus enjoy wild and uncontrolled independence? Who cares for the wealth of Wall street, when, dashing over the painted plains and far-surveying hills, he may exclaim with Goldsmith—

'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!'

"We arrived early in the evening at the rancho of Don Francisco Pacheco, having accomplished, since morning, with perfect ease, an equestrian journey, which, on our side of the continent, would have been considered a great performance."

#### THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

"Wheat, oats, corn, rye, and all other cereal grains grow luxuriantly. In the more southern parts of the country, the fruits of the tropics flourish side by side with those of the temperate zone.

"The forests yield a large supply of timber, not only for the more ordinary purposes of life, but also for ornamental uses.

"The grape flourishes in unequalled luxuriance, and both in climate and geographical features, California resembles the wine countries of Europe. The sugar-cane grows so readily, that the southern part of California will, ere many years shall elapse, furnish sufficient sugar for the consumption of the whole territory.

"The pasturage afforded by the country is of the most luxuriant description, and is capable of sustaining immense numbers of domestic animals.

"The vast herds of cattle and horses which roam the hills and plains of California, were until recently, and perhaps are still, the most important source of her prosperity. When a more industrious and thrifty race shall take possession of the vacant lands which now invite the settler, the business

of raising cattle, horses, sheep, and other useful animals, will be immensely augmented, and every kind of agricultural pursuit will receive an impetus which will make California 'the exhaustless granary of a world.'

"The wild animals of the country will for many years yield a large supply of peltries, while the elk, the deer, the hare, and many minor quadrupeds, will furnish large supplies of excellent food.

"The numerous varieties of the feathered tribe will do their part in yielding food of the most dainty quality.

"The sea will supply inexhaustible quantities of the most delicious shell-fish, and the pearl oyster will yield a double treasure.

"The rivers and lakes will vie with the ocean in affording supplies of piscatory food; and in short, the resources of nature alone will, for years to come, keep famine from the doors of the most indigent.

"The water power of the country will afford every facility to the manufacturer, and the day will come when the wool, cotton, silk, hemp, and flax, of California, will be woven in her own looms.

"The mines and mineral deposits will give employment to thousands of industrious men, and when the present feverish anxiety to dig gold shall subside, the attention of the people will be turned to the other metals which abound in the mountains.

"United to all these natural advantages, is the unsurpassed beauty and grandeur of the scenery, which presents an endless series of glorious pictures, to cheer the heart and delight the eye.

"But I count most of all upon the race of men who will mainly people and govern the country—that Anglo-Saxon race, which, transplanted to the free soil of America, has acquired new force, new impulses, new enterprise; that Anglo-Saxon race, which seems destined to possess the whole of the North American Continent which is adapted to the wants of civilized man."

*The Architect, a Series of Original Designs, for Domestic and Ornamental Cottages connected with Landscape Gardening. Vol. II. No. 6. By William H. Ranlett. New York: De Witt and Davenport. 1849.*

WE have already noticed this elegant publication with commendations, and have found in all the numbers that we have since inspected abundant reasons to sustain the opinion of its excellence which we at first found. Mr. Ranlett is not only a thoroughly practical architect, but his essays on the aesthetics of his art show him to be thoroughly imbued with a genuine artistic feeling for the picturesque in architecture. The designs in the number before us are in the Anglo-Norman style, which has been admirably adapted to modern domestic purposes by the "Architect." From the remarks on the color of houses, we copy the following notes which strike us as being as remarkable for the true principles of taste which they contain, as for their novelty and boldness:

"House painting is not usually reckoned among the Fine Arts, but it requires the eye of an artist to select the best tint for a habitation; fashion generally decides the point for the majority of people, but it is the decision of the artist that sets the fashion. In a country like ours, where wood forms the chief building material in the rural districts, and paint must necessarily be used as a preservative, it is of great importance that those who do not possess the faculty of discrimination in colors should know what pigments will answer the best purpose for beautifying as well as preserving their dwellings. Alison in his ridiculous treatise on the sublime and beautiful, says that no tint is beautiful in itself; but that color depends altogether upon the associations connected with it for the sensation which it produces, by which he proves himself as unqualified to write upon the subject as a blind man. All colors are not only beautiful but alike beautiful; if any one doubts this let him look at a rainbow and decide which tint gives him the most agreeable sensation. The Greeks painted their marble temples in polychrome; and, at a little distance, their fluted columns must have had the appearance of upright rainbows. In all countries, where the habits of the people are primitive and the atmosphere is pure and transparent, the people have delighted in the use of brilliant colors; as witness the temples of the Greeks, the pagodas of the Chinese, the mosques of the Turks, and the dwellings throughout India and the East; in our own country towns, the favorite colors for houses are white, green and red; but in our cities where the practice

prevails of copying after English models, there has been a fashion of late years of painting houses the dull and sombre hues which characterize English dwellings, and which are well adapted to the cloudy atmosphere of the British Islands. The use of red sandstone has lately led to nearly all the houses in the vicinity of New York being painted a dirty chocolate color, whether built of brick, wood or granite. It is a ridiculous custom, for although the tint of red sandstone is very far from being disagreeable to the eye, yet the attempt to imitate it by a mixture of colors must necessarily be unsuccessful, from the paint presenting a glossy surface. To obviate this defect a custom prevails of powdering the fresh paint with fine sand, which produces a very pleasant effect at first; but the rain soon washes off the sand and leaves a wretched poverty-stricken aspect to the house. The better way, in painting a house, is not to attempt to imitate any particular material, but to beautify it by giving it a cheerful and pleasing appearance. For this purpose some light and bright colors are necessary; such as will wear best should have the preference. A pure white relieved with green blinds, at one time was almost universal, but the effect is too glaring when new, and when weather-stained and old it has a very shabby and cheerless look. A slight tinge of green, yellow or red, produces the pleasantest tints for country houses. Lead color is very objectionable for a house, as it almost neutralizes the effects of shadows, without which there can be nothing picturesque in the appearance of a building. That part of a house which remains in shadow should always be painted a warm bright tint, let the other parts of it be colored as they may. As a dwelling-house should always be made to wear a cheerful and comfortable aspect, this matter of color is of much greater importance than, at the first glance, may generally be supposed the case; and, therefore, those who have not the faculty of distinguishing colors and are consequently indifferent to their effects, should not venture to exercise their own judgments, but seek professional advice in such matters. A dark green is an extremely pleasant color to the eye when we look upon a meadow or a forest, but a house painted such a color would be hideously ugly; yet a house covered with ivy, or any other green vine is one of the pleasantest sights that the eye can rest upon. It is not, therefore, the color that is objectionable, but the fault is in the pigment and the evenness of surface which the smooth paint presents. When a house is covered with green leaves, the surface is broken up by an infinite number of shadows and glancing lights, which prevents the glare occasioned by a broad unvaried surface. For the same reason any other bright positive color, would be equally objectionable. A soft neutral tint will always be found the most grateful to the eye when it is spread over a broad smooth surface. But if any one should have the courage to attempt the decoration of his house after the manner of the Greeks in the time of Pericles, when Grecian Art was at its perfection, by polychromatic coloring, it would be better to use positive tints, as red, blue, orange and purple.

"The interior of a house should always be painted of a warm neutral tint. Pure white is too cold and cheerless for a dwelling room, and is, moreover, so liable to stains, that its appearance of purity and cleanliness, which is a great recommendation with neat house-keepers, very soon wears off. But we shall reserve our remarks on the painting and decorating of the interiors of houses for a separate chapter.

"The purity of our atmosphere, and the absence of coal smoke, admit of houses being painted a pure white, and, where lead and oil are alone used in the open air, the color will grow whiter from exposure; but in the interior of a house it will become a dingy yellow from being deprived of light and air. White lead improves by age and should not be used for wood work unless at least a year old; linseed oil also becomes purer and better from age, and should be at least two years manufactured before used. Much harm results from the employment of incompetent workmen in the painting of houses, as from their inexperience in mixing paints, and their inability to distinguish between good and bad materials, the employer often throws away his money, and defaces the appearance of his house in the attempt to beautify it by a coat of paint.

"In painting a house any light color particular care should be taken to *kill* the knots in pine wood, as it is technically termed, or the effects of the first painting will be greatly marred. The best method of destroying the turpentine contained in pine knots is by spreading upon them freshly slaked lime which will effectually burn it out. After this has been done the knots must be covered with a sizing composed of red and white lead and glue.

"In painting the outside of a house there should be no turpentine mixed with the paint, excepting in the case of white paint, and then only in the last coat, not more than

one part turpentine to four parts oil should be used, as oil has a tendency to discolor white.

"White lead forms the basis of all pigments for house-paintings excepting black, which is generally composed of lampblack; but a new mineral substance has recently been discovered in New Jersey, which forms a beautiful jet black, and resists the action of the atmosphere and water, better than any paint yet made. It has already been extensively used on ships, and will probably entirely displace every other kind of black paint before long. Not much black paint is ever used on houses, although it is most extensively employed for fences and iron-work; and as it is important to use a material that will resist the action of the atmosphere in ornamental iron-work, which is so soon destroyed by rust, the discovery of this new mineral pigment is a matter of importance to builders. We have seen some specimens of this new paint, which were remarkable for brilliancy of color and hardness of surface. A steam mill has been erected for manufacturing this article, and we shall be able to give more definite information respecting it before we conclude our remarks upon this subject.

"There is no style of building in which polychromatic coloring could be introduced with finer effects than that of the Anglo-Norman. The zig zag ornaments in this style, painted of some bright color and relieved by a dark back ground, would produce as rich effects as the ornamentations of a Moorish palace. A country house painted in this manner would harmonize admirably with the gorgeousness of our parti-colored forests in autumn. The singularly beautiful effect of a cottage covered with woodbine, when the leaves have been turned to bright crimson and orange tints by the first frosts of October, must have been noticed by those who have an eye for the dazzling beauties of bright colors. Something like this could be produced by painting a house in polychrome.

"Rudely constructed country houses, whether of stone or wood, and barns and other out houses, may be greatly improved in appearance by a coat of whitewash, which has the double effect of preserving the wood while it beautifies it; a very pleasant tint may be produced by mixing a little yellow ochre in the whitewash. But unless buildings are whitewashed at least once a year it would be better to leave them bare, for nothing can look more neglectful and shabby than a building with the whitewash half peeled off.

"It is difficult to give particular directions on a point like that of the color of houses, which is, after all, a matter of taste, and we offer these hints not for the benefit of those who have any taste of their own, but for those who have not, who, we are forced to believe, form a very large class of the people. In such matters that which pleases best is the best and we would advise every one to think more of pleasing himself in the decoration of his house than of conforming to the fashion, or to the dicta of any self-established arbiter in the art of living."

*New York in Slices. W. H. Graham. 1849.*

It is very rare that newspaper essays will bear reprinting and binding up in book form, and it is pretty good evidence of merit when such ephemeral writings as these "*Slices*" have so well tickled the public palate in the columns of a widely circulated daily paper, that they are called for in a shape better adapted to permanent preservation. The *Slices* were first published in the *Tribune*, and although they bear evidence of having been hastily written, and merely intended to divert the daily readers of a political newspaper, yet they contain a good deal of information of the interior workings of a great city, many shrewd observations in human life, and, in many cases, happily sketched pictures of scenes which can never be imagined but by those who have been familiar with them. Their author is said to be Mr. G. G. Foster, formerly connected with the *Tribune*, and the originator of a peculiar style of journalism which has found a host of imitators called "*City Items*." Mr. Foster writes pleasantly, jocosely; and tinges all the subjects he touches with the lively colors of his own fancy which delights in viewing all things in the world, from a fancy ball to a fish market, in a l'allegro light. He is always in a gay chirruping humor, like Leigh Hunt, without ever becoming so lachrymose as that most amiable of authors sometimes shows himself. That "*Slice*" which is devoted to the Press

of New York is one of the best things in the book; it is a subject in which the author is perfectly at home, one of which he has acquired the full swing, and if he appeared to advantage anywhere it ought to be here. We extract the following specimen brick of the superstruction which we are viewing:

"Talk of the power of abstraction and individualization in Shakspeare—what is it, compared with the same power as manifested by the accomplished New York journalist? It was comparatively easy to put appropriate words into the mouths of Miranda, and Prospero, and Hamlet, and Cleopatra; but suppose your Shakspeare had been called upon to hammer out a leader for the *Courier & Enquirer* on Monday; condense an almanac for the *Journal of Commerce* on Tuesday; revolutionize Cuba for the *Sun* on Wednesday; prove in the *True Sun* of Thursday that Martin Van Buren was no Democrat; conduct the country through a 'tremendous crisis' in the *Herald* on Friday, and correct all the blunders of the *Express* for the *Tribune* on Saturday—to say nothing of spinning out half a dozen yards of gutta percha for the *Evening Post*, making hourly observations on the state of the mercury for the *Commercial*, and treating the subscribers of the *Evening Mirror* to mock turtle with their muffins—what think you the world would have ever heard of the Bard of Avon? And yet there are at least half a hundred journalists 'attached to the press' of New York, any one of whom could do all this, besides finding time, at odd spells, to contribute a couple of columns to the *Sunday Dash*, write a love-story for the *Sky-blue Magazine*, carry on a daily correspondence with two or three papers at the South or West, and get up a prize tragedy or a satiric poem, according to the state of the market. Indeed the amount and variety of intellectual and physical labor performed by a thorough-bred New York journalist is unparalleled and incredible.

"If we attempted to classify the journalists, we should simply divide them as they do almonds and Baptists at the South, into hard-shelled and soft-shelled. The former know how to make the most of their position: the latter allow their good-nature too often to run away with their interest as well as their judgment—and might as well have no pockets.

"As a general thing, the habits of the journalist are very regular—he being regularly employed till two o'clock in the morning, and rising at ten the next day to breakfast on hard eggs and cold biscuit. As to 'domestic felicity,' 'keeping wholesome hours,' and all that sort of thing, he has read of them, to be sure; but so he has of the diamond valley in Sinbad—and that's all he ever knows about them. His wife and children get perhaps a glimpse of him, for the first time in the week, on Saturday morning—provided the foreign steamer doesn't (which it generally does) happen to arrive on that day. His brain, from the effects of constant pumping and squeezing, is very much in the condition of a well-sucked orange; through which dribbles an ocean of the highly-concentrated essence of old-newspaper, in 'one weak, washy, everlasting flood.' Law, cookery, political and moral ethics, engineering, war, watermelons, tremendous squashes and farmers' clubs, daguerreotypes, washing-machines—are all legitimate subjects of his pen; and some of the finest things he does are upon the incalculable advantages of the baby-jumper and the danger of a national debt. Physic, architecture, music and millinery, are also topics upon which he is completely at home; and as to reviewing books, clairvoyance is no touch to him.

"If a new notability from Europe arrives in the City he had better, as soon as possible, put himself on good terms with the hard-shelled journalists. For, talk as we will of the want of influence of the journal and journalists who practise the depleting system upon strangers, yet it is unquestionably true that the slights and sneers, or even the silence, of those papers which are mostly devoted to affairs of theatres, concerts, and public shows of all sorts, are so serious a drawback upon the success of any artist, that we have known but one (Mr. Macready) to work his way against them. A dishonest journalist is the most active and virulent of mineral poisons, whose venom circulates from the brain (the Press) to the remotest extremities of the social system; and it follows, on strictly homeopathic principles, that nothing but a metallic remedy can prove an efficient antidote. Thus far, we believe, gold has been tried with unwavering success; and contrary to the sister principle established by Hahnemann, that the smaller the dose the more certain the cure, it has been ascertained, in the most marked cases of malignant journalism, the larger the amount of the golden remedy exhibited, the more rapid and satisfactory were the effects. We have known a patient who had

reached the last stage of vituperation and actually foamed at the mouth, to be cured by this medicine in a single day.

"Your soft-shelled journalist, now, is much more easily managed. A private dinner and plenty of champagne at the Hotel de Paris or at Delmonico's, with a liberal allowance of extra tickets, are generally sufficient; or, if there is a lady in the case, an established footing at the morning levees and the *entree* of the green-room will generally be quite sufficient. The soft-shelled journalist is of a good heart and is easily delighted. If a performance is not every thing that might be wished, he conveniently remembers that 'Art in America is but in its infancy;' and if an unsuccessful engagement has been crowned with a meager farewell benefit, the soft-shelled duly informs the town in the morning that 'an audience, although not very numerous, yet unusually fashionable and intelligent, testified their delight,' &c., &c.

"All this, we are aware, is not entirely creditable to the profession of journalism; nor do we mean to say that there are not exceptions to what we have been portraying. But the general accuracy of our limning, as applied to a majority of the subordinates upon the Daily Press, will be recognised by all who are familiar with the subject. Nor are the journalists themselves so much to blame for this; much of it is owing to a false system—or perhaps is an incurable incident of the profession itself. The writers for the press, as a class, are men of refined tastes, costly ambitions, and high intellectual endowments—they must be so. They are also generally well married, to women of breeding, and partaking largely of the universal female desire to shine. Now, what is the scribbler, with his expansive appetites and his extravagant family, to do upon his modest salary? True, with economy it would support his family in comfort and respectability. But he is daily obliged to mingle with men of large incomes—politicians, merchants, professionals, and gentlemen—and his position gives him admission to a rank in society far above him in point of money, but probably as much below him in every other respect. If he is shrewd and mercenary, he knows how to sell his influence to the best advantage, and to reap solid benefits from his labors: if merely conscientious and good-natured, he accepts, almost unconsciously, such slight alleviations of the social isolation in which his barren income places him, as tickets to places of public amusement, and now and then a good dinner, can afford.

"The truth is, then, that by the system on which the Press is as present conducted, the journalist is hardly treated, considering the character of his labors and the requirements necessary for him to possess. There is no profession in society which demands such peculiar, such diversified, such almost universal natural endowments, and none requiring so much experience and arduous and incessant labor; nor is there any that is, comparatively speaking, so poorly rewarded. This state of things is the consequence of a mutual error between employer and writer. The former, if he could see his own best interests, would not hesitate to remunerate his writers in such a manner as would enable every one employed upon his journal to devote the entire of his time and energies there and nowhere else—to support himself and his family in decency and without embarrassment, and to avoid all the humiliating shifts to which he is now obliged to resort to keep his head above water. An establishment would thus be surrounded with an intellectual cordon that would render it impregnable to the rivalry of new enterprises, and which would impart daily new force and momentum to it and confer upon it that substantial consistency which most journals in this country so greatly lack. On the other hand, the journalists themselves, by combination and mutual good understanding, might aggrandize their position without doing injustice to employers; might grapple with Fortune by the arms instead of hanging on by the eyelids, and convert their occupation from a precarious struggle for bread into the most noble, the most worthy, and the most useful of the professions. At the same time they should learn to reform many of the bad habits which they have insensibly acquired—to set a proper value upon money—to repress extravagance either in themselves or families—and to avoid, as a pestilence, DEBT, that gulf in which so many high-spirited and intellectual men have lost their footing and floundered and struggled through a disgusting existence."

*Essays and Reviews.* By E. P. Whipple. D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 2 vols.

It is rather late to notice these two very handsome volumes, for they have been extensively applauded, by the periodical press generally, and were only laid aside to make room for the more showy volumes of Macaulay's history;



but, having been led to form our estimate of Mr. Whipple's abilities considerably below his just claims, from reading one or two absurdly laudatory reviews of his writings, in which the reviewers had contrived to extract some of their author's feeblest passages as evidence of his power, we very cheerfully confess that we have found evidences of talent and cultivation in reading these *Essays and Reviews* that we were not before aware that Mr. Whipple possessed. An injudicious puffer is the greatest misfortune that can befall an author, and Mr. Whipple appears to have been beset by enough to destroy the fortitude of a Job. It is a great triumph for him not to have been wholly destroyed by his indiscreet friends, who, no doubt, meant well enough by their extravagant laudations, but were certainly most injudicious in their points of commendation. The Bobolink has a delicious voice, and the Blue Jay a beautiful coat of feathers, but to praise the first for his plumage and the last for his music would be to commit the same kind of blunders that the friends of Mr. Whipple have done in their reviews of his *Essays*. Mr. Whipple's forte is certainly not that of an essayist, not even of a critic; but his strength lies in reviewing, which is an art invented during the present century since the advent of Quarterly Reviews and mammoth newspapers. Mr. Macaulay is the chief of reviewers, and Mr. Whipple is one of his most successful imitators. Neither of these writers could produce a tolerable essay, because it is their forte to narrate events which they have learned from books and not to make observations on life and manners.—Let any one follow Macaulay through his fascinating narrations of the great events of English history, which he has just bestowed upon the world in his two volumes, until the last chapter of the second volume is reached, and it will be seen at once that Macaulay is no observer of men or manners, but a gleaner of other men's thoughts and observations. His province is that of a reviewer; he is a master in the art of spreading out the treasures which other men have heaped up; he is in literature what the retailer is in trade, he manufactures nothing but he keeps on hand an immense stock of ready made goods imported from all nations, which he displays to the best advantage, and confounds the looker on with the magnificence of his assortment. He is a Stewart among authors, and Mr. Whipple is precisely of the same order, but on a smaller scale. Mr. Whipple's *Essays* are deficient in thought, as are his reviews, but the deficiency in the latter is not so obvious because thought is not so necessary as in the other form of literary composition. The reviews in these two volumes are, with one exception, of subjects upon which the world had already passed judgment, and all that the reviewer attempts is to repeat the thoughts and opinions which had been a thousand times uttered before and about which there was no room for a dissenting judgment. He possesses in a remarkable degree that quality which is so conspicuous in Macaulay, and without which the art of the reviewer can not be practised with tolerable success—the courage to utter commonplaces, and to tell the world things which it knows already. To do this well is by no means so common a talent as may be supposed; if it were these volumes would never have been published, and Macaulay would not now be the foremost of living authors. The last number of the *North American Review* contained a long review of the writings of Fielding, from the pen of Mr. Whipple, which well illustrates his character as a writer. There is probably no English author whose works are more widely known, or in respect to whose merits there is so little diversity of opinion as Fielding. One man may consider *Tom Jones* a novel of immoral tendencies, while another may hold an opposite opinion, but as to the merits of Field-

ing as a delineator of character, a humorous writer and a man, there is probably no difference of opinion if at all, and certainly there is nothing new to be told in relation to his literary or personal character. But Mr. Whipple writes a review of him, and displays his own peculiar powers in writing one which everybody can read without weariness, and yet conveys not one fact which was not well known before, nor advances an opinion that is not strictly in accordance with the popular estimate of his subject. In doing this, which requires a rare talent, Mr. Whipple proves himself an artist in words; he uses them to amuse, but not to instruct, they enable him to tell you what you know already, but not anything that he knows of himself. He uses words in a very different way from what they are used by Montaigne, Swift, Sterne, Charles Lamb, Sidney Smith and Waldo Emerson, who, unless they have something of their own to say say nothing. He stores his memory with everything that he finds, no matter what, and lets it out whenever an opportunity occurs. For this purpose words are necessary and it is to his praise that he makes use of a rare discretion in employing them. He is, therefore, a dealer in words and not of thoughts. And it is greatly in his favor that he is the first real artist of the kind that we have produced; his friends should be satisfied to claim for him the honor of being the first American who has produced two saleable volumes of review articles. Mr. Whipple, it is said, has not had the advantages of a college training, but has acquired his information of English literature, while he has been laboring for his living at a desk in an Insurance Office. There is nothing very marvellous in this. Charles Lamb never went to college, and he wrote essays; Burns never went to college, and he wrote poems; Walter Scott never went to college, and he wrote novels; Franklin never went to college, and he made discoveries in natural science; Shakspeare never went to college, and he wrote plays; Cobbet never went to college, and he wrote a grammar; Edward Kellogg never went to college, and he has written a book on political economy. All these men worked for their living, too, at other occupations than those connected with literature, but Mr. Whipple has only written reviews which are the lowest form of literary composition. It is barely possible that the works of a reviewer should survive him, but if so they must be different from any that have yet been produced, by any author that we have ever read.

*Democracy in France. By Guizot. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.*

LOUIS PHILIPPE was seventeen years King of the French, and out of these seventeen years M. Guizot was eleven years his prime minister and chief adviser. With the entire resources of that immense Empire at their command, in a state of peace with the whole civilized world, and with the popular voice decidedly in their favor, these two men contrived, by their utter ignorance of state affairs, their blind devotion to old precedents, their superficial knowledge of human character, their selfishness and narrowness of intellect, so to exasperate the entire people of France that they were driven from that country in disgrace by the united voices of all parties and of all classes. Men who had thus shown themselves utterly destitute of the capacity of statesmen, and the character of philosophers, should have been content to give up all pretensions to a knowledge of the art of government; but let Louis Philippe think of himself and his incompetent minister as he may, it appears that the latter is still laboring under the hallucination that he is qualified to act as a manager in affairs of state. In this little work of his, he imputes all the misfortunes and miseries of France to an

idolatrous love of democracy! Bah! If a fish which had been thrown on the beach, should happen to kill itself in its struggles to get back into its native element, it would be just as proper to say that it fell a sacrifice to its love of the water. True, but it would have died even though it had made no attempt to return to its element. So, the French were dying under the influence of a monarchy, and even if they have ruined themselves in their struggles to get into a democracy they certainly have not worsted themselves. If they have gained nothing by their democratic experiments they have certainly lost nothing, unless Louis Philippe and M. Guizot are to be accounted as losses, and we hardly think that any Frenchmen so regard them. They have exchanged Louis Philippe for Louis Napoleon, and if they have no other reason for gratulation, it is certainly no trifling one that they have had their own way in this matter. But M. Guizot is a good writer if he was a bad minister, and his thoughts on democracy are worth reading, as showing the errors even of a great mind. The book has had an immense sale in London and Paris, and has excited no small degree of attention here, where we understand the workings of the democratic principles better than they can in Europe.

It did not require this *Essay on Democracy* from M. Guizot to convince the world that his historical studies and his experiences as a statesman have failed to give him an insight into the true policy of governments; but after reading this work there can be no doubt that M. Guizot is as profoundly ignorant of Democratic principles and tendencies as a blind man is of colors. In the following piece of rignarole he states his objections to Democracy:

"I pass over the name she assumes; I turn to the political ideas she proclaims as laws for the government of the state: so far from diminishing my anxiety, these serve but to increase it. For if the banner of the Democratic Republic appears to me to bear the inscription of social war, its constitution seems to me to lead directly to revolutionary despotism. I find in it no distinct powers, possessed of sufficient inherent strength to exercise a reciprocal control; no solid ramparts, under the shelter of which various rights and interests can take root and flourish in safety; no organization of guarantees; no balance of powers in the centre of the state and at the head of government—nothing but a single motive force and various wheels; a master and his agents; nothing between the personal liberty of the citizens and the bare will of the numerical majority; the principle of despotism checked by the right of insurrection."

Here is a specimen of the ex-minister's logic, and is evidently considered by him a clincher against Democratic principles:

"And here one fact deserves notice. From the time when all professions have been accessible to all, from the time when labor has been free, subject only to the same laws for all, the number of men who have raised themselves to the first ranks in the liberal professions has not sensibly increased. It does not appear that there are now more great lawyers or physicians, more men of science or letters of the first order, than there were formerly. It is the men of the second order, and the obscure and idle multitude, that are multiplied. It is as if Providence did not permit human laws to have any influence over the intellectual rank of its creatures, or the extent and magnificence of its gifts."

*Putnam's Edition of the Works of Washington Irving.*

The 3d Volume of the *Lives and Voyages of Columbus* and his Companion has just been published by Mr. Putnam, of Broadway, in a style to correspond with the other volumes of this edition of our great prose writers productions.

In point of mechanical execution, these books deserve to be ranked among the best productions that have been issued by any of our publishing houses, as they certainly do in respect to literary merit. One of the volumes, *THE SKETCH BOOK*, has been beautifully illustrated by designs from the inimitable pencil of Darley, engraved on wood in the best style of the art; and we understand that an illustrated edition of *Knickerbockers History*, by the same artist, is now nearly ready for publication. *Knickerbockers History* was the first original literary work produced by the genius of the United States, it is our *Iliad*, and by it we were first known as a people capable of producing literary wares that were considered worth reading by the rest of the world. As our first author, Irving has the same claims upon Americans that our first president has; he is the father of our literature. It is proper, therefore, that his works should be suitably published, that every library in the country may possess them in a uniform form, and in a style worthy of their claims. Mr. Putnam has conferred a benefit on the people by his publication, we doubt not will be liberally acknowledged.

*The Way to Be Happy.* By R. J. Culverwell. J. S. Redfield, New York.

THE way to be happy! What better title could be given to a popular book! and that this deserves to be popular all will admit who read it. Although written for the latitude of London, with but slight alterations it will be equally serviceable in New York.

*Essay on the Review of Church and State.* By Baptist Wriothestly Noel, M.A. New York: Harper and Bro., 1849.

THIS anxiously-looked for work has at last appeared; it will not, of course, excite the attention here that it did in England, but it will have a wide circulation among our theological readers and religious students.

*The Serials of the Messrs. Harper.*

SOME of the most valuable publications of the day have been issued by the great publishing house in Cliff street, in numbers, at a very low price; by which means they have had a much larger circulation than they could have had by the ordinary system of publishing important works in entire volumes. By this serial system their superb edition of *Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. Verplanck, and illustrated by a selection of the best cuts of the recent English editions, has been most widely circulated. Taken as a whole it is the best edition of the great poet's works yet published, and its general diffusion among all classes of readers will have an influence hardly secondary to that of the Bible. Their beautifully illustrated edition of the *Arabian Nights* has also been brought to a close; and they have now in course of publication an illustrated edition of one of the most popular books ever published in America;—we allude to the *Life of Franklin*, edited by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, and illustrated with copious designs by Chapman. We are glad to hear that they intend to issue the popular *History of England* by Macaulay, in the same style, in numbers, as the *History of Alison*. Another important serial which they have had long in preparation is a *Universal Biographical Dictionary*, more complete than any now published, under the editorship and supervision of Rufus W. Griswold.

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Topics of the day are as plenty as blackberries; but such topics are not always of sufficient substance to endure a thirty days handling; though some of them are as light and beautiful as soap bubbles, they are as frail and evanescent, and the attempt to preserve them destroys their value. Topics of the month are more rare than topics of the day, as the longest-lived animals are more rare than ephemera. The Topics of April are changeable, like the weather, for we now fairly enter upon spring business, and every day brings a new urgency for a new action. But let April be as fruitful as it may in topics, we cannot foretell what they may be as we are now writing mid-way of March; we are in fact in Marching order, and when these lines first meet the eyes of our readers we shall be in mid-April, picking up topical materials for May. So we go on, always a month in advance of Time, who is beaten only by Magazine publishers and the magnetic telegraph. Speaking of this anticipating time, taking the old thief so forcibly by the forelock as to get some months in advance, there is nobody that does it so effectually as our bretheren of the monthly press, who, in addition to their own three dollar superiorities, give their patrons plates of the Paris Fashions. The prescience of foreseeing such uncertainties as the fashions some three months in advance, is really a marvel to milliners and mantuamakers. The Paris fashions for May, for instance, are published in the three dollar magazines of that month, which are put to press by the first of April at least, and as the plates require at least a month in the drawing, coloring, and printing, and as three weeks would be a short time to allow for their remission from Paris, it is seen at once that when the Paris Fashions for May reach the three dollar people, they, the fashions, must be at least three months in advance of their appearance in Paris; and, in truth, we doubt not they are much longer in advance than that, for we fear that the fashions, which appear in our ladies magazines, never appear anywhere else; and least of all in Paris where they originate their own fashions and are a little particular in such matters. That which with us is looked upon as a frivolous affair, in France is regarded as an object worthy of serious legislation, and fashion, as it adds to the national resources, gives employment to thousands of artisans and artists, and enjoyment to all classes, is just as much looked after as though it were a steam frigate or a new territory. The preeminence of France in artistic manufactures, from which she derives so great a portion of her wealth, is the result of the protection extended to artists by the government. This protection does not consist in prohibition duties, but in furnishing schools of art, means for exhibiting works of art, and by bestowing patronage liberally upon the deserving, among artists. Under every change of government in France, the nation has been true to its own interests and given every encouragement to artists. It is for this reason that we are dependent upon France for all our finery. Now finery may be a poor thing, and quite beneath the consideration of republican legislators, but still we will have finery, and in exchange for the endless knicknackeries which we import from France, in the shape of ormolu ornaments, clocks, vases, fans, soap, pomatums, jewelry, silks, ribbons, calicoes, laces, braids, bonnets, gloves and patent leather, unsubstantial flummery as they are, we will give in exchange for them our solidities in the shape of beef and pork, cotton, corn, turpentine, pot ashes and butter; so that it would be quite

as well to produce these needed fineries at home and save the cost of transportation. As a nation we have done nothing for art beyond purchasing a few pictures for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and a marble statue of Washington. In contrast to our niggardliness in this respect, see what France has just been doing, even in the midst of her turbulent condition consequent upon her last frightful revolution:

"The National Assembly has voted the sum of 650,000 francs for the erection of a temporary building on the Champs Elysees, for the purpose of the exhibition of the productions of the Industrial Arts, which is intended to take place in the month of May ensuing. More than a third of the timber work has been prepared for the immense construction, and gives the Champs Elysees the appearance of a perfect forest of white wood. The National Assembly voted some time ago a sum of 150,000 francs to be applied in affording temporary aid to the artists of Paris; and it has subsequently voted a further sum of 200,000 francs to be disbursed by giving commissions for pictures and sculptures applicable to the adornment of public edifices, as well as to relieve cases of pressing misery, brought on by the political convulsions of last year. This vote has given rise to a host of clamorous demands. The more talented class claim the distribution as a right on this account, while the less favored sons of genius look upon it as an eleemosynary gift to assuage their greater distress. One very clever artist has been seen hawking journals in the street for sale, and several of good repute were found applying themselves to coarse drudgery with the saw and axe in the national workshops—THE LOUVRE. The minister of public works, M. Vivien, has prepared an elaborate report of the present condition of the Louvre, for necessary repairs and embellishments, as well as opening other saloons. The sum required for the present year is 200,000 francs, and 1,800,000 for the following one. The report is at considerable length; the principal features being—1st, The entire reconstruction of the roof of the grand gallery, to admit the light from the top, and to close the side windows. 2nd, To redecorate and alter the disposition of the *Grand Salon*, and the *Salon des sept Cheminees*. 3rd, The entire reparation of the Gallery of Apollo. In the budget for the present year, the first item is calculated to cause an expenditure of 160,000 francs. The redecoration of the *Grand Salon* is estimated at 600,000 francs; the *Salon des sept Cheminees* is set down at 400,000 francs; and finally, the expenses calculated to restore the Gallery of Apollo, at 1,000,000 francs.

"In consequence of this report, a commission was nominated to consider the proposition, and on its meeting, in the Hall of the Institute, most of the distinguished artists of Paris were present. The plan given by M. Duban, the architect, was the subject of a very learned discussion. The style of ornamentation especially was investigated. M. Ingres proposed a red ground, with very rich decorative details; his opinion was strongly enforced by Messieurs Drolling and Horace Vernet. M. Delacroix suggested a more sober color as the ground, with very slight ornament. It was remarked that good colorists had always preferred a ground that would tend to lower the lustre of tints, and render their brilliancy more harmonious by opposition with a positive vivid color; while, on the other hand, it was agreed that where color was not the characteristic of artistic works, a more unobtrusive



ground would give them due advantage. The proposition of Messieurs Ingres and Horace Vernet, however, obtained the suffrages of the commission, and was finally adopted.—The Palace of the Tuileries, now called in republican jargon *L'Hotel National*, has been duly inspected by command of the minister of the interior at the earnest instigation of the friends of the Fine Arts, with a view of adapting it to the annual exhibition of modern Art. Great interruption of the study of the ancient masters was always experienced by covering the walls of the gallery of the Louvre with a framework, on which the modern pictures were hung. At first the minister did not yield to the many solicitations on the subject, and the *ci-devant* Palace of the Tuileries was announced to be let on lease by public adjudication, on the 20th ult. The intention has been formally withdrawn at the request of the administration of National Domains, and it is positively intended that the forthcoming exhibition of the works of living artists shall take place therein. A commission appointed to examine the building has reported that it is excellently adapted for the purposes by its spacious apartments and excellent light. It has suffered but little, comparatively, by the violence of the attacking multitude in February last, the damage being confined to destroying the furniture and breaking the magnificent looking-glasses that decorated the principal rooms."

The appropriation of these magnificent sums for the promotion of Art, be it remembered, are made by a strictly Democratic government, a government more Democratic, in reality, than our own, which is a sufficiently striking refutation of the often repeated assertion that only monarchical governments are favorable to the encouragement of the Fine Arts. In this country, which is the most prosperous in the world, and almost free from debt, the amount of appropriations made in the cause of the Arts do not, in ten years, amount to twenty thousand dollars, and here we see the young republic of France, in the first year of its existence, appropriate more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a temporary building to exhibit artistic productions in, and, in addition to this, appropriating 350,000 francs for the benefit of distressed artists. It is no wonder that France maintains her pre-eminence among the nations of the earth in artistic productions while she makes such munificent outlays for the protection of Art. The fierce revolutionists of February, 1848, made shocking havoc among the pictures in the palaces of Paris, and cut up all the works of Art within their reach which represented any of the Arts commemorative of the family or fortunes of Louis Philippe. A correspondent of the Art Journal gives the following account of some of those revolutionary degradation:

"Comparatively little destruction took place with ancient examples of painting; the great mass of fragments now gathered in the *Salon Henri VI.*, at the Louvre, is chiefly composed of the ruins of modern historical pictures. 'The Neapolitan Improvisatore,' of Robert, has disappeared, a piece of it containing the central group has appeared for sale at a broker's shop. 'The Mameluke,' by Gericault, the 'Soldat Laboureur,' by Horace Vernet, and the 'Equinoctial Tide,' by Roqueplau, are also missing. At the palace of the Palais-Royal, the destruction has been great. Two exquisite heads by Masaccio; three fine portraits by Holbein, and some by Pourbus, of great celebrity, have been burnt. The celebrated pictures of the 'Oath of the Swiss,' by Steuben; 'Gustavus Vasa,' by Hersent; 'The Brigand's Wife,' by Schnetz; 'Cupid and Psyche,' by Picot, and several interiors by Granet, are irrecoverably ruined. Horace

Vernet is the artist whose works have been the most injured; although he may be considered as the most popular painter among the people and the military, yet the excess of vengeance has mutilated his pictures beyond others. The 'Attack of the City of Constantine' has been cut out of the frame and either stolen or destroyed; several other pictures were found cut out, but left behind in the universal destruction and pillage. But the battles of 'Hannau,' 'Montmirail,' 'Jemmappes,' and 'Valmy,' are slashed all over with sabre-cuts. 'The Confession of a Brigand,' the 'Review of Hussars,' 'Camille Desmoulins displaying the Green Cockade,' and the 'Peasant Girl of Ariccia,' are torn and cut to rags. 'The Neapolitan Mother,' by Robert, and his 'Roman Funeral,' are pierced by numerous thrusts of bayonets. 'The White Horse,' by Gericault, has not escaped, nor several of Prudhon's most charming works; it appears a general massacre, and the hall of the Louvre is the charnal-house of the destroyed inspirations of genius."

**RESUSCITATING OLD JOKES.**—In our young days we remember reading a funny anecdote aloud to an old gentleman, and as he preserved a grave countenance, we asked why he didn't laugh? "I laughed at that same story," said he, "when I was a little boy, like you, and I dare say that my father and grandfather had also laughed at it when they were little boys, too." Since then we have looked upon all jokes with suspicions of their freshness, and, like our old friend, we every now and then meet with some of the old acquaintances of our boyhood, which had once tickled our fancy, revamped and served up as new. Here is one that we have not seen in some time, which one of the smart daily papers gives as a recent occurrence in Alabama:

"Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the sheriff aforesaid. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of the visitor had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rose-buds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, her eyes were like the quivers of cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows that only wanted a fine beau (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common place remarks—

"Madam," said the matter of fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

"A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow. With downcast eyes, whose glances were centured upon her beautiful feet, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor, she, with equal candor, replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

"For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence, at last he said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court!" replied the lady, with a merry laugh, then shaking her beautiful head, she added: "No, sir! though this is *leap year*, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to court!"

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait, I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and beside, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

"Madam," said he, raising from his chair, with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here. My language has been misunderstood. The attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esquire C—; and commands me to bring you instantly before him, to answer a contempt of court in disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

**THE DEAD LANGUAGES.**—Many *pros* and *cons* have been uttered in reference to the study of the deceased languages, but we have rarely seen the merits of the matter

more clearly discussed than in an article on the subject by George Bradburn, the able editor of the Lynn Pioneer, from which we make the following extract :

"But what are the great arguments for the study of the classics? For, it might be deemed hardly respectful in us, to pass them by, without a word, after what we have said.

"One is, that the study disciplines, strengthens the mind, fitting it for profound inquiry, and deep reflection. Admit that it does so. Such, also, was the effect of studying alchemy. Such would be that of devising means of sending missionaries to the moon, or of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. It is, then, scarcely a sufficient recommendation of a study, that it invigorates the mind. It should do more. It should put knowledge into it, at the same time; knowledge that would avail somewhat in the affairs of this working world. But, says President Everett, instituting, in another address of his, an ingenious comparison of mental and physical gymnastics, 'it never was required of a man, who wished to exercise his limbs and stir his blood, to place himself on a tread-mill, which gives motion to some useful machinery.' But why not? The fact that it *has* not been, is not quite a conclusive reason that it *should* not be so required of a man. If all the advantages a man seeks in physical gymnastics could be equally well obtained by placing 'himself in a tread-mill which gives motion to some useful machinery,' he ought to mount the mill; if a benevolent man, he would do so; if a minor, he should, perhaps, be made to do so, if need were. But the mental discipline, alleged to be given by the study of languages, may be as well given by other studies; studies which would, at the same time, impress the mind with more valuable ideas for subsequent use. So that President Everett's conclusion that 'in this respect, the gymnastics of the mind [meaning its exercise in lingual studies] stand on as good a footing as those of the body,' is not at all warranted.

"But, in truth, the premise itself of this whole argument is mainly a groundless assumption. For the whole intellect is not employed in the study of languages. Only a small portion of its faculties are employed in that study, and the principal of these are very inferior faculties, found, often, more powerful in semi-idiots than in some men of gigantic minds. It is the verbal memory chiefly that is exercised by lingual studies. We once met a man, who, it was said, could recite from memory the whole Bible. We satisfied ourselves that he could do so. Is would seem that a word had never fallen upon his auditory apparatus, without fixing itself indelibly in his memory. Yet this was a very imbecile man. He had almost no conception of the significance of the words he recited. 'I don't,' said he to us, 'read anything but the scripture, psalm-book, and almanac; for if I git anything in my head I can never git it out agin, and am afeared I might git something bad in it.' There is, or was, some years ago, in Liverpool, a Mr. Jones, who evinced a similar familiarity with the classics. These this Englishman had at his tongue's end, though scarce competent to put two ideas together and infer from them a third one. In both we have a practical illustration of that line of Shakspeare's, 'The fool hath planted in his memory an army of good words.' We do not know whether Sir Hudibras,

'Whose tongue ran on the more,  
The less of weight it bore,  
And, with its everlasting clack,  
Set all men's ears upon the rack,'

was, or was not, a linguist. But we do know he *might* have been one. Even the Marquis Moscati, who, chiefly amid the bustle of camps—for joining the standard of Napoleon at an early age, he followed him in all his campaigns—acquired an acquaintance with thirty-six languages and became a master of twenty of them, the Latin, the Hebrew, and the Greek being among the latter, was not, we believe, remarkable for the strength of his general intellect, which, by the argument we are considering, should have been Colossal.—How it may be with that other Italian, who, as early as 1840, could speak fifty-two, and teach sixty-four languages, we know not; but as Rome does not often put a Cardinal's hat on a head full of mere words, Mezzofanti has doubtless a respectable brain. This, however, we do know, that some of the mightiest minds have had no aptitude for the study of words, have abandoned it in despair. And a Washington in statesmanship, a Napoleon in arms, a Franklin in philosophy, a Marshall in jurisprudence, a Fielding in romance, a Henry in eloquence, and one Will Shakspeare in poetry, demonstrate the possibility of some considerable success in the highest departments of mental exertion, with the smallest possible knowledge of the defunct tongues of those old Greeks and Romans.

**THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.**—We hope to see the time when the world shall have come to some well understood and universally acknowledged principle respecting the relative and comparative rights of women and men. In the present state of our laws, legislative and social, it is hard to determine what rights women have beyond those proclaimed by the knavish Iago :

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

But by constantly agitating the subject something at last may come of it, and the women, especially in Massachusetts, are determined to keep well "riled up," as to their rights. A petition was recently presented to the Legislature of that State by some strong minded ladies, on the subject of their rights, from which we make the following extracts :

"With all due deference, we would ask, where, from what source, in what enlightened age and nation, did the men originally obtain the exclusive right, to monopolize the privilege of legislating for females, and of compelling them to submit to their laws, however unequal and objectionable they might be? Echo answers, Where? The Bible, it is said, gives them the right, because it says, 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands in the Lord.' How a wife can submit herself 'in the Lord,' to a man who is 'dead drunk' one-half of the time, and a fool the other half, in consequence, from whom she receives only a scanty subsistence, of the meanest description, is more than woman's wit can devise."

"We have ever been viewed, in a political sense, as an inferior order of beings, totally incompetent to self government, as the vassals, rather than the companions, of men, solely dependent upon them for protection, who have thus far condescended to rule over us, without ever consulting our pleasure, or our judgment. Thus have we been led, muzzled and blindfolded, from age to age, from the cradle to the grave."

"Award to us our proper station in society; abolish all unjust laws in regard to us; and with the light of the Bible, and our own sense of justice, we will protect and defend ourselves and each other, with the aid of an enlightened community, which, to their immortal honor be it said, is far in advance of the musty laws that have long disgraced our statute books."

"Should we, by legislative enactments, receive no redress, upon our own strength, then, must we stand or fall; there being but one alternative left. Better that this earth be depopulated, than that the iniquities of the present and the past be visited upon future generations as they are, and ever have been, upon us and our ancestors, from time immemorial. Let the elements re unite, and form a better and a nobler race, to whom war, famine, slavery, and inequality shall be unknown."

The lady who wrote this is, undoubtedly, a screamer, and, if she is blessed with a husband, we regard him with compassion. What can be meant by that mysterious threat of re-uniting the elements and producing a new race is quite beyond our comprehension.

**PHIL BRENGLE.**—Our correspondent Phil Brengle, whose pleasant essays our readers must remember, has gone to California with the rest of the gold seekers; we hope they may all prove gold-finders. From the following lines, copied from a Baltimore paper, it appears that he sailed in a clipper schooner :

#### SONG OF DEPARTURE.

This beautiful effusion was written by a young man who sailed for California in the Clipper Empire of 87 tons.

One more sigh—this hour of parting  
From the life we live and love;  
One more tear of manly weakness  
For the home whence we shall rove,  
Here is quiet—there are perils,  
And the bravest well may fear;—  
One more sigh for life departed,  
For our friends another tear.

But the land we leave behind us  
Is debased with slavish men ;  
Thoughts, opinions, all are copied,  
And a tied hand holds the pen,  
Still we act as others acted,  
Still we think as others thought,  
And we shun the daring freeman  
From whose lips new words are taught.

Let me burst those rusty fetters,  
They corrode my inner soul ;  
Let me wander where no others  
Can my words or deeds control :  
Where the free wealth of the rivers  
Is no richer or more free  
Than the fresh air, yet unpoisoned,  
Sweet and wild with Liberty.

I will range with hardy hunters  
On their hoary mountains bold,  
They are rough, but richly inlaid,  
Like their rocks, with heart of gold.  
Or, if slaves are still around me,  
I will hide myself away  
In some recess, and unnoticed,  
Watch my night till comes the day.

No more sighs, then—no more weakness  
In this parting from old home :  
Here is bondage—there is freedom :—  
There the soul may widely roam.  
Dash that tear from off the eyelid—  
'Twas the sharpness of the gale !  
Cast off moorings ! they are fetters—  
Now my heart swells with the sail !

PHIL BRENGLE.

*Clipper Empire, 31st. January, 1849.*

A DISH OF TEA.—Attempts having been made to introduce the culture of the tea plant into some of our Southern States, a new interest has lately been awakened in respect to this celestial shrub. We had intended to rub up our Chinese reading and concoct an article on this subject, but we find one in an exchange paper ready made to our hands, and borrow it, not so much to save trouble, as for the sake of its being well done. We have, unfortunately, lost the name of the source whence we derived it, and can only credit it in a general way, as the newspapers often do, to *ex. pa.* :

"China is looked upon as the native country of the tea plant ; it is not, however, strictly confined to that country, but rather to those lying on the shores of Eastern Asia : thus, in Cochin, China and Japan, this shrub is found indigenous ; and in the mountainous districts, which separate China from the Birman Empire, it is found growing wild among the pine trees. It also grown in Ava and Thibet, and is found thriving luxuriantly in latitudes extending from 17° north to 41°.

"Although known and used in the East for so many centuries, yet its introduction into Europe does not date farther back than two centuries ago ; when it was casually noticed by travellers, that they had seen and partaken of these dried leaves. In 1633, A.D., Olearius found its use extended among the Vesbeck Tartars and Persians. Six years later a Russian Ambassador was given some to drink at the court of the Mogul, and presented with a sample as a gift to the Czar ; but he declined carrying it, as not worth the trouble.

"The Dutch were the first who introduced it into Europe from Japan. From Holland it was introduced into England

by Lords Arlington and Ossory in 1656 ; and, through their influence tea-drinking became fashionable. It appeared so inconsistent a mode of treatment to drink the infusion and reject the leaves, that, in many instances, the opposite plan was adopted of boiling the leaves, chopping them, using them like spinach, and throwing away the water. Antiquarians speak of a much earlier introduction of tea into Europe, and of such a curiosity as *Olivier Cromwell's* teapot being still in existence, but we believe with little foundation in truth. However, in 1660, shortly after coffee-houses were established, they were looked upon by the English Government with great jealousy, as being places where men congregated and talked politics too freely. In order to check their increase, a duty was laid on all liquors sold in coffee-houses, and among these, infusion of tea is mentioned.

"D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, inserts a hand-bill of one Thomas Garway, the first person who sold tea by retail in England. This paper asserted that tea was sold for £6 and even £10 sterling the pound weight, and that it was but little used until 1657, and continues to say 'that, by the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s to 50s the lb.'

"Very many people believe that green tea derives its grey and bluish color from being dried on copper plates. Such an opinion is altogether unfounded, for it has been proved by experiment, to treat it so, materially injures the flavor of the tea ; and, therefore, is not likely to be adopted. The real cause of the color is the dusting of it when damp, and while being dried, with a green powder made of a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum (plaster of Paris.) This coloring of the leaf is not used for the tea intended for the home market, being confined to those chests sent to Europe and America.

"Nor is there any botanical difference between black and green tea. The same shrub will occasionally yield leaves which are manufactured into both varieties ; and if a number of leaves from the various sorts of tea which come into our markets be examined by softening in hot water, and laying out side by side, it will be seen that there are no characters which distinguish the different kinds of black from green teas.

"Yet we must not believe that the various sorts of tea are made from the one bush, or in the same locality : on the contrary, we know that in one district black tea is chiefly grown—in another green : here the leaf is much curled, there but little : it is the different soil and mode of cultivation which alters the flavor of the leaf, and indicates to the grower whether he shall manufacture his leaf into black or green. This influence of soil and cultivation in modifying the property and flavor of a shrub, is not peculiar to this plant, for we find the same thing happening to the vine, where, by aspect, soil and cultivation, the same plant may have its flavor altered and improved.

"The appearance of the shrub is similar to the myrtle and the camellia, and it is allowed to grow until its fourth or fifth year, before the leaves are plucked, the tree having then arrived at some degree of maturity. The women pluck the leaves off with their hands, and receive them in baskets ; great personal cleanliness is enjoined on the pluckers, who are obliged to undergo certain ablutions daily, lest by the smallest soiling of the leaf, in pulling with the fingers, the flavor of the leaf would be in any way deteriorated. The leaves have to be roasted on the same day gathered, otherwise they spoil : this is done in large concave iron pans,



heated by a charcoal furnace; a pound, at a time, is put and stirred round till they shrivel, they are then turned out on mats, and rubbed with the palms of the hands, till a green juice flows from them; the twist is thus given which they afterwards retain; the young leaves form the best tea and take the best twist, hence a close twist is a test of quality in tea. When cool, the leaves are again returned to the pan and roasted till quite dry, and this operation is often repeated four times; at the close, a bluish bloom is produced, which renders the appearance of the leaf agreeable; it is dusted at the same time, and when turned out of the pan, constitutes the *green* tea. Black tea is treated differently: the fresh leaves are laid on sieve and steamed with hot water, so that the leaves are softened and fermented; after this, they are dried upon iron sieves over a charcoal fire, by this process the leaves are deprived of much of their astringency and aromatic qualities, and are hence inferior in these to the green teas. Tea is never used in China which is less than one year old, as new tea is found to possess powerfully exciting properties, producing great mental disturbance, like drunkenness, with a tremulous motion of the limbs. This effect is diminished by the roasting, and as green tea undergoes less roasting than black, it possesses more of the stimulating qualities."

**MR. HOLDEN AT PANAMA.**—We have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Holden, dated at Panama, February 11. He had but just arrived, and had not had time to make any notes of his tour, but as he expected to be compelled to remain at Panama a week or two he would have sufficient leisure to write again, and we shall have the satisfaction of giving a letter from him in our next number. He informs us that he had been successful in engaging a servant for himself and companions, who appears to be a regular Polyglot, inasmuch as he can converse freely in English, Dutch, German, Italian, French and Spanish; and, in addition to these lingual accomplishments, he is a good washer and ironer, an excellent cook, and a capital oarsman. This incomparable Jack-of-all-trades had so inadequate a conception of his own worth that he only charged twenty dollars a month for his services. We hope that he will not prove like the general run of Jacks-of-all-trades, good at none.....The London Literary Gazette suggests that the following lines from Hamlet would make an excellent motto for a California gold-digger:

"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade;  
Aye, and a winding sheet."

**THE CHANCES OF SALVATION.**—The following anecdote has been told before, but it is one of those stories that will bear twice telling:

"The first Universalist preacher in Boston, and perhaps in the United States, was the Rev. John Murray; and he was at first regarded with a kind of horror, as if he were scarcely human. One day passing along the street, he encountered a woman procuring a pitcher of water at the street pump, and, feeling thirsty, he solicited the favor of a draught. This was readily accorded; and on handing him the pitcher the woman perceived who the gentleman was. 'You are Mr. Murray, sir, I believe.' 'Yes, madam.' 'Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one question.' 'Certainly, with all my heart.' 'Do you really and sincerely believe, Mr. Murray, that everybody will be saved?' Applying the pitcher to his lips, and thoroughly quenching his thirst, he politely returned it, and then slowly and deliberately replied: 'Madam, if God is willing, and you have no objection, I think they *will*.'"

**THE WRONG BAR.**—A meeting of lawyers, says the Boston Post, for the "purification of the bar," ended by a supper at the Revere House, upon which occasion a poem, written by A. C. Spooner, was read. We copy two lines from it:

"The truest account of our troubles by far  
Is that lawyers too often attend the wrong *bar*."

**HEAD MONEY.**—Quite the most curious case of head money is the one spoken of in the following account of a republican society of foreigners existing in Pennsylvania. A Philadelphia paper says:

"A Society for the Extermination of German Sovereigns has been formed in this country, which appears to have its origin in this city. It has cut out a large amount of work for itself if it intends to get rid of European kings, princes and potentates, now making the thirty-eight, and we know not how many more, States of Germany. The first proclamation of this society has been published in the New York German paper, and it offers the following rewards: 'for the extermination of the Austrian Emperor, 30,000 florins; Prussian King, 25,000; for any other king, elector, duke, &c., &c., 15,000; for the head of the common hangman, Windischgratz, 10,000,' which is considerably more than the last named human butcher is worth. The society pledges itself for punctual payment, but, notwithstanding this pledge and the large rewards, we imagine few will be ready to claim them. The proclamation justifies the offer of rewards for assassination on the principle that two wrongs make a right, that is, that Windischgratz, Jellachich, and other inhuman executioners, have never hesitated to hire assassins for the purpose of removing brave men of the people from their path. This may be good patriotism, but it is queer morality. Killing men in fair open fight is considered heroic, but stabbing them slyly in a corner has not yet come to be regarded as a virtue, even though we have the example of a Brutus and a Sand to ennoble the deed."

If these standing offers should be kept up any great length of time we may yet see an importation of "dead heads" from Europe on an extensive scale. As to paying 30,000 florins for such an empty head as that of the Emperor of Austria, the idea appears preposterous. Exterminating the Emperor of Austria would not exterminate the ignorance, superstition and bigotry, which are the three chief supporters of his throne.

**THE EFFECT OF STEAM ON TIMBER.**—One of the most important discoveries of modern times is the great improvement on timber, by such a simple process as that of raising its temperature by steam. Simple as it appears, it is only a late discovery, but liable to be put to extensive and very important uses. We give it as it is:

"Mr. Violitter has lately presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a very able communication on the desiccation of different kinds of wood by steam. He stated that steam raised to 482° Fah. was capable of taking up a considerable quantity of water; and acting upon this knowledge he submitted different kinds of oak, elm, pine and walnut, about eight inches long and half an inch square, to a current of steam at 7 1-2 pounds pressure to the square inch, but which was afterwards raised to 482 degrees. The wood was exposed thus for two hours. It was weighed before it was exposed to the steam, and afterwards put into close stopped bottles until cool, when the samples of wood were again weighed and showed a considerable loss of weight, the loss of which increased with the increase of the temperature of the steam. For elm and oak the decrease in weight was one half, ash and walnut two-fifths, and pine one-third.—The woods underwent a change of color as the heat was rising from 392 degrees to 482; the walnut became very dark, showing a kind of tar, formed in the wood by the process, which was found to have a preserving effect on the wood."

"It was found that wood thus treated became stronger—having an increase in the power of resisting fracture. The maximum heat for producing the best fracture-resisting power for elm was between 302 and 347 degrees, and between 257 and 302 for the oak, walnut and pine. The oak was increased in strength five-ninths, walnut one-half, two-fifths for pine, and more than one-fifth for elm. These are but preliminary experiments which may lead to very important results, and are therefore interesting to architects especially. By this process, the fibres of the wood are drawn closer together, and maple and pine treated in the steam at a temperature of 482, were rendered far more valuable for musical instruments than by any other process heretofore known.—This is valuable information to all musical instrument makers—who knows but this is a discovery of the Venetian fiddle maker's great secret!"

THE great event of the month of March, the subject which engaged all mens thoughts, and for a while served as the sole topic of conversation in mixed companies, was the incoming of the new administration and the out going of the old one. General Taylor is now President, and Mr. Polk is again only one of the people, after occupying the highest political position which an individual can fill, and after being invested four years with powers greater than many monarchs enjoy, he has returned to humble life, and nothing attaches to him of the dignities which he enjoyed but the privilege of free postage. He is plain Mr. Polk once more, and another is taking away the gifts of office which he bestowed. There was nothing peculiar about the inauguration of the new president; a great crowd assembled in front of the capitol to catch a glimpse of an old gentleman taking an oath, and to see him read a speech which not one in a hundred could hear. We are still dazzled by the shows and trappings of office, but we hope that whoever may succeed General Taylor in the White House, will have the good taste to dispense with the public exhibition of the oath-taking, and the reading of a speech which nobody can hear. The Constitution requires nothing of the kind, and the more simple and unostentatious our officers are in their public acts the better will it be. General Taylor is likely to prove a popular president; his simplicity of manner and honest frankness appear to win the good will of all who come in contact with him. With his politics, if he have any, we have nothing to do, we know him only as one of the great men of the nation. . . . . THE past winter, it has been agreed on all hands, was one of the coldest experienced in this country for many years—some say eleven. We know it was very cold from our own personal experiences, which have been fully confirmed by the reports of the papers. The Boston Courier, probably having nothing better to do, has made up an account of frigid statistics. All of us have heard our grandmothers and great grandmothers tell of the hard winter, which occurred in 1779-80. That was a very cold winter, but the Boston editor has trumped up some boreal statistics that beat it out of sight:

"Although the winter of 1779-80 was thus *decidedly* the hardest winter ever known, there had previously been some that were excessively severe. The winter of 1705 was remarkable in Pennsylvania for a great snow. Some ancient writer, quoted by Dr. Holmes, in his *American Annals*, says: 'In general about one yard.' In the month of February, 1717, the snow fell in such great quantities in New England, that it was denominated the *Great Snow*, according to the Boston News-Letter, which being then the only newspaper printed in the American Colonies, will be received as good authority. This News-Letter of Feb. 25, says: 'The snow lies in some parts of the streets about six feet high. The extremity of the weather has hindered all the three posts from coming in.'

"The Signeur Montaigne tells a more marvelous story still. It is that a Greek army, being overtaken in the moun-

tains of Armenia, with a horrible storm of snow, they lost all knowledge of the country and of the roads; and, being shut up, were a day and a night without eating or drinking, during which most of their cattle died, many of themselves were starved, several struck blind with the driving of the hail and the glittering of the snow, many of them maimed in their fingers and toes, and many of them rendered stiff and motionless with the extremity of the cold, *who had yet their understanding entire*. The same amusing and vivacious writer tells another story of a captain Somebody, who saw, near Luxemburg, 'so sharp frosts, that the ammunition wine was cut with hatchets and wedges, delivered out to the soldiers by weight, and by them carried away in buckets.' This probably happened when wine was 'the pure juice of the grape,' and before the manufacturers had learned the art of improving it by the addition of alcohol. It must have been about the same period, when 'in the principality of Liege, the wine was so frozen in the pipes, that it was dug out and cut into the form of wedges, and so carried off by gentlemen in their hats or baskets.' "

In respect to the hard winter of 1779 this writer says: "Early in December, the snow was so deep that to procure wood from the forests was a work of great difficulty, and fuel in consequence rose to the enormous price of five or six shillings the cord. (That was before the era of anthracite coal.) Look into the history of our Revolutionary War, and read how our patriot armies suffered from the inclemency of the weather, and how they were no better provided to endure it than the ambassadors of Gibeon were who went to Joshua with 'old shoes and clouted on their feet.' Some people have said that our soldiers had no shoes at all. In *my native village*, a party of gentlemen, among whom was the *oldest inhabitants*, being out on a squirrel-hunt, went up on a snow-drift and seated themselves on a branch of a large oak, to regale themselves with their luncheon. Having finished their repast, they left the napkin, in which their bread and cheese had been wrapped, on the limb where they had been seated, as a proof, in case anybody should question the fact, of their having feasted in that elevated position. When the snow disappeared, the distance from the ground to the napkin was measured, and found to be twenty-eight feet! In that same village, the snow was drifted against some of the two-story houses so that boys were enabled to get out at the garret-window, and slide down upon their sleds."

Among the notable events of the past month was the return of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler to public life, not as an actress but as a reader. The sympathy almost universally felt for this noble hearted woman, and the admiration of her literary abilities, caused her to be much sought after by the cultivated classes of society, and her readings of Shakspeare's plays were attended by crowds of admirers in Boston, New York, and the other cities where she read. Mrs. Butler is a woman of commanding appearance, but of a gentle and girlish expression of countenance. That she is a true woman, full of tender and warm feelings, is evident in every line of her writings; but never did the agony of a mother's passion for her offspring gush out in a fuller or fonder flow of feeling than in the following lines written on the anniversary birth of her daughter, when she was at Rome. They are taken from her last published volume, *A Year of Consolation*:

#### A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

The blossoms hang again upon the tree  
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me,  
Against my casement on that sunny morn,  
When thou, first blossom of my spring wast born,

And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife  
 With death and agony that won thy life,  
 Their sunny clusters hung on their brown bough,  
 E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud thou.  
 They seem to me thy sisters, oh, my child!  
 And now the air full of their fragrance mild,  
 Recalls that hour; a tenfold agony  
 Pulls at my heart strings as I think of thee.  
 Was it in vain? Oh, was it all in vain!  
 That night of hope, of terror and of pain,  
 When from the shadowy boundaries of death,  
 I brought thee safely, breathing living breath  
 Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,  
 Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine!  
 And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,  
 And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,  
 And solemn joy of a new life was spread,  
 Like a mysterious halo round that bed.  
 And now how is it since eleven years,  
 I have steeped that memory in bitterest tears?  
 Alone, heart broken, on a distant shore,  
 Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er  
 Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,  
 The twins, that crown'd the morning of thy birth,  
 How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one?  
 In thy fresh spring time growing up alone?  
 What warmth unfold'st thee? What dew are shed,  
 Like love and patience over thy young head?  
 What holy springs feed thy young life?  
 What shelters thee from passion's deadly strife? [free,  
 What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and full and  
 Lovely and glorious; oh, my fair young tree?  
 God—Father—thou who by this awful fate  
 Has lopp'd and stripp'd and left me desolate!  
 In the dark bitter floods that o'er my soul  
 Their billows of despair triumphant roll,  
 Let me not be o'erwhelmed? oh, they are thine  
 These jewels of my life—not mine—not mine!  
 So keep them, that the blossoms of their youth  
 Shall in a gracious growth of love and truth,  
 With an abundant harvest honor thee.

AMONG the marvels of the month of March was a proposition of a soaring genius who advertised to convey passengers to California in three days; in reference to this wild scheme the editor of the *Evening Mirror* had the following, which seems to be rather favorable to the project:

"FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THREE DAYS.—This sounds strangely now, but we are not sure that the public will not be familiarized with it before long, so that it will excite no more surprise than the telegraphic announcements from St. Louis to New York in three hours, or from Boston to New York in three seconds. The inventors of an aerial steam passenger car made an exhibition of a model yesterday at Washington Hall, which certainly worked well, and impressed those who saw it with the belief that one on a large scale might be easily propelled through the air. We learned from the inventors that it is their intention to commence immediately on the construction of a car and balloon capable of carrying two hundred passengers, that number having already been engaged at 50 dollars each, and that they expect to make the voyage hence to San Francisco in three days. The balloon is to be one thousand feet long, and the car attached to it is to be propelled by two propellers made like the wings of a windmill, which are to be put in motion by two steam engines of six horse power each; the balloon, or float, is guided by a steering apparatus similar to a rudder, which is attached to the balloon and controlled by pulleys leading to the car. As to the practicability of the thing, for short distances, there can hardly be a question, but as to flying through the air at the rate contemplated by the inventors, and for so great a distance, we fear that there will be found many insurmountable obstacles. However, it is not safe to predict a failure to any new scheme, now, on account of its novelty and seeming impossibility, and we shall be prepared to see the inventor of the new locomotive take the lead of all the progressives of this go-ahead age."

AMONG the memorable events of this most memorable year is the deposition of the Pope, and the establishment of a republican government in Rome; the former source of kingly authority has itself become essentially auto-monarchical, and the effect of so great a change must be prodigious upon the other governments of Europe. It shows how imperfectly the republican spirit has been developed in France

that it was there that the first attempt was made by an European government to interfere and restore the Pope to his temporal authority. The spirit of anti-Episcopacy appears to be spreading widely in England, and the cause of religious liberty has lately received a fresh impulse there from the secession of the Honorable and Reverend Baptist Noel from the established Church. The book recently published by this celebrated preacher, giving his reasons for abjuring Episcopacy, or rather Church-and-Stateism, we alluded to but briefly in our review department. Mr. Noel is a good hearty opponent of the Church of England, and speaks his sentiments with sufficient boldness, as the following extract proves:

"The union of the Churches with the State is doomed.—Condemned by reason and religion, by scripture and by experience, how can it be allowed to injure the nation much longer? All the main principles upon which it rests are unsound. Its State salaries, its supremacy, its patronage, its compulsion of payments for the support of religion, are condemned by both the precedents and the precepts of the word of God. We have seen that it sheds a blighting influence upon prelates, incumbents, curates, and other members of churches. It adds little to the number of pastors, it distributes them with a wasteful disregard to the wants of the population, and it pays least those whom it ought to pay most liberally. It excludes the Gospel from thousands of parishes; it perpetuates corruptions in doctrine; it hinders all scriptural discipline; it desecrates the ordinances of Christ, confounds the Church and the world, fomenting schism among Christians, and tempts the ministers of Christ, both in and out of the Establishment, to be eager politicians. Further, it embarrasses successive governments, maintains one chief element of revolution in the country, renders the reformation of the Anglican Churches hopeless, hinders the progress of the Gospel throughout the kingdom, and strengthens all the corrupt papal Establishments of Europe.

"Worst of all, it 'grieves' and 'quenches' the Spirit of God, who cannot be expected largely to bless the Churches which will not put away their sins.

"But when it shall be destroyed, we have reason to hope that the churches will revive in religion speedily. Sound doctrine will then be heard from most of the Anglican pulpits; evangelists will go forth into every part of the land; scriptural discipline will be restored; schisms will be mitigated; Christian ministers will cease to be political partisans; we may look for a larger effusion of the Spirit of God; and England may become the foremost of the nations in godliness and virtue.

"Let all who fear and love God arise to accomplish this second Reformation. The work which our martyred forefathers began in the face of the dungeon and the stake, let us, in their spirit, complete!"

He gives the following, by no means flattering, account of the state of piety among the divines of the Established Church:

"Amongst pious Anglican pastors it is common to hear strong and even violent denunciation of Popery, which requires no courage, because the thunderer launches his bolts against a despised minority, and is echoed by admiring multitudes. But the ten thousand practical abuses within the Establishment wake no such indignant thunders,—the nomination of worldly prelates,—the exclusion of the Gospel from thousands of parishes in which, by the union, ungodly ministers have the monopoly of spiritual instruction,—the easy introduction of irreligious youths into the ministry,—the awful desecration of baptism, especially in large civic parishes,—the more awful fact, that thirteen thousand Anglican pastors leave some millions of the poor out of a population of only sixteen millions utterly untaught,—the hateful bigotry of the canons, which excommunicate all who recognise any other Churches of Christ in England except our own,—the complete fusion of the Church and the world at the Lord's table,—the obligation upon every parish minister publicly to thank God for taking to himself the soul of every wicked person in the parish who dies without being excommunicated,—the almost total neglect of scriptural Church discipline,—the tyranny of the license system,—the sporting, dancing, and card-playing of many clergymen,—the government orders to the churches of Christ to preach on what topics, and to pray in what terms, the State prescribes,—the loud and frequent denunciation of our brethren of other denominations as schismatics,—the errors of the Articles and of the prayer-book, and the invasion of the regal prerogatives of Christ by the State supremacy,—the total absence



of self-government, and therefore of all self-reformation, in the establishment, &c. &c. &c.: all these enormous evils are tolerated and concealed. Dissenters are often and eagerly attacked because comparatively weak; but scarcely a tongue condemns the tyranny of the State towards the Anglican Churches, because the State is strong and holds the purse.

"But what is the actual state of the Establishment? Myriads of its members have nothing of Christianity but the name, received in infancy by baptism, and retained without one spontaneous act of their own; and millions do nothing whatever to promote the cause of Christ. Its 13,000 churches are generally without brotherly fellowship, without discipline, without spirituality, without faith. Like Laodicea, they are lukewarm; like Sardis, they have a name to live and are dead. Of its 16,000 ministers, about 1568 do nothing; about 6681 limit their thoughts and labors to small parishes, which contain from 150 to 300 souls; while others in cities and towns profess to take charge of 8000 or 9000 souls. And of the 12,923 working pastors of churches, I fear, from various concurrent symptoms, that about 10,000 are unconverted men, who neither preach nor know the Gospel."

**THE VIRTUES OF OUR ANCESTORS.**—Let what will be said of the stern virtues of our ancestors, it is very certain that temperance was not one of the virtues they could boast of. Our great grandfathers were certainly a guzzling, feasting race, who eat hot suppers before going to bed, drank brandy at their dinners, and never went to bed perfectly sober. A clergyman, writing in Boston sixty years since, said:

"Our dissipation, extravagance, and indolence astonish older countries. If luxury, intemperance, and sensuality constitute a life of pleasure, then do we of this town most certainly lead it."

This could not be said of Boston now, when a man is not allowed to smoke a cigar in the streets, and those who are inclined to intemperance will look in vain for a place where intoxicating drinks are sold by the glass. There were no lectures in those days, no concerts, no temperance societies, no cheap papers, no athenæums, lyceums, nor mercantile libraries; but the chief sources of evening amusements were the card-table, the ball-room, the tavern and the masonic lodge. The change since then in our social habits makes us almost blush for our ancestors.

**WHAT IS A BILLION?**—As some of our friends in these golden days may possibly get a billion of money together, and, after all, not know how to count it, perhaps the following list of arithmetical information will be of service to them:

"The French mode of computation is to consider a thousand millions a billion, and a million of millions a trillion, &c. In England and America we call a million of millions a billion, and a million of billions a trillion, &c. There is a vast difference between the two systems."

**THE accidents of literary fame** are well instanced in the following extract from a lecture by Rev. Henry Giles. He makes an odd mistake in respect to Bloomfield, who was a shoemaker, although only known by his poem of the "Farmer's Boy":

"Fame does not come by wishing—because genius or power does not come by wishing. Locke wrote his immortal essays for a Conversation Club; Chesterfield his wicked but polished letters to refine the manners of a son that could not be refined; Pascal's Provincial Letters were composed in a temporary controversy. Indeed the position that epistolary compositions hold is not the least determined; and those that have attained it have been written without the least view to it. Swift had no anxiety for literary fame, and he cares as little about the literary opinion of his contemporaries as he did of their moral opinion; yet his fame is immortal. Had Bloomfield been a justice of the peace instead of a farmer's boy, the world would have known little about him. It had been better for poor Bloomfield to have remained at the plough; and for Kirk White's literary fame his death came time enough. Could Shakspeare have discovered through the mysterious future the millions that were

to pant, and laugh, and weep over the wizard poetry that convulsed audiences, such must have given him exceeding exultation—mighty as his soul was, yet it would have felt the enlargement of a new joy as he saw men weeping and laughing over his pages, not on the Thames only but upon the banks of the Ganges and the most remote regions of the earth."

**A TREMENDOUS HORSE FLY.**—The Montreal Transcript says that a horse, named Fly, was lately trotted from Montreal to Cornwall, a distance of 90 miles, in six hours and fifteen minutes, excluding stops. This is over 14 miles an hour.

**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.**—We have been compelled to omit the Pulpit Portrait intended for the April number, in consequence of the illness of the gentleman who has charge of this department of our Magazine.

—The "Atheist;" the concluding part of this interesting story did not reach us, as promised, in season for insertion this month.

—We have heard from several quarters that a person by the name of D. C. F. Ellis, representing himself as an agent of Holden's Magazine, has been round the country soliciting subscriptions and receiving money therefor. We have no such agent. The public are cautioned against him.

—We must request our friends who write on their own business to pay the postage on their letters. Necessity compels us to make an undeviating rule not to take any letters from the Post Office which are not pre-paid.

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—

It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.



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## NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES W. HOLDEN having now completed his stock of Books, Pamphlets, Periodicals, Prints, &c. &c., is prepared to furnish his country subscribers and others with anything in the above line at the Publishers lowest prices. He has on hand as large an assortment of the New Publications of the day, as any in the United States, and is prepared to furnish all country orders for single copies accompanied by the cash.

The following list comprises a few of the Books he offers for sale. Each book will, on the reception of an order, be mailed to the address of the person ordering it, enclosed in a strong wrapper, and carefully directed.

History of St. Giles and St. James. By Douglas Jerrold.	\$0 37
Cambrase, or Italy. By Mad. de Stael.	50
Arnold Werner. From the German of Spindler.	50
Tenant of Wildfell Hall. By Acton Bell.	50
Jane Eyre. By Acton Bell.	25
Wuthering Heights. By Acton Bell.	50
Short Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. 2 vols. Each	25
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William Wallace, the Hero of Scotland. Illustrated with Engravings.	50
Education. By Spurzheim.	50
Woman: Her Education and Influence. By Mrs. H. Reed. With an Introduction, by Mrs. Kirkland.	50
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Chemistry: Its Practical Application to Physiology, Agriculture, and Commerce. By Professor Liebig.	20
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How and Then. By the Author of Ten Thousand a Year and Diary of a Physician.	50
John O'Linn, or Luck's Everything. By Wm. Maxwell, Author of Hector O'Halloran.	50
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Philosophy of Mesmerism. With a Chapter on Clairvoyance. By Dr. J. B. Dods.	25
Madness: or, Phrenology and Physiology applied to the Detection of Congenial Companions for Life.	25
Patent Laws of the United States, embracing all information concerning Patents and the Laws of Patent Rights.	12
Oak Openings, or The Bee-Hunter. By J. Fenimore Cooper.	50
The Dreamer and Worker. By Douglas Jerrold.	25
Isadora's Hall. By H. W. Herbert.	25
Kath in Search of a Husband.	25
James the Second. By W. H. Ainsworth.	25
Rose Summerville.	25
Old Convents of Paris.	25
Log of a Privateersman. By Marryatt.	25
Fanny; a Romance of the Secret Tribunals.	50
Adventures of a Medical Student.	50
The Grater, or Vulcan's Peak. By Cooper.	50
The Musician's Companion. Containing 40 sets of Cotillions, arranged with Figures, and a large number of popular Marches, Waltzes, Quicksteps, Hornpipes, Country Dances, Songs, &c. &c. &c.; several of which are in three parts. First, Second, and Bass for Violon, Violin, Clarinet, Bass-Viol, and containing in all over 500 pieces of Music, of which more than 150 are original, or have never before been published in this country.	1 00

It would be impossible to enumerate the many books for sale by the subscriber. Any person in the country, North, South, East, or West, can obtain any book, if in print, by sending the order to C. W. Holden. They will always be furnished at the regular price, and for the trouble of obtaining information concerning Books, Statuary, Engravings, Autographs, rare and valuable Paintings, &c. &c., nothing is charged.

As the profit on Holden's Magazine to the Publisher is very slight, he hopes that all his subscribers and friends in the country wishing any book published, will send their order to him, and give him the benefit of the little profit accruing therefrom. Will his numerous friends bear this in mind? On the receipt of any order the book sent for will be immediately enclosed in a strong wrapper and mailed the same day. Address, (Post Paid)

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## DIARIES FOR 1849.

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## The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.

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